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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCXXXVIII. DECEMBER 1918. Vol. CCIV.

FOR WOMEN.

BY A WOMAN.

No—we women, and especially we mothers, are determined that this shall not happen again. We surely have the power to prevent it, and we must find out how to use it. It would be the grossest treachery on the part of men of the civilised world towards women if they permitted any repetition of what has happened in the last four years.

We know what we have paid, and we are determined this shall be settled once for all and the world made safe. But who among men are strong enough, far-seeing enough, and courageous enough to resolve on measures which shall protect the world in the future?

Is it to President Wilson that we must appeal? Is he the Ruler who, made supreme in power by the great unselfish nation behind him, can dictate the terms of peace, and also dictate what treatment a criminal Germany shall receive after the war, in order that she may cease for ever to be a menace to the world? Our own statesmen and those of other nations watched Germany preparing, untiringly and unceasingly, for some great attack, yet they took little notice, and any one who tried to rouse them to the danger that was coming was jeered at as a scaremonger. If Germany should succeed in bamboozling British statesmen again concerning her intentions, our fearful sacrifices will have been made in vain.

Mr Hughes warns us that we are as little prepared for peace as we were for war, and implores us to cut off the tentacles of the German octopus that was strangling us before the war, but our rulers are slow to take his advice. German interests seem strangely protected; and those who, like

the mothers, have given their all, tremble lest we should again be cajoled and deluded into trading with these criminals as we did in former years.

Of the suffering of the mothers, who can speak!

Of the millions of men who have died, many have been young—so very young—nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one years of age. Who can measure the tireless patience and love, the self-sacrifice, the devotion of mothers to their young sons? Who can measure the anguish of those mothers at seeing them cut off before they come to man's estate, to gratify the ambition of a homicidal maniac such as the German Emperor has proved himself to be, holding in one hand the mask of Peace before his face, and in the other, behind his back, his bag of poison-gas?

Who will protect the mothers from any repetition of these hideous sufferings? They have not complained. They weep in silence, and their sorrow is hidden from the world. They do not grudge their sons. They believe they have died to save their country, but they have a right to ask that these young lives shall not have been sacrificed in vain.

If the Free Trade policy which was pursued by us with Germany before the war—namely, letting their manufactured goods come in free to this country while they taxed the things we sent to them—is continued, will they not quickly build up again their prosperity and again prepare to dominate the world? Bismarck used to say, "British Free Trade is good, very good—for Germany," and we have been constantly told that it was upon that Free Trade that the German Empire became strong and powerful.

Now we have a Committee appointed to inquire into Trade After The War. This Committee is presided over by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and has upon its list many business men. In the report which they have issued, we read the following words:—

"We now proceed to discuss the policy which should be adopted as regards the participation of aliens in commercial and industrial occupations in this country. In our opinion it would not be desirable that any special restrictions should be imposed on aliens generally in this connexion. We are satisfied that the absence of such restrictions in the past has on the whole been to the advantage of this country, especially as regards the freedom of investment of capital."[1]

If the investment of capital is to be the only interest considered, then indeed the women of this country will be betrayed. We did not know before the war the character of the German people, but we know it now, and we cannot believe that it will be safe to return to pre-war days, to trade with them and to admit them to this country. They have been

[1] Chapter VI., Article 146.

condemned out of the mouth of one of their own countrymen—Dr Muehlon, a Director of Krupp's great armament works, before whom their plans, their policy, and their lives were laid bare in all their brutality.

Unfortunately, millions of our people have no time to read the evidence of the unspeakable crimes committed by the Germans in the countries they have invaded. If people are working ten hours a day in a munition factory, they cannot be expected to read up the newspapers and to pick out, from the mass of matter with which the newspapers are filled, the few items which are of real importance.

How many people have read the Report of the Committee appointed by the British Government to inquire into the German outrages, principally in Belgium? Probably very few. And dreadful as these reports are, we are told that much was omitted *because it was unprintable.* Is it not well that women should know what was done by the Germans when they did get control of a civilian population, as in Belgium and Northern France?

We must remember that the German army is a civilian army. The whole manhood of the country passes through the army, and remains in it for one, two, or three years, according to circumstances. They then return to ordinary life, and come over to this country as waiters, hotel-keepers, commercial travellers, clerks, and all the numberless occupations which they have followed in former years.

If the following cases are considered to be printable, what can those have been which the Committee considered to be unprintable? Ought not all the women of this country to have been made fully aware of what was done in Belgium? We were told over and over again by Generals in authority that an invasion was quite possible and almost probable, and, indeed, there can be no doubt that the Germans counted on being able to invade this country as a certainty. Is it not well, therefore, that the women of this country should have been prepared for what they might expect from the hands of these people? and knowing these things, will they consent to allow these people to swarm over to this country when Peace is declared, because it may be to the advantage of the investment of capital?

No evidence was taken that the Commission did not consider absolutely reliable.

"At Haicht several children had been murdered. One, of two or three years old, was found nailed to the door of a farmhouse by its hands and feet, a crime which seems almost incredible, but the evidence for which the Committee felt bound to accept."

In the following case the witness stated that he went to a farmhouse in Belgium:

"The Germans knocked at the door of the kitchen, and the farmer, the two men, the girl, and myself, all rushed out of the kitchen into

another room and hid ourselves there in the dark. The farmer's wife, who had a baby in her arms, which she was suckling, was not quick enough to get away, and she had not escaped with us. There was a small window, which looked into the kitchen, from the room into which these people got. The witness continues: I looked into the kitchen. I saw the Germans seize the baby out of the arms of the farmer's wife. There were three German soldiers—one officer and two privates. The two privates held the baby, and the officer took out his sword and cut the baby's head off. The head fell on to the floor, and the soldiers kicked the body of the child into a corner and kicked the head after it. After the baby had been killed we saw the officer say something to the farmer's wife, and we saw her push him off. After five or six minutes the two soldiers seized the woman and put her on the ground. She resisted them, and they then pulled all the clothes off her until she was quite naked. The officer then violated her, while one soldier held her by the shoulders and the other by the arms. After the officer, each soldier in turn violated her, the other soldier and the officer holding her down. After the woman had been violated by the three, the officer cut off the woman's breasts. I then saw him take out his revolver and point it at the woman on the ground. The witness says that he knew nothing more, as they then ran into the field, and from there saw the farmhouse had been set on fire. The soldiers were cavalry, because they had spurs on."

Another witness stated:

"We were passing the Flying Ground outside Liége when I saw a woman, apparently of middle age—perhaps twenty-eight to thirty years old—stark naked, tied to a tree. At her feet were two little children about three or four years old. All three were dead. I believe the woman had one of her breasts cut off, but I cannot be sure of this. Her whole bosom was covered with blood and black marks. Both children had been killed by what appeared to be bayonet wounds.

"I saw the dead body of a child about two years of age. A German lance, similar to those used by the Uhlans and other German cavalry, was in the child's body, and was stuck into the ground through the body. The wound was still bleeding.

"A young child—a boy of about three or four years—lay partly in a manger and partly over it, in a stable. His two hands and feet were cut off."

Another witness stated:

"On opening the back door of a farmhouse I saw four Germans climbing over a wall and trying to escape. Three got away, but the fourth I shot down. Lying on the ground I found four children—three little girls and a boy. Each had their hands cut off. They were dying, but not quite dead, their hands still hanging to their arms by the skin. There was blood all round on the ground. There was no one with the children, either in the yard or in the house."

Still another witness stated:

"The Germans were retiring and we were pressing on them. We entered about midday. A young girl about seventeen came up to me crying in the village. She was dressed only in a chemise. She told me that seventeen girls, including herself, had been dragged into a field, stripped quite naked, and violated, and that twelve of them had been killed by being ripped up across the stomach with a bayonet. In the same village, on the same day, I saw a man in a barn dead. The corpse was burnt, and his legs cut off. The village people told us that his legs had been cut off, and that he had been thrown alive into the fire."

In another locality a witness testified to a number of men being brought out of houses and shot.

"Altogether thirty-two were killed—all men. I counted the bodies afterwards. After the shooting, seven or eight were finished off with the bayonet. Immediately after the

men had been killed I saw the Germans going into the houses in the Place and bringing out the women and girls—about twenty were brought out. They were marched close to the corpses. Each of them was held by the arms. They tried to get away. They were made to lie on tables which had been brought into the Square. About fifteen of them were then violated. Each of them was violated by about twelve soldiers. While this was going on, about seventy Germans were standing round the women (including five officers—young). The officers started it. The ravaging went on for about an hour and a half. Many of the women fainted and showed no sign of life. While this was going on, other Germans were burning the houses in the Square."

Another witness stated:

"At the entrance of a village we were close to a farm. The farmhouse was on fire. The body of the farmer—an old man—was lying there; the head, severed from the body, was lying at some distance off. Two sons, aged about thirty-five to forty, were lying dead also, from gunshot wounds. The wife of one had her whole left breast cut away, and was covered with blood, but was still alive, leaning against the wall on some straw. She told us that the German Uhlans, six of them, had gone into the house, and one of them said: 'You have some Belgian soldiers hidden here,' and she naturally replied: 'No, there are none.' Instantly he struck her, cutting off the whole of her left breast. She did not say it was the blow of a sword, but I think it was. She spoke Flemish, which I understood a little. She was very faint, having lost much blood, which was still flowing. She also said that they had sent up her little son of some eight years old to look in the loft to see if there were any Belgian soldiers hidden in the straw. They then pulled away the ladder and set the house on fire. It was about twenty-two to twenty-five feet from the door or window of the loft to the ground, and too high for him to jump down, and he must have been burned to death in the straw which was there."

Again, another witness stated:

"I saw two little children—girls three or four years old—standing beside the road with a woman, who appeared to be their mother. As the Germans came up, two of them drove their bayonets through the bodies of these two children, killing them. Close beside the road there was a small farm homestead burning, and the bodies of the two children were pitched into the flames by the soldiers who killed them. They tossed them in with their bayonets."

Another witness, an electrical engineer by profession, stated:

"He was in a village south of Malines. He saw the corpse of a man and a woman. We inquired of the neighbours, and they told us that the woman was enciente. She had been violated by German soldiers, and had had her womb cut open by them in her husband's presence. He had been previously bound to the banisters. They had removed the unborn child. We saw the latter, half-burnt. The flesh was grilled more than burnt. They had beheaded the husband. We saw the place where they had beheaded him covered with blood. They took the man's head and thrust it into the woman's womb, after tearing out the child. We saw the two corpses in this state after it had been done. I asked the neighbours if any of the soldiers who had done it had been drunk, and they said they had not. I do not think it could have happened more than an hour. The woman was completely naked. The man was fully clothed. They were people of middle class, apparently about thirty-five years old. The neighbours told us it would have been their first child. They said the Germans had done it out of sheer villainy, and had not suggested that they had been fired on by civilians."

In another village the same witness found several houses where there was blood on the floor, and in one house found

a young girl of about fourteen years.

"She was half-mad when we found her. Her mother was there, and told us that seven German Red Cross men had violated her, one after the other. It had been done quite recently, just before the Germans had been driven out."

An American lady, working with the Red Cross in France, writes:

"Among the one thousand (girls) for whom it is our duty to care, there are more than nine hundred, all under fifteen years of age, who are mothers, or who are on the eve of becoming mothers. And all—yes, all—are infected with syphilis. About four hundred girls, at the highest estimate ten years old, have been violated by the Boche, and there is not one among them who has not been infected in this awful manner."

These are but a small proportion of those who have been carried off. It is estimated that eighteen thousand of these women slaves were taken from two towns alone.

Are the women of this country and of America to sit secure by their inviolate hearths and see the torturers and violators of thousands of other far away unknown women received in their countries as they were before the war? No, they *shall*, they *must* be punished; and as it is abundantly clear that the whole nation has been systematically corrupted by their leaders, and that they were out for plunder of the whole world, so the whole nation must suffer; and if men are so craven that they think more of the investment of capital than they do of the protection of women from such crimes, then women must help themselves, and must appeal to both men and women of the American nation not to enter into relationship with the German nation until the German people have rid themselves of the monsters who rule them, and have repented of and expiated their crimes.

It may be said that these reports are unfit for any one to read. Who dare say this when these things have happened to our martyred sisters, and might have happened any day that an invasion had taken place to British women and children? And the "unprintable" things, what of them? Every woman in the country ought to have been made acquainted with the reports relating to these crimes. Only by the mercy of God has this country been saved from the horrors that have fallen upon France, Belgium, Serbia, Russia, and Italy.

Hardly a day passes that some fresh diabolical outrage is not launched upon the world. The torpedoing of the *Lusitania* and the sweeping away of eleven hundred persons, of whom forty were babies, was only the beginning of the murders upon the sea. That horror caused the Italians to rush through the streets crying "Out with the barbarians." Over and over again has that tragedy been repeated and under more frightful circumstances—hospital ships laden with defenceless wounded men and nurses, and the sinking of numberless ships of which no trace will ever be found. No book could be large enough to detail the crimes committed by

these people—the murders of Nurse Cavell and of Captain Fryatt; but it is useless to labour the subject. Wherever these people have gone they have behaved like devils, and like devils they are able to put on the cloak of deception and to pose as kindly, efficient, and harmless people when they come to this country seeking to ingratiate themselves and to penetrate into every fibre of the nation.

The men who propose to admit Germans to this country without restriction after the war must be told that such a policy will not be endured. It is no matter of emotion, but one of common-sense. We must refuse to associate or to allow our people to associate with a nation that has shown itself rotten with moral leprosy.

Among the unspeakable crimes committed by the Germans, nothing perhaps, if the whole truth were known, is more appalling than the treatment of British prisoners of war. The shameful brutalities practised on wounded and defenceless captives should be more widely known in this country. The authorities here have considered it advisable to keep these sufferings from the knowledge of the public as far as possible. Sometimes a corner of the veil has been lifted, as in the case of Wittenberg, with most excellent results in stimulating recruiting. But why have not these sufferings been made public all along? Would they not have roused the nation to greater efforts, and have had the effect of preventing strikes, which are largely the result of ignorance? Foreign correspondents have sometimes enlightened their own people as to the treatment of the British prisoners, as for instance L. Mokveld, Dutch War Correspondent, in his paper 'De Tijd.' He makes the following statement:—

"We arrived at Landen, a place between Tirlemont and Waremme, where we had a stop of forty minutes in order to feed the wounded. Soup was served from large washing-tubs, and I and my small companion were also offered some of this soldier's food. When I had finished my meal and walked up and down the platform in order to stretch my legs, my attention was drawn to an uproar in front of one of the last waggons. I went there, and shall not forget what I saw as long as I live; I wish that I had never seen it.

"Amongst some Frenchmen three British soldiers, seriously wounded, were lying on some straw. They looked distressed, and I thought that their condition was critical. I was told that these men had not had any food for five days, and now there stood in front of the open waggon doors two to three hundred German soldiers partly slightly wounded, who were well able to walk, partly German soldiers of the Landen garrison, who had been told off for distributing the soup. These two or three hundred men raged and jeered at those three unfortunate, heavily wounded British soldiers, who had not eaten for five days, and lay groaning helplessly on some dirty straw in a cattle-truck. The steaming tubs with hot soup were shown them, and these Germans shouted at them: 'You want to eat, swine, swine; you ought to be killed! Beat them to death! Beat them to death! Here, that's what you ought to get!'

"As they spoke these last words they aimed their rifles at the unfortunate, bleeding, helpless, and hungry creatures. Others spat on their clothes and in their faces, and the

enraged Germans foamed at the mouth.

"With weak eyes, eyes telling of approaching death, one of them gazed at these cruel torturers, or looked hungrily at the steaming soup; the two others had turned their heads on one side and closed their eyes. But at last also the third turned off his head and closed his eyes, sighing and groaning. In the meantime the Germans went on threatening them, blurting out all sorts of filthy abuse, spitting or threatening them with their rifles, while others were laughing and enjoying the helplessness of these three.

"I stood dumb, aghast, unable to utter a word. Then I went to a sergeant, who was also looking on and laughing; and, trembling all over, I said—

"'What is happening here is frightful; these men are also human beings, who had to do their duty as much as you!'

"I could not say more, my voice stuck in my throat.

"And what was his answer?

"'What? Do their duty? No, they are swine—paid swine; they get money for their dirty work, the swine!'

"I did not answer. I could not. Silently I looked a little longer at the beastly scene, only sorry that I was not a giant who, with one strong hand, might restrain the roughs, and refresh with the other the burning, feverish lips of the wretched men.

"What distressed me most was that among those two or three hundred soldiers in front of the open cattle-truck was not one man who wanted to take the part of these unfortunate British; no, not one!

"When I reported the occurrence to 'De Tijd,' I was fully conscious of the frightful accusation implied by my information; but I am prepared to confirm with the most sacred oaths that nothing in this accusation is untrue or exaggerated.

"I was not afraid of an inquiry, but asked for it as a matter of fact by writing in my report:—

"'And, if the German authorities intend to institute a serious and impartial inquiry, then I give them the following particulars:

"'It happened at Landen on Friday, October 9, in the train with wounded which arrived there from Brussels at about noon, when food was being distributed.'"

Another account[1] from the paper 'La Victoire,' May 1917, is as follows:—

"We have received the following document from a friend who has come back from the Somme, a thoroughly reliable man:—

"A group of one hundred and fifty English, made prisoners at the front at the Somme, were placed in Ronssoy in November 1916. These soldiers were obliged to go and work at Heudicourt, eight kilometres from Ronssoy (that is five miles). They had to walk sixteen kilometres each day, over and above their work, and the station of Heudicourt was under the fire of the English and French guns.

"These prisoners had no greatcoats, and did not possess any change of underclothing. They had no water to wash.

"The English prisoners had only one loaf of a little over two lbs. for six days, while the Russian and French prisoners had the same quantity for three days. They were like famished animals. They looked into the courtyards, on to the dung-heaps, and if they found anything thrown away, or potato peelings, they threw themselves upon them. If they did this, the Germans rushed at them with fearful blows of the rifle, breaking their ribs and putting out their shoulders, and made them return to the ranks.

"If a civilian wished to give something to them he was immediately arrested, conducted to the Commandant, and condemned to prison or a fine; but the fine was generally paid by a collection in the neighbourhood.

"It was reported to me by people perfectly worthy of confidence that

[1] Translated from the French.

an English sergeant, who was not able to get up in the morning, was set up on his feet three times by his comrades by order of the Germans. The last time he fell dead. Another cried out dying: 'Tell my parents that I die of hunger.'

"Another, perceiving a beetroot at the edge of a field, rushed forward and jumped the slope to get it, but he fell, knocked down by a blow of a rifle; and as an excuse for this crime they said he 'was trying to run away,' or 'stealing is forbidden.'

"I will now relate what I saw myself.

"In December 1916, in spite of all the orders to the contrary, the inhabitants performed miracles in order to give these martyrs something to eat.

"Having spoken to a sentry who seemed kindly disposed, I succeeded in getting into the shed, where I distributed belts, pocket-handkerchiefs, and shirts to each one of them. They then numbered one hundred and thirty-five.

"With the aid of many of the inhabitants it was possible for me to distribute food and some good coffee. At the end of the day the German sergeant pointed out to me two prisoners who had no boots, and another who had only a pair of trousers completely worn out.

"The next day the Commandant put out a new Order that it was forbidden to give anything whatever to the prisoners, under penalty of most severe punishment. It was after this publication that, having made a visit to the Commandant, I proposed to organise the gifts, and thus avoid the disorders in the street. The German sergeant should distribute them after the work was over, in order that each one should get his share.

"The Commandant considered my request, and promised to do all that I desired. As I went out of the Commandant's office I met the one hundred and thirty-five English prisoners in the street returning to Ronssoy. The unhappy men recognised me, and began to sing the National Anthem.

"A few yards farther on I found the hospital where the German General was living.

"Half an hour later I was informed that nothing could be granted, and that the inhabitants would not be allowed to do anything for the English prisoners.

"In spite of this they tried to succour them with the help of children. The little girls did not always escape the brutalities of the soldiers; but the little boys, more adventurous, went so far as to throw snowballs at the backs of the German soldiers, who ran after them; then another boy—hidden a little farther along—ran in and distributed some packets.

"The cold in January of this year 1917 was disastrous for this group of prisoners. Sometimes one of them would have his feet frozen, or would fall senseless upon the steps of a house. Woe be to the inhabitant who would give a basin of soup or of coffee. He was pursued with kicks and blows from the rifle. These cases happened more than twenty times.

"One evening a prisoner, having his feet frozen, was carried by his comrades to the hospital, which was at the Church of Epehy. They were forbidden to go in, and, after having waited for an hour at the door in the frost, his comrades were authorised to take a stretcher to carry him three kilometres farther to Ronssoy.

"One day, when they were going off to work, a prisoner fell when he arrived at Epehy. A woman, seeing how ill he was, wished to give him some coffee, but she was repulsed twice; the third time the German soldiers, fearing that their prisoner was dying, permitted her to give him some attention. The poor martyr had neither shirt nor trousers.

"It was reported to me that the prisoners, when they were absolutely exhausted, all made the same entreaty. They begged their brutal guards to put an end to their misery and to shoot them all.

"The last of them that I saw was at the end of January 1917. They were on the platform of a waggon, without any awning. Perceiving that there were bodies stretched out under the coverings, I followed the vehicle, when one of them, raising himself up, appeared to me like

a skeleton; he made me signs of farewell with his hand, and said something to his comrades. Several of them tried to raise themselves, but they fell back at once. They were taken to the station at Epehy, and from there probably to the hospital at Cambrai.

"How many of them remain now?—perhaps not one.

"That was the fate of the English soldier prisoners in the hands of the Germans, as I knew it at Epehy."

Why were not these accounts, widely known in other countries, circulated here?

When a question was asked in the House of Lords some weeks ago (1918) whether the whole truth of the experiences of our prisoners in Germany could not be told, so that the public might realise the German system of organised brutality, Lord Stanhope, replying for the Government, said that it was felt that any idea of an unsatisfactory peace was far less likely to be accepted in this country if the truth as to the treatment of our prisoners in Germany was understood! Why has not this policy been pursued during the past four years? Individuals, who have been interested in the question, have been able to get information from Blue-books, but the public knows nothing of these. For instance, it was reported by the American Embassy in Berlin that a notice was seen posted up in a working camp with British prisoners, dated March 16, 1916, which ran as follows:—

"The guards are especially enjoined energetically to keep the prisoners at work. Should the attitude of the prisoner demand the use of the weapon, this should be employed without regard to consequences. In the first place, the bayonet only is to be employed."

What a fearful light these few words shed on this ghastly subject.

Again another case. A Russian prisoner returned from a German prison camp to Petrograd, and examined by the President of the Commission of Enquiry, stated:

"In February 1916, one hundred Englishmen were brought in to that camp. On the first day after their arrival they refused to work. They were then ranked up and surrounded by about twenty German soldiers with fixed bayonets, who drove them to work with their fists and the butt-end of their rifles. On the way one of the Englishmen halted, and half a dozen Germans of the escort rushed at him and knocked him down, and stabbed him with bayonets. A German sergeant-major went up to the Englishman, and began to kick him. All this took place before my very eyes. The Englishman died in two days. I do not know his name. Langemor was the camp, and the Commandant, a German named *Belcakin*, was noted for his cruelty. He ordered the soldiers of the escort to beat and starve the men who declined to work. The escorting soldiers themselves declared that it was impossible to find another man as cruel as the Commandant."

These refusals to work are often because the prisoners are too weak. Beaten by rifles and starved, they are often hardly able to stand.

The exchanged prisoners now arriving in this country show too plainly the harsh treatment they have received.

On August 18, 1918, 440

prisoners arrived in London. Of these 440, 172 were too ill to walk, and besides these there were 30 mental cases. Some of the prisoners looked like ghosts; others looked starved and miserable; many of them had but one leg. They had been in a camp, where no bread or food parcels reached them. More than half of the prisoners consisted of men who had been captured either on or after March 21, 1918. The majority of them were young and frail-looking.

The many mental cases testify to the brutality of the treatment these unfortunate people have received.

Have not the people of this country shown a strange apathy and indifference to the sufferings of the men who have defended them? Certainly they do their best to feed them, not always successfully, as Sir George Aston reports that twenty thousand parcels are lying at some depot, and not distributed.

It would be impossible here to give one hundredth part of the cases of shocking cruelty which have been reported.

The latest form of torture appears to have been inflicted by German officers who have been imprisoned in England, and have returned to Germany. They have been placed in positions of command in the prison camps, and are reported to delight in worrying the prisoners. This is the more astonishing, as we all know in this country the indulgence and leniency which has been extended to German prisoners here—especially to the officers.

It is a great question whether enough effort has been made to make known in Germany the good treatment of German prisoners here. English papers, until recently, were read largely in Germany, and it would have been perfectly easy to have conveyed the information persistently and continuously, and to have had the truth of such reports officially guaranteed. There might then have been some hope of reciprocal treatment. When some German officers escaped from Donnington Hall, one, who was recaptured, was asked whether he had not been comfortable. He said he had been quite comfortable, but he missed the lighter shades of life!

We are now told that German officers have been taken out to drive in motor-cars and meet their friends.

A German of the name of Markel, a naturalised Englishman, has been allowed to do everything possible for the German prisoners in this country, but he stated that his work was to be carried out in profound secrecy, otherwise he would not be allowed to carry it on. He was allowed to spend several thousand pounds a month on getting things to make the prisoners happy and comfortable. His statements at different times ran as follows:—

"The first thing was to relieve the monotony of confinement, and to help the prisoners to forget their woes.

"I obtained the necessary permission from the War Office, and

with the aid of my friends I sent some thousands of books. I was permitted to visit the camps, and given facilities by the authorities of coming in personal contact with the prisoners, which is the only way to make sure of effective work. During these visits I saw that as far as material conditions were concerned the prisoners were generously and kindly treated, but what I saw and heard also suggested to me many things that were necessary if we were to prevent the gradual decay of body, mind, and spirit, so hard to separate from captivity and enforced idleness. I might mention outdoor and indoor games, music, gymnastic apparatus, and facilities for study—but, of course, the main thing was to find the prisoners something useful to do. We have therefore, from the beginning, given co-operation to all agencies working to that end.

"We have also made it our business, so far as we can, to provide such remedies and palliatives as are not locally available for all who suffer from bodily ailments,—artificial eyes, teeth, surgical appliances, &c. Wherever there is a dentist among the prisoners, we supply him with a complete set of instruments and materials for his profession, on condition that he treats his poorer patients at a reduced fee at our own cost. The arrangements which we have in operation in this respect have been a special boon, as we have found diseased and defective teeth a great source of suffering and sickness in the camps.

"We make every effort to supply not only individual needs, but also those which are for the good of the whole camp. Thus we rig out schools with all the requirements for teaching and study, artists and craftsmen with tools and materials, orchestras and bands with musical instruments and music. Apart from gifts of music, our Musical Department is in operation, and a most excellent circulating library of musical scores. We also supply gymnastic apparatus, theatrical requirements, athletic outfits of all sorts, and, in short, complete apparatus for every kind of outdoor and indoor game.

"The sick or wounded, of course, whether in hospital or camps, have for us a very special interest, and all those cases, unfortunately so numerous, where prisoners suffer from physical defects or chronic maladies. Where indicated, we supplement the diet with special strengthening foods, and supply medical comforts and palliatives.

"Our aim, which we pursued unremittingly, is to provide the prisoners with wholesome productive work which shall be as interesting and educative as possible. The supply of implements and materials for all sorts of handicrafts has been a very big item. In this we have received most generous assistance from a committee interested in the prisoners, with whom we have co-operated in maintaining a department exclusively for this work, with a technical expert in arts and handicrafts as adviser, who travels from camp to camp devoting his whole time to the work. Workshops have been erected and equipped in nearly every camp, where a large variety of goods are produced.

"The Library and Educational Department, to which I have already referred, is doing a great work. Correspondence is kept up with the various camp libraries, and not only are these latter kept constantly supplied with fresh general literature, but text-books are provided for all camp classes and in response to individual requests from students. It has often been difficult to satisfy their wants; but the Red Cross has come to the rescue, especially with language text-books, grammars, and dictionaries, for which the demand has been enormous, and we are now getting help for the higher class of students from an Academical Committee in Berlin.

"The commandants (of the camps) have in many cases enthusiastically seconded us (in our work), as they realise better than anybody else how essential is productive employment in maintaining a healthy atmosphere of happy activity. Generally, in fact, I cannot speak too highly of the commandants. They have universally shown themselves English gentlemen in the best sense. Their attitude to their charges, so far from

being harsh, has been generally of the kindest. They recognise that there is nothing whatever of a penal nature about internment, which is simply an unfortunate necessity of defence; and many of them give the most conscientious thought of devising all the measures in their power for mitigating the evils of concentration, their ideal being, as one of them well put it, 'that the men should come out of the camp as sound in mind and body as they went in.'[1]

"The administration of the British camps is now, generally speaking, above reproach.

"That there is not a similar organisation in Germany for British prisoners is a matter of sincere regret to me, and that more is not being done by the German people in this matter.

"I can testify to the humanity which has characterised the British Government's dealings with its prisoners; and I feel that, if this were thoroughly well known and appreciated in Germany, and if all the reports to the contrary were contradicted, some sort of work such as I am permitted to do here would probably be permitted in the British camps in Germany."

This is evidently much too optimistic a view; but more might have been done in attempting to rouse the consciences of those in Germany, and there must be some who abhor the dreadful cruelties which have been practised on helpless captives. Had Dr Markel not been obliged to carry on his work in secret, it would have been impossible for the fiction of the cruel treatment of German prisoners in England to be so extensively propagated.

Only a few weeks ago—September 1918—a document signed by Ludendorf, conveying instructions and threats as to the behaviour of German soldiers in the event of capture, fell into the hands of the British. It says:

"Capture at the hands of the inhuman foes, in view of their unexampled brutality of treatment, which is now proven beyond question in so large a number of cases, merely means being slowly tortured to death."

We must suppose that these infamous lies about the treatment of German prisoners in this country are in some way useful to the Germans. Truth is nothing to them; but for the sake of our unfortunate British prisoners in their hands it surely would have been wise to persist in making known the almost unexampled leniency and indulgence which has been accorded to prisoners in this country. Perhaps this leniency cannot be better exemplified than by the state-

[1] Contrast this with the account of our men just returned from prison camps in Germany (October 1918):—

"Some were almost in rags. Their faces were wan and waxlike. Sallow skins and emaciated forms told of insufficient nourishment. They spoke but little.

"Their eyes glanced round pitifully in the dim light—just wrecks of men, some of them. They were home at last, but too broken to show relief or joy. The cruelty and semi-starvation had left the mark of the Hun beast."

The abominable fact stares us in the face that we shall probably receive from Germany one hundred and fifty thousand men, diseased and hopelessly broken down, while we shall return to Germany even a greater number, full of health and strength.

ment in the 'Times' of August 29:

"The police have arrested four German prisoners of war on a charge of criminally assaulting a girl of sixteen years of age."

Again, in the 'Times' of September 13, there is the following announcement, which shows incredible leniency:

"In some parts of the country German prisoners have become a public scandal. Evidence has reached the authorities that, owing to the laxity that has been permitted in some cases, German prisoners are engaged in propaganda, having for its objects the encouragement of pacifists and a general weakening of the war spirit of the country."

What scandalous laxity such reports indicate!

The Government Report of the treatment by Germany of the native races in her colonies in Africa has just been published. It is an unbroken record of hideous cruelties extending over a long series of years.

In 1884 a Conference took place at Berlin on the African question. The Conference placed on record their recognition of the sacred duty—

1. Of preserving the aboriginal races of Africa.
2. Of watching over their interests.
3. Of cultivating their moral and material advancement and development.

Let us note well these promises.

In 1890 Germany was again very prominent at the Anti-Slavery Conference in Brussels, when it was placed on record, by solemn pledge and resolution, that it was the emphatic desire of the conferring Powers effectively to protect the native races of Africa from oppression and slavery.

The pronouncement of this humane and enlightened policy caused the statesmen of Great Britain to have no hesitation in welcoming the German Government into the arena of world colonisation as a co-partner in the great work of civilising and uplifting the heathen races of the earth!

Great Britain allowed Germany to annex 322,000 square miles of territory in South-West Africa, and by a stroke of the pen placed the Hereros and five other tribal groups of the inhabitants of that vast land under the guardianship and control of the German Emperor. After annexation had become an accomplished fact, and German statesmen had done their work, true German opinion began to reveal itself, and not many years after annexation the real German policy was made horribly manifest to the unfortunate natives of South-West Africa. From that time onwards it is one constant tale of infamous and devilish treatment of the natives by Germans.

The present British Administrator of South-West Africa has collected all the evidence, and it should be

read by every one who wishes to know the truth about the German colonies.

The story of the extermination and persecution of the Herero people is one of the most appalling in modern history. This tribe is described as an intelligent, honest, and proud people—candid and sincere, frugal and industrious, reliable and trustworthy. Even so long ago as 1760 they were known as great cattle owners, and when Germany annexed the country they had probably well over 150,000 head of cattle. Their Chief was a man of wonderful character. In 1904 a new Commander, General von Trotha, was sent to South-West Africa. He was noted in Berlin for his merciless severity in dealing with natives. He had just suppressed the Arab rebellion in East Africa by bathing that country in the blood of thousands and thousands of its inhabitants. The record of his treachery and cruelty was unsurpassed. He issued an order of extermination against the Hereros. "Kill every one of them," he said, "and take no prisoners."

The unfortunate people had tried to rebel, as well they might, but the contest was a hopeless one. Out of between 80,000 and 90,000 souls, only about 15,000 surviving and fugitive Hereros were alive at the end of 1905.

Some of the evidence taken by the Administrator is as follows:—

"On one occasion I saw about twenty-five prisoners placed in a small enclosure of thorn-bushes. They were confined in a very small space, and the soldiers cut dry branches and piled dried logs all round them—men, women, and children and little girls were there; when dry branches had been thickly piled up all round them, the soldiers threw branches also on top of them. The prisoners were all alive and unwounded, but half starved. Having piled up the branches, lamp oil was sprinkled on the heap and it was set on fire. The prisoners were burnt to a cinder. I saw this personally. The Germans said: 'We should burn all these dogs and baboons in this fashion.' The officers saw this, and made no attempt to prevent it. The Hereros were merely fugitives in the bush. All water-holes on the desert border were poisoned by the Germans before they returned. The result was that fugitives who came to drink the water either died of poisoning, or, if they did not taste the water, they died of thirst."

The Administrator states:

"Evidence of violation of women and girls is overwhelming, but so full of filthy and atrocious details as to render publication undesirable."

Another witness states he went with the German troops. They killed thousands and thousands of women and children along the roadsides. They bayoneted them and hit them to death with the butt-ends of their guns. Words cannot be found to relate what happened; it was too terrible. They were lying exhausted and harmless along the roads, and as the soldiers passed they simply slaughtered them in cold blood. Mothers holding babies at their breasts, little boys and little girls; old people too old to fight, and

old grandmothers—none received mercy; they were killed, all of them, and left to lie and rot on the veld for the vultures and wild animals to eat.

Another witness states that he saw this bloody work for days and days, and every day. "The young Herero women and girls were violated by the German soldiers before being killed. Two of my Hottentots were invited by the German soldiers to join them in violating Herero girls. The two Hottentots refused to do so."

When viewed from the point of view of civilisation and common humanity, what a comparison there is between this German barbarism and the attitude of the Herero chiefs, who, before a shot was fired, ordered their people to spare the lives of all German women and children and non-combatants!

The other tribes were treated with equal barbarity—parcelled out to farmers, separated from wives and children, thrown into jail on the slightest pretext, starved, flogged to death, and hung. These sickening records would require to be read to be believed.

The Administrator writes:

"The foregoing statements, made on oath in the course of the past four months, will give some faint idea of the reign of terror which existed amongst the natives of South-West Africa. Instances of cruelty, injustice, and barbarism might be multiplied almost indefinitely. Instances of gross and bestial conduct, which for sheer depravity and immorality are wellnigh unbelievable, are also contained in the files of affidavits, but they are hardly fit for publication.

"This state of affairs continued right up to the occupation of South-West Africa by the British troops under General Botha in 1915, and the records of the Special Criminal Court appointed under the British régime will indicate that the German settlers, not quite appreciating that the old order had changed, took some time to grasp the fact that under British rule wholesale shootings and floggings of natives and inhuman brutality towards their defenceless servants would not for one moment be tolerated.

"The natives talk all day long about the new Government, and say they hope and pray that England will keep this country and govern them. They are in terror at the very idea of the German Government coming back."

When the country was conquered by the British an agreement was come to that the German farmers and the reservists should remain. It is possible that these people will join in the imperious demand by the German Government that the Colonies be given back to them, but the British people will never consent to such an infamy.

It is advisable that some of the instruments of torture—such as chains, the leg and arm fetters—should be sent to this country for exhibition; also the sjambok made of hide with which the natives were thrashed, often to death.

What is this nation which makes these solemn promises of watching over the interests of the natives of Africa, and of cultivating their moral and material advancement and development, and as soon as it

gets them in its power proceeds to murder and degrade them in the most inhuman manner? Was there ever such a nation of liars?

There is another aspect of this question of the German occupation of Africa which is even of more importance to the world in general than the question of the treatment of the natives.

The following account by a British official of a visit which he paid to a neighbouring German settlement in Central Africa gives a very clear picture of what was going on. This was written some years before there was any thought of war:—

"The German colonisation methods are very different from our own. Where we employ twenty civil police, he scatters Soudanese soldiers broadcast over the landscape. He sees to it that every man of the black fighting force has an up-to-date rifle, and is taught to use it by constant practice on the ranges, with which every station is equipped; while, by dint of unremitting route-marches and incessant parades, he ensures that his army shall understand at least the rudimentary notions of automatic discipline and soldierly endurance."

The German barrack square reminded him of the trim methodical Fatherland. "On either side of the massive arched gateway there are the familiar zebra-coloured sentry-boxes, with a business-like black sentry standing outside each, while in the background the trim quarters of the soldiers are drawn up row upon row, and the ground itself is swept and garnished. The place is a fortress, and is intended to be used as such, should necessity arise in the shape of native disturbance. From a strategic point of view I should say that it is quite impregnable to native attack. There are barracks, stables, storehouses, and an arsenal, and the harbour."

He had no doubt that illicit trading was going on, passing through these "sleeping sickness" areas in danger of communicating infection, but he could not in any way make representations, as he was the guest of the German Commandant. There was a Commandant, a senior Lieutenant of the German Colonial troops.

Down by the harbour a wide firm road had been cut out of the mountain-side, and the outer slope banked with stone. Early in the morning the inhabitants were awakened by the roll of drums on the changing of the night guard at the gates. Out at the back, beyond the gates, the army was on parade, and very smart and business-like it was. Farther up the hill the perpetual crack of rifles told him that musketry was going on. These Soudanese troops were made of the stuff of soldiers and highly trained. They are an expensive and superior class of native imported into a country where the local standard is extremely primitive.

"The German tenure of the country is more in the nature of an armed occupation than of colonisation. They do not pretend to dispense justice. German colonisation partakes of the nature of compressing the spirit of

tropical peoples into a hard-and-fast groove, and her methods are flavoured with the atmosphere of the barrack and the police court, but she seems to attain her ends. She develops her commercial interests in these far-off East African countries. Her fleets range far and wide down the whole length of the coast. She has captured the bulk of the sea-borne trade in these parts. Tanganyika is, for all practical purposes, her waterway.

"It would seem that the African native is the last person in the world to assimilate the rigid disciplinarian outlook of the Teuton, but perhaps we shall find in the years to come that Central Africa has been transformed into a vaster Prussia, with green-uniformed Customs officials and stringent municipal regulations. It may be that, in the future, the German Central African will find that his only chance of not being improved altogether off the face of the globe will lie in embracing the principles of compulsory and universal military service."

Can it be doubted that, if the German Colonies were given back to Germany, they would set about forming an immense army of blacks, which would soon be capable of overawing the world.

Dr Solf, the German Colonial Minister, clamours incessantly for the return of these colonies. He bases his claim on Germany's proved ability to participate in the uplifting work of civilisation among backward races!

After Mr Balfour's announcement that we should not give back these colonies, Dr Solf made a speech, which, for brazen lying, can hardly be exceeded. He asks:

"Has Mr Balfour forgotten Germany is the only Power waging war which has definitely adopted the demilitarisation of Africa as one of her war aims? We desire a settlement of the Colonial question on the principle that Colonial possessions shall extend to the merits of the European nations in the protection of the coloured races entrusted to their care. Colonisation means mission work. These States which endeavoured to act before the war on the principle of respecting humanity also in the coloured races, have won the moral right to be Colonial Powers. This right was won by Germany before the war."

For some months Germany has been conducting an inspired campaign in her Press with a view to working up the feelings of the people regarding German Colonies. Ludendorff, Hindenburg, the Crown Prince, von Hertling, have had facsimile letters reproduced in the German newspapers, saying that Germany must have colonies in order to give her raw material for the period of the war. The total value of the raw materials exported from German colonies before the war was at its highest £5,000,000 per annum. The raw material that Germany wants is not the raw material of commerce, but the raw material of war. She would be able to raise a huge black army, and to have a series of submarine bases from which at any moment, when she cared to renew the war, she would be able to terrorise and paralyse the mercantile shipping of the world. It is with a view to establishing points for feeding her submarine fleet that Germany is making all the fuss about her Colonies. She wants to be within easy reach of every important trade route on the high seas. So much

so that a society for the study of submarines has been started in Berlin, and the Germans are doing their utmost to get Germans in foreign countries as members. It is very easy to see through such scheming on the part of Berlin, which scheming we can make very sure will come to nothing by the simple measure of disposing of the German Colonies in any fashion whatsoever other than leaving them to Germany.

Dr Karstedt, the editor of the 'German Colonial Journal,' writes of the necessity of having stations in Africa which would be capable of serving at any moment as munition depots, coaling stations, docks, &c.

"Think for a moment," he says, "how far more deadly the work of German cruisers might have been if Dar-es-Salaam, on the Indian Ocean, or Ludoritz Bay and Duala, on the Atlantic, had been fully fitted out naval bases, in which our ships would have had facilities for getting in fresh supplies or effecting repairs.

"Within the territory (of German Mittel-Afrika) there would be enough places on the coast which, when properly fortified and equipped, would be capable of furnishing Germany with the naval bases which it absolutely *must have* upon the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans. Such a German oversea empire in Africa would be able to bid defiance to the strongholds of British power in Africa (Egypt and South Africa), the mainstays of the whole British world-power. It would give us not only a great part of what we want in order to be economically independent of England, but it would also put the means into our hands of *striking England home* at any moment with the help of our navy and the man-power latent in this future dominion."

Deadly indeed would have been the work of the German cruisers if, in the past, she had possessed the naval bases which, if the world should be weak enough to allow, she is evidently determined to secure in the future. Her reliance on submarine warfare, the deadliest enemy of the peace of the world, is constantly in evidence. To-day—October 1918—the head of the submarine department of the German Navy is appointed to the supreme command of the Navy.

Herr Trietsch, a German writer, states:

"In future wars Germany, if only by using the new military weapons acquired and perfected in this war, would be able to threaten England's Colonial dominion to a far greater extent.

"With a *compactness* extending now not only over one continent, *but over a great part of the globe*, Germany could deal such blows on the world-wide interests and far-scattered colonies of her opponents as would pre-eminently deter them from challenging her again."

We often hear the German demand of "the freedom of the seas." Before the war the ships of every nation sailed every sea in perfect safety. The German ships coaled at our ports, and ran in and out of our harbours as they pleased. Count Reventlow, in March 1917, gave a lecture in Berlin on this subject, which it is interesting to recall:

"What do we Germans understand by the freedom of the seas?" he said. "Of course, we do not mean by it that free use of the sea which is the common privilege of all nations in times of peace, the right to the open

highways of international trade. That sort of freedom of the sea we had before the war. What we understand to-day by this doctrine is that Germany should possess such maritime territories and such naval bases that at the outbreak of a war we should be able, with our navy ready, reasonably to guarantee ourselves the command of the seas. We want such a jumping-off place for our navy as would give us a fair chance of dominating the seas and of being free of the seas during a war.

"The inalienable possession of the Belgian seaboard is, therefore, a matter of life and death to us, and the man is a traitor who would faintheartedly relinquish this coast to England. Our aim must be not only to keep what our arms have already won on this coast, but sooner or later to extend our seaboard to the south of the Strait of Calais."

Now we know what Germany means by "the freedom of the seas!"

Surely if ever a country was forewarned of the designs of her foes for her destruction and downfall, Great Britain is that country, and if her statesmen allow these warnings to go unheeded, our fearful sacrifices will have been made in vain.

The working classes of this country have probably never thoroughly grasped the fact that one of the plans of Germany was practically for their enslavement.

A distinguished professor of Germany in a conversation with an Oxford professor, some few years before the war, said:

"Great conflicts must arise when an old world-Power is destroyed by a new one, and many sad events must take place, but the war is a necessity for Germany, because England has so much that is absolutely necessary for Germany to possess, in order to fulfil her rôle as a world-State. She must have ports and colonies in many parts of the world—Australia, South Africa, Hong-Kong, India.

"England is not really strong, but there has been no strong Power to dispute these great sources of wealth with her. These sources of wealth must fall to a new world-Power, and that is clearly Germany."

The most remarkable part of this conversation relates to the British workman. The professor said:

"Our German workpeople are the best in the world, they know that, and they also know that their army and their navy are the weapons of blood and steel which can open the world and give them wealth and power as the competent directors of workmen, who under their supervision would do more for the world than they would otherwise do. They know they can thus become rich masters themselves. In England, for instance, the workmen are idle and capricious, but under a strong régime they would work well, and disciplined as they would be with us, they would recognise their own place and become content with it."

"Disciplined as they would be with us!" This should surely be a warning to the British workman of the plans for his subjugation formulated in the minds of German manufacturers and German workmen.

As Mr Rudyard Kipling said in February 1918:

"We are fighting that we may not be herded into actual slavery such as the Germans have established by force of their arms in large parts of Europe. We are fighting against eighteen hours a day forced labour under the lash or at the point of the bayonet, with a dog's death and a dog's burial at the end of it. If we are defeated labour will become a thing to be knocked on the head if it dares to give trouble, or worked to death if it does not. And from this

order of life there will be no appeal, no possibility of any escape.

"We are fighting," he said, "that men, women, and children may not be tortured, burnt, and mutilated in the public streets as happened in this town (Folkestone) and in many others. And we will go on fighting till the race who have done these things are in no position to continue or repeat their offence."

It may be thought that Mr Rudyard Kipling takes an exaggerated view of the treatment which would be accorded to the working classes if the Germans had conquered and invaded this country, but it is not so. The Germans overran the North of Italy, and the Proclamation issued by the Headquarters of the German Military Government was as follows:—

"A house-to-house search will be made for all concealed arms, weapons, and ammunition.

"All victuals remaining in the house must be delivered up.

"Every citizen must obey our labour regulations.

"All workmen, women, and children over fifteen years old are obliged to work in the fields every day, Sundays included, from 4 A.M. to 8 P.M.

"Disobedience will be punished in the following manner:

"1. Lazy workmen will be accompanied to their work and watched by Germans. After the harvest they will be Imprisoned for six months, and every third day will be given Nothing But Bread And Water.

"2. Lazy women will be obliged to work, and after the harvest receive Six Months' Imprisonment.

"3. Lazy children Will Be Punished By Beating. The Commandant Reserves The Right To Punish Lazy Workmen With 20 Lashes Daily."

These terms speak for themselves!

The treatment in this country would probably have been still more cruel, for after Rumania had been conquered and the so-called Peace made, which really enslaved the country of Rumania, the Rumanian Ministers remonstrated at the harshness of the terms, and were told by the German envoys that they would think the terms moderate if they could know what terms had been prepared for France and England.

The system of lying seems to have been developed into almost an art amongst the German people. They use it as a weapon of political warfare without shame and without reserve. A glaring instance of this has lately appeared. The Germans, after using asphyxiating gas for more than three years, now find that the gas which our army has been compelled to use in self-defence is troubling them very much, probably because they have not sufficient rubber for their masks. They therefore put out feelers to the Red Cross to propose the suspension of the use of gas, upon which that Society apparently made an appeal to the belligerent Powers. The following official announcement is made by the German Government:—

"The German Government appreciate the appeal all the more, because, before the opening of the war, the points of view which it had adopted for its guidance in methods of war was that the combatants should abstain from using weapons which, owing to their particularly cruel effects, must be regarded as opposed to the laws of humanity. In

the course of the present war the High Command never ceased to take peculiar care to see that all measures which might cause useless cruelty were avoided as long as the conduct of the enemy, by rendering a counter-measure necessary, did not compel it to take a different attitude. Although the war methods of the enemies of Germany, in conformity with their determination to destroy Germany, continually proclaimed by the responsible Statesmen, more and more approached a procedure reminiscent of the darkest epochs in their barbarous style of fighting, the High Command did not cease to act in accordance with its principles. The German Government preferred to allow its adversaries to bring upon the European battlefield savage races who were proved to have committed unheard-of atrocities, and to treat with harshest cruelty peaceful civilians, old men, women, and children, who had had the misfortune to fall into their hands, and to be generally guilty of all the crimes against which Germany has for years protested in the face of the whole world. In spite of all, the German people refused to employ similar methods of fighting, just as it is impossible to find in the German press attacks of the character appearing daily in the greatest newspapers in enemy countries, where the Germans are constantly styled Huns and barbarians.

"As regards the use of deleterious and asphyxiating gases, the High Command only launched gas attacks after their adversaries had for a long time been employing this weapon. A feeling of responsibility to fellow-citizens must naturally prevent the High Command from renouncing on its part a method of fighting which, however cruel, was efficacious, simply to spare the enemy the sufferings which they saw fit to inflict upon German soldiers in ever increasing measure. The German official communiqué of March 1, 1915, established the use of asphyxiating gas by the enemy, but it was not until April 24 of the same year that the British and French communiqué even mentioned German gas attacks.

"It is thus evident there can be no question of the German Government making proposals for the suppression of or restricting the use of asphyxiating gases. On the other hand, to refuse to examine any serious proposal which was likely to soften the sufferings caused by war would be to run counter to the true spirit of humanity with which the army, people, Parliament, and the Government of Germany are imbued.

"If the countries at war with Germany approach the German Government with a proposal on the subject, the Government will not hesitate exhaustively to study the question, to see how far it is possible to give adherence to such proposals without prejudice to the vital interests of the German people, and how far there are sufficient guarantees that agreements, if it is possible to conclude them, shall be really observed by the adversaries of Germany."

To fully appreciate the astounding falsehoods which occur in every line of this communication, we have only to look back to that day when this devilish invention was first launched against our troops. Who that read the account of those agonised, writhing bodies can ever forget it; and it was months before the soft-hearted people in this country, who were always inveighing against reprisals, were brought to see that only by reprisals could such devilry be overcome. Yet now, the people who planned this fiendish instrument of warfare, who must for years have been preparing and experimenting with it, say that the British began it, and that they were compelled to follow!

From this sickening tissue of lies we turn to another column of the same paper of

Sept. 21, 1918, and find the following:—

"A captured German document, an order of the 108th Infantry Brigade to its rearguards, of September 5, 1918, reads:

"'A recent Army Order required that we shall proceed in the future with more method and less haste in the destruction of property which has been marked out. Divisions have already been notified that they will be held responsible for buildings not destroyed in their area. In consequence all preparations should be made for firing straw which has been collected.' Here follows a long list of villages to be burnt. 'All soldiers are bound to assist to the best of their ability in the execution of this mission. The rearguard battalion will select the groups to complete the work of destruction. These detachments will not set fire to things till 3 A.M. *It will be remembered that there are means to defile all wells.* Mines must not be exploded too soon. It is the duty of every man to co-operate in this work of destruction.'"

This damning document seems to be inspired by the Crown Prince's boast that, though defeated, he has left desolated the district of France behind him.

We must suppose from this that the poisoning of wells in Africa and in France was recognised as a legitimate mode of warfare not at all opposed to the German idea of the laws of humanity!

Truly, as Sir Robert Morier, who lived amongst these people for many years, said, in 1871, after the Franco-German war: "The devil who inhabits the innermost soul of the German is brutality."

Dr Muehlon, to whom reference has already been made, was a Director of Krupp's great armament factory at Essen in Germany. He has written what is indeed an invaluable book. It is his diary during the first months of the war. His position as a Director of Krupp's must have given him entrance to the inner circle of the leading men in Germany. It is unlikely that the world will ever have a clearer picture of Germany and the German mind and character drawn by one of themselves at the most crucial moment of their history.

This man was one of the few righteous men of whose existence we know in Germany. He left his country and is now in Switzerland.

On May 1917, he addressed a letter to the German Chancellor repudiating the German Government and all its works. When the German army entered Belgium he wrote:

"Our irruption into Belgium means fearful moral injury to ourselves. Our action is more unscrupulous than anything ever done by Bismarck or any one like him, and even a victorious war would not restore to us the confidence of Europe and the rest of the world."

He went about among his friends in Berlin expressing his horror at what had been done, but nowhere could he find any comprehension of his point of view.

He writes in September:

"Yet another discussion about the division of the spoils after the war—this time at a most confidential gathering of the tip-top manufacturing brigands! I am still quivering with shame; these modern German manufacturers are repulsive enough to make one vomit. Even foreign private property must not be spared, especially in the case of districts rich

in coal and metals, big factories and enterprises. One gentleman hotly maintained that Germany must annex Belgium at once, so that in the later peace negotiations Belgium might be eliminated from the discussion altogether. At the same time, he insisted, there must unquestionably be drastic exportation of all the more important industrial and other private businesses. In the Peace terms France is to be obliged to bear the cost of indemnifying the victims. Moreover, he said, we must not repeat the mistake we made in Alsace-Lorraine in 1870, when the leading men were allowed to remain in the country; for they are now the chief source of Alsace-Lorraine's attachment to France. This time all the influential elements in the annexed country must be compelled at once to depart, unless they unreservedly accept the new order of things. The speaker laid strong emphasis on the fact that his fellow-manufacturers, Thyssen, Stinnes, Kirdorf, were using all their influence to carry through the vigorous policy he described. These gentlemen, he said, had already applied to the Chancellor to add to the German administrative body in Belgium an industrial expert, who should go round and inspect all the industrial works and properties in Belgium, and mark everything that would be of use to Germany."

They said:

"In order that the great sacrifices of our nation may not be made in vain, we must take just as much in land and private property as we can hope to be able to digest. Moreover, it is urgently necessary to keep the imagination of our people busy after the war by pointing to the enormous enlargement of our territory and our enrichment in other ways, and also to the chances which exploitation offers.

"The population of the annexed districts would, they said, certainly be a hard nut to crack, for it was undisciplined and unused to strong government; *but it must be taught discipline and obedience by whatever means might be necessary.* Every one agreed in this, and also with the fervent appeal that after the war the German people should be brought to regard it as their most sacred duty to bring into the world as many children as possible, who will have the pleasing prospect of entering into the inheritance of those inferior and subjected peoples.

"Both in words and sense the speeches were all about power, material prosperity, spheres of activity, discipline, method. There was no thought of their justifying their domination on any other ground, no idea of any benefit or consideration which they owed to the vanquished — in short, no magnanimity. They mean to lay themselves in the other people's beds, and are quite willing to be called barbarians in return."

The following are a few other quotations from this remarkable book — describing the feeling in Germany:—

"All servants of the State to-day maintain the dogma that the State's advantage is the highest object, and one which consecrates all means. Craft, lies, forgery, deception, treachery, corruption, and murder now call forth no disgust, if only the State is advantaged."

Again, he says:

"A General writes in 'Der Tag': 'Belgium is and will remain German. Not because we wish the few millions of Belgian rabble. No! they can emigrate—but because we require their land, their minerals, above all, their coast, their harbours, that we may have our knife at England's throat.' When I objected to this way of talking, all exclaimed with one voice: 'It is as he says, he is quite right.'"

These manufacturing brigands of whom Dr Muehlon wrote, stated in his presence that after the war they must secure exclusive advantages for themselves by tariff arrangements, and demand all the French mineral districts, which

all lie near the frontier, as part of the war indemnity. "In the annexed territories we ought to take energetic measures for expropriation and expulsion. The war indemnity must be paid in goods, property, and minerals, as being more to our advantage. In this way we should achieve the important result that it would be just as impossible in France as in Belgium ever again to develop a strong iron industry."

Writing of the utter degradation of the German newspapers, he says:

"The English newspapers contain a great deal that is just and appreciative towards the Germans, while the latter have nothing but vulgar threats, envious scorn, and filthy insults for everything English. The pick of the infamous writers belong to three species—first, retired officers; secondly, clerical dignitaries; and thirdly, the worst of all—the countless university professors of the modern type. But lie on, ye barbarians! The truth will hurl you into the abyss."

He tells the awful story, which was passing from mouth to mouth, of the behaviour of Hindenburg's troops when they won their victory over the Russians:

"The enemy had been driven into the swamps, but that was not enough. Tens of thousands, who wanted to surrender and tried to climb out of the morass, were again and again pushed back by the bayonet till they were suffocated or drowned. The word of command was that no quarter should be given, too many prisoners would be a nuisance at home! For days and nights, it is said, the screams of the drowning men were heard. So piercing were their cries that they were heard above the cannon's roar, and many who were forced to listen to this shrieking chorus of despair went out of their minds.

"Ninety thousand prisoners were taken in that battle, but it is supposed that even more—far more—were murdered while helplessly imploring succour. . . . Not one has a word of pity to waste on the incident. Each, on the contrary, approves of it, and says it was the only proper course to take."

He reports a conversation with a German officer, who said to him:

"I hear that, so far as possible, no more quarter is being given. And quite right too! We already have to keep two or three hundred thousand prisoners, who are a burden and a danger to the country. It would be far better if they had been killed at once on the battlefield. The more quickly we destroy the flower and strength of the hostile nations, the sooner the war will be decided and our mastery assured."

Dr Muehlon adds: "The fellow uttered these sentiments with the familiar German childlike smile and calm gaze of blue eyes."

Concerning the devilries going on in Belgium, he writes:

"Yesterday we again discussed all this frightfulness in a considerable company of influential men. I was the only one who did not approve of it. No one has a thought of clemency even towards Belgium. . . . There is no doubt they are bent on sowing hatred and violence: they will reap the whirlwind. . . . We have shown no respect for treaties, and we can expect no different attitude from other nations towards ourselves than the one we have manifested. But the position we have adopted will not help us to success. There is a moral element in the development of humanity which will vanquish us the more we have done violence to it.

"I am only now beginning to

know my countrymen properly. Only now do I fully understand the jeer of one of our diplomatists, who said to me lately about a Dutch ambassador: 'You know that's the sort of man who believes in the sanctity of treaties, as though a treaty settled the matter!'"

With regard to Prussia, he writes:

"The Prussia of to-day can only inspire the nations of Europe with a deeper hatred, can only goad them to demoniac frenzy. Prussia will rob them of all she can, and what she steals she will want to keep. She will surrender nothing of any value to herself; and if she gives, it will always be at others' expense. Those whom she has conquered, those whom she has fallen upon and oppressed, will remain for ever under her heel. She will force every foreign people to subordinate their civilisation to her own barbarism. She believes in nothing but brute force in domestic and foreign politics alike. *She recognises no power on earth but compulsion.*"

This book presents an awful picture of cold-blooded ferocity, of greed, of the desire to plunder and murder others for their own advancement, of a deep-seated hatred and envy of England; and when we consider that it is written by a German of his own countrymen, it is indeed a startling revelation. He says he never knew them before. We also never knew them before. Dr Muehlon tells us that at one time the favourite motto was: "Let us kill every Englishman thrice over, and only half kill the French."

A series of miracles have happened, which have prevented the Germans wreaking their fury upon the people of these islands; but let us not forget the dangers which, by the mercy of God, we have escaped.

Dr Muehlon is not the only distinguished German who has left his country in disgust. Dr Stuermer, German correspondent of the German paper 'Cologne Gazette,' writes of his experiences in Constantinople. He gives an awful picture of the torture and massacre of the Armenians. He states that his wife cried out to him, in horror of what she saw:

"'You are brutes, you Germans, miserable brutes, that you tolerate this from the Turks when you have the country absolutely in your hands. You are cowardly brutes, and I will never set foot in your horrible country again. God, how I hate Germany!'

"It was then, when my own wife, trembling and sobbing in grief, rage, and disgust at such cowardliness, flung this denunciation of my country in my face, that I finally and absolutely broke with Germany. Unfortunately I had known only too long that it had to come."

The Anatolia College for Armenians in Asia Minor was the scene of frightful massacres. The Rev. George White, President of the College, states:

"One group of our College boys asked permission to sing before they died, and they sang 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'; then they were struck down."

The number of Armenians who have been massacred is estimated by an American Committee as from five hundred thousand to one million. The Turks were entirely under

the influence of the Germans. There was no resistance on the part of the Armenians whatever; the Turks had evidently decided to exterminate them. The men were sent out in lots of one and two hundred by night to the mountains, where trenches had been prepared. Peasants had been employed to kill them. They did this with axes, as they said it was a pity to waste bullets. Then the Turks turned on the women and children, the old men and little boys. Scores of ox-carts were gathered, and the women and children were swept away in them; no destination was stated or intended. Girls and young women were snatched away at every turn on the journey. The girls were sold for from two to four dollars each. The misery, the agony, the suffering were beyond power and words to express—almost beyond the power of hearts to conceive. In bereavement, thirst, hunger, loneliness, and helplessness the groups were swept on and on along roads which had no destination.

Dr Stuermer writes:

"We allowed 1,500,000 souls to be wiped out. The Armenians were progressive, possessed of a European outlook, intellectually adaptable. Such conduct on the part of the German Government would suffice to undermine the loyalty of any thinking human being who believes in humanity and civilisation."

Of the long and awful agony of Serbia we shall never know the full details. A member of the Vienna Parliament said in June 1918:

"Serbia will be saved, but there will no longer be Serbs. By hunger, by torture, by murder, these brave and fine people are being exterminated."

Thirty thousand women, children, and men were sent off to be interned in Asia Minor. Among those thirty thousand there were eight thousand women and young girls delivered over to the Turks. Of those, a great number courted death by throwing themselves out of the train conveying them to Asia Minor. War prisoners and those interned are suffering actual martyrdom. There is ravage by hunger and disease. Their number decreases daily. One-fourth of the population has already perished.

The Germans took all the beds from the Serbian hospitals; turned adrift the occupants—even those suffering from severe wounds. These beds they sent to Austria.

The Serbians of Bosnia were led away from their villages, young and old, and were compelled to dig their own graves and to lie down quietly each in his own. Many women lay down in graves with children at the breast. The soldiers then shot them one after the other, the living putting earth over the dead until their turn came. Many persons were shot with machine-guns, drowned in the Save, and burned alive bound to bundles of hay. The whole Serbo-Montenegrin frontier was turned into a desert. It is said that General Potiorek, Autocrat of Bosnia, himself signed with his own hand

five hundred death warrants from the vicinity of Nish alone.

The Germans occupied Lithuania—a part of Russia—in 1914. Very little news was allowed to go out, but the Lithuanians, who number nearly a million in the United States, received frightful accounts of the German domination. An American Lithuanian, a man of high standing, who visited his native country in 1917, gave the most shocking account of what was going on there.

Everything had been looted and everything of value taken to Germany. Furniture, books, pictures, which they did not want, they destroyed. Homes were burnt; innocent people tortured and murdered. In the methods of torture the Germans have surpassed the barbarians of the eleventh century. The poor girls, some only fourteen years of age, were stripped of all clothing, publicly violated, then murdered. Mothers, weeping, told how their young daughters were dragged away, while they knelt before soldiers and officers beseeching for the lives of their loved ones. Innocent girls were outraged and murdered in the presence of their parents. Infuriated fathers, sons, and brothers, attempting to protect their wives and sisters, their mothers and daughters, were hung to the nearest trees. Pregnant women were ill-treated, kicked, and some of them hung by Germans. Little children were torn from their mothers' hands and hurled against the walls of buildings.

In the district of Suvalki, in trenches which the Germans had evacuated, were found the bodies of fourteen girls between fourteen and twenty years of age; in another trench ten bodies, and in many other places. The people, who were forced to dig trenches for Germans, testified that these girls had been seized by German soldiers for use of their officers, and then turned back so that these same soldiers could finish them. The misery, the sufferings of the unfortunate populace are indescribable. It is beyond human power to relieve the grief, the mental anguish, the tortures of those afflicted by this calamity. Many die of wounds; many are driven mad. Some, in agony, destroy themselves while protesting against the evil that has overwhelmed humanity. There is strict military rule. All communication between cities and villages was cut off; crossing the rivers was forbidden under the penalty of death. In the cities and villages German officers issued orders to former local authorities to establish districts for prostitution for Germans. The officials refused, and were punished—either shot or exiled to prison camps. The Germans themselves established these districts, which they called hospitals. Then they forced mere girls and young women into them, and the people were taxed to maintain these "hospitals." Many Lithuanian girls committed suicide to escape German hands; not

a few burned their faces, hoping thus to prevent disgrace by destroying their beauty. The Germans finally decided to deport the male population to Germany, and thus have undisputed mastery over the women left behind unprotected. The pillage of the country was so thorough that even church bells and door knobs were taken. They have been robbed of every single thing that they possessed. The Germans gave cards, pretending that the holders of the cards would receive money afterwards for their possessions. The cards were without signature and were written in German. One man, from whom had been taken his cows and horse, was given a card upon which was written: "If this peasant asks for money, give him 700 lashes."

The Kaiser has honoured the hangman who conducted these hideous outrages. Prince Esenburg von Birnstein has been appointed Governor of Lithuania, and has been given a degree of the University of Fribourg. The Prince is distinguished for his brutality, and is without an equal in this respect. He has introduced into Lithuania corporal punishment and slavery.

The names of many of the Germans who have assisted in the martyrdom of these people are known, and they should receive punishment.

We have given these details because the same features of devilry appear in every part of the world where the Germans hold sway—both in peace and in war. Dr Muehlon truly says: "The triumph of the methods of the German Government — the methods by which it has hitherto conducted the war, both militarily and politically—would constitute a defeat for the ideas and the supreme hopes of mankind."

We know these people now as we never knew them before. Can it really now be proposed that when peace is declared these wolves in sheep's clothing shall be allowed to come over to this country without restriction, because, as the members of Lord Balfour's Government Committee state, the absence of such restrictions in the past has been favourable to the investment of capital?

If this means anything, it means that the Germans are to have free access to this country as they had before the war, and will again begin the "peaceful penetration" which so nearly brought us to destruction.

A letter from Lord Blyth to 'The Times' in July 1918 is worthy of repetition. He recalls a translation by Mr Gladstone of a wonderful passage in the Greek poet Æschylus—

"Even so, belike, might one
A lion suckling nurse
Like a foster son,
To his home a future curse,
In life's beginning mild,
Dear to sire, and kind to child;
Oft folded in his lord's embrace,
Like an infant of the race,
Sleek and smiling to the hand,
He fawned at want's command.

But in time he showed
The habit of his blood,
His debt of nurture he repaid;

The lowing herds he tore,
A fierce unbidden feast he made,
And the house was foul with gore.
Huge grief its inmates overshed,
Huge mischief, slaughter widely spread!
A heaven-sent Priest of Woe
In the Palace did he grow."

"In the past the German has been admitted to our household 'sleek and smiling to the hand,' and has 'fawned at want's command.' Our language has been an essential part of the curriculum of his schools. He has pervaded our whole national life with a single sinister purpose in view — the domination of the world.

"The German lion's cubs have been among us in a thousand shapes—scientists, professors, bankers, commercial travellers, shopkeepers, schoolmasters, waiters, working in our public institutions, business houses, shops, and hotels, and in not a few cases for a mere pittance. The vanguard of this heterogeneous army has been composed of the sons of the more opulent merchants of Germany, who, as soon as they had completed their military training, have flocked to all the principal trading cities of Britain and France, and offered their services as volunteers to our great commercial houses. Having thronged in through the open door which, in our sleepy fashion, we have left open to them, many have paid us the doubtful compliment of making this country their home. Their presence is revealed in the altered names of countless firms which, in the course of a generation, have passed wholly or partly under German influence. Others have stayed merely long enough to learn our methods of life, to compile lists of our customers, and generally to search out our weak points, with as ready a knowledge of the virtues of the decimal as of our own coinage.

"Now the time has come when the German has shown 'the habit of his blood,' and the house of Europe 'is foul with gore.' From being a tolerated or unregarded sycophant, he has revealed himself, in Mr Bonar Law's phrase, as 'the wild beast at large.'

"In the midst of all the horrors of the present struggle, should there not be some consolation in the thought that, with another dozen years of peaceful penetration, the wild beast might have dominated the globe without even showing his claws? Herr von Kuhlmann has himself admitted that Germany might have realised all her aims of aggrandisement at the expense of an unsuspecting world without having gone to war. In face of this confession, it behoves us, equally with our Allies, to take every possible precaution against a new and more audacious German bid for world-power when the present carnage has come to an end."

These are words of wisdom. The makers of this war have acted on the theory of "World-Power or Downfall." Since they have failed to accomplish the first, shall we save them from the second? Not once, but several times have they come within a hair's-breadth of success in their schemes, and if downfall does not overtake them now, it would be only in human nature that they should try again.

Dr Muehlon has shown us the picture of the industrial kings of Germany out for undisguised and shameless plunder. We know they have for some time been feverishly preparing freight steamers to carry their goods to other countries when peace is declared. Belgium, France, Italy, and Russia are in a state of disorder and cannot compete with them for some time. This was their avowed object in destroying industrial concerns in Belgium and France.

In 1916 a German officer

from Belgium told Dr Stuermer that they were practically starving Belgium, and the country was only kept alive by the Relief Commission, and that they were attempting to ruin any Belgian industry which might compete with German industry by a systematic removal of machinery to Germany.

The chiefs of industry named by Dr Muehlon—Stinnes and Thyssen, great coal and iron magnates in Westphalia, controlling the richest coal and iron mines in the world, in 1910 putting out eighty-six million tons of coal,—these men are now busily engaged in directing the building and future sailings of ships, ready and eager to begin the new industrial development. With France, Belgium, Italy, and Russia derelict, and eight million tons of British shipping sent to the bottom of the sea by German submarines, such development would be extremely swift; and if Germans are allowed to come to this country without restriction, and the open door for trade accorded them, as proposed by some politicians, we should soon see the same influx of Germans as before the war, and this time they would be established for ever. We cannot repeat too often that we never knew these people as we know them now. It is said that they will not come because they will be uncomfortable, feeling that every one dislikes their presence. This is quite a mistake; they care nothing for the feelings of other people. Unfortunately they would find a large garrison of their own countrymen here, ready to receive them—Germans whom, for some mysterious reason, we have not been able to get rid of, though we have been fighting for our lives with their country, and in that struggle have probably sustained many reverses owing to their presence here.

Mr Davis, the Kaiser's American dentist, who attended him and great numbers of Germans in Berlin for fourteen years, has put on record his opinion of the German character. He writes:

> "The average German is the most selfish individual in the world. He thinks of himself and his own comfort first, last, and all the time. In civil life, just as in a state of war, the German practises the principle that Might makes Right."

He considers that ninety-eight per cent of the nation—workers, socialists, aristocrats, professors, and clericals—were heartily behind the Emperor and eager for war.

When, in December 1916, the Kaiser made a proposal of peace to the Allies, he admitted to Mr Davis that he never intended the Allies to accept the proposal. It was intended to deceive the socialists in the belligerent and neutral countries, and it achieved that object, for they proposed a Peace Conference at Stockholm; but the Allied Governments saw through the Kaiser's plan and refused to allow their delegates to attend.

The Kaiser frequently boasted to Mr Davis that he had main-

tained the peace of Europe for twenty-five years. He maintained peace just long enough to complete his final preparations for the wickedest war that was ever waged.

Mr Davis states that the German people, far from condemning the submarine warfare and the slaughter of innocent women and children, had only one criticism to make of it—it was not comprehensive enough!

"It was absolute folly, if not crime, they said, for Germany to prescribe safety lanes for neutral vessels to use. The whole world should have been declared a war zone, that death and destruction might be dealt whenever and wherever the opportunity offered. That was the all but universal sentiment."

It becomes more and more evident that the great masses of the Germans of all classes and creeds have been heart and soul in favour of the war, and have gloated over its worse atrocities. The evidence is before the world, and it is conclusive.

Major Corbett Smith has put the matter fairly and concisely in his book, 'The Marne and After':

"It is the depravity of a whole nation, rather than the individual excesses of an army, which is responsible for these things; no national army or navy, recruited as it is from the ranks of the nation itself, could possibly be guilty of such obscenity and criminality were it not that the poison had choked their very life-blood."

If there is a chance of this nation being saved, it will not be by misplaced forgiveness of the crimes which have been perpetrated, but it will rather come through the punishment of their rulers, and by showing the people that the systematic corruption which has been going on, as we now know, for many years, has been a false system; and it is only by a long period of affliction that they will gradually realise the fatal path along which their rulers were leading them.

And there must be punishment.

If in the future justice is to reign in this world, the perpetrators of the unspeakable crimes which have been going on for the past four years, and are going on to-day, must pay the penalty. From the Kaiser downwards they must be tried before a Court of the Allies; and the man who, above all others, has caused the death of millions of his fellow-creatures and the maiming and torture of millions more, should assuredly not escape the penalty of death.

The decree is an old one:

"He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

And again:

"Whoso killeth any person, the murderer shall be put to death by the mouth of witnesses."

"The land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it."

It is surely of the highest importance in this great crisis of the world's history, when white, yellow, and black races

are coming into contact in a way they never did before, that every race should have the great lesson brought before it that deadly crimes, in men however highly placed, will not go unpunished.

For the present we women must demand that Germans shall not be allowed to come to this country. Our terrible sacrifices give us the right to ask this. Our statesmen tell us that the Germans are wild beasts and brutes. We will not allow wild beasts and brutes to come and settle among us and take the places of our dead sons. We have lost a million of our best and bravest men. They have died to preserve us—their mothers, their wives, their sisters—from the awful fate which has overtaken so many of the women of other nations at the hands of those merciless enemies. Shall their splendid and heroic devotion be in vain? No; we women, desolate and broken-hearted as many of us are, must do our part. It is no powerless foe that we are up against. They will be organised for peace as they were for war. They are a disciplined, sober, industrious, efficient nation, malicious and envious of every one greater than themselves, arrogant, pitiless, selfish, brutal, and unchristian, and so powerful that it has taken the combined strength of all the great nations of the world to vanquish them.

We hear even now that some of the German prisoners of war, who will of course be sent back to Germany when peace is declared, are proposing to return to England as soon as opportunity offers. They have proved competent and industrious workmen. They consider our system of agriculture imperfect, and believe that they could make much more out of the land than we do; but we must see to it that when they return to Germany they remain there.

We must not be deceived by "the childlike German smile and the calm gaze of blue eyes." These charming attributes, as Dr Muehlon points out, are the mask which a ferocious and blood-thirsty disposition can, and does, put on.

We are warned from Berlin what the Germans are already thinking ('Daily Mail,' October 17, 1918):—

> "These are hard conditions, they say; but what does it matter? We must have peace. It will take double the work to make up for what has been lost.
>
> "These words sum up what Germany is thinking. She will return to work in the firm conviction that by work she will retrieve her position. She was formidable in war; she will make herself more powerful in peace by the results of hard work."

Even now a number of Germans are employed in this country in places that could be filled by British workers. When our soldiers and sailors come back, and all who have been engaged in war-work are released, if cheap German labour is allowed to flood the country, we shall have

low wages and unemployment again rampant in our midst. It is hardly too much to say that every German employed would mean a British worker idle, and every German article sold would mean a British article unsold.

Who, then, will save us from this threatened and imminent danger? Will our own statesmen, or if they will not listen, will not President Wilson and Mr Gompers help us?

In the event of all men failing us, we women still have two weapons in our hands—the vote, which has been given us because, without our help, this war could not have been won; the second power is that women are the buyers of the nation, and if German goods are forced upon us we can refuse to buy them. We can buy cane sugar from our own colonies and not their beetroot sugar. We can buy stuffs dyed with our own dyes and not their dyes. We can buy glass and toys made in our own country; and things that cannot be made in this country, our colonies, or in the countries of our brave Allies, *we can do without.*

Courage! As Mr Lloyd George has said, "You never know what you can do until you really try, in any business."

THE BENCH AND BAR OF ENGLAND.

BY J. A. STRAHAN.

IV. COUNSEL AND WITNESSES.

It was a case in which there had been considerable swearing. Counsel was addressing the jury, and in doing so was trying to reconcile the evidence of his witnesses with some indisputable facts of the case. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who was the judge, grew a little impatient and intervened. "Surely, Mr Smith," he said, "the real explanation of all these contradictions and inconsistencies is" so-and-so. "If we adopt that view, my lord," replied Mr Smith, "it will no doubt explain them; but the difficulty is that to adopt it we must assume that all the witnesses on both sides have been perjuring themselves." "If that, Mr Smith, is the only difficulty," answered Lord Coleridge in his suavest style, "I do not think it is unsurmountable."

The prevalence of perjury in the courts is to-day the chief impediment in the way of a righteous administration of the law; most lawyers will admit this. Most candid lawyers will go further and admit that the prevalence of perjury in the court is partly due to the law itself. Falsehood and law were long close allies. This may surprise the lay reader; but it is a historical and undeniable fact. I will give just one example. A score might easily be given.

In the year of our Lord 1285, Parliament in its wisdom enacted a statute called from its opening words the Statute *De Donis Conditionalibus*. The object of this Act was—as its name indicates—to ensure that the condition on which a gift was made should be observed. The gifts to which it applied were grants of land made to a man "and the heirs of his body," which is the legal way of saying to a man and his descendants. The courts had held that such a gift meant merely a gift on condition the man had descendants; and, accordingly, when children were born to the man, the condition was satisfied and he could deal as he liked with the land. The great lords objected to this interpretation —which in fact was not what was intended—and succeeded in persuading Parliament to enact that such a grant in future should be held to be a grant to the man and to his descendants; and, as such, on the death of the man the land must go to his descendants, and on the failure of his descendants must revert to the grantor. Now the King did not like this statute at all: it tended, and was intended, to preserve the power

of the great lords by keeping their immense estates intact and in their families; and the King's wish was to weaken the great lords' power, which sometimes proved stronger than his own. His Majesty's judges were then his Majesty's most obedient servants, and, accordingly, they made haste to gratify the King's wish by practically repealing the law which they were appointed to enforce. They did this by instituting a system of collusive actions called Fines and Recoveries. The process in these actions was much too technical and intricate to be explained in an article such as this; for our present purpose it is enough to say that it was based on protection extended by the court to open and avowed falsehood. A witness, called technically the vouchee, who, as the judge knew, had never seen the land granted to the defendant and the heirs of his body, boldly told the court that it was he himself who granted it to him and them; and the judge professed himself so deeply impressed by this statement that he would not allow anybody to contradict it. This form of legal lying was so common and profitable that certain gentlemen followed it as a trade. They hung about the precincts of Westminster Hall with a straw in their caps, to indicate their readiness to lie: hence, it is said, the expression, a man of straw. In later times, for speed and convenience, the usher of the court acted as common vouchee, and told all the lies necessary for the proper administration of justice.

The collusive action and the false assumption, supported when necessary by perjury, and protected by the court, is one of the oldest of legal institutions. In Roman Law *in jure cessio* ranks with *mancipium* and *nexum* as dating from before the commencement of legal history. And, queer as it seems, these "legal fictions," as they are politely called, have in early times greatly conduced to the melioration of law and the advancement of justice. But their existence at any time can hardly be said to be calculated to add to the popular conception of the sanctity of an oath in a court of justice; and their continuance till modern times must have tended to blind both lawyers and witnesses to the wickedness of perjury; and we should not forget that Fines and Recoveries continued in full operation till 1833.

That they had this effect upon lawyers is shown in many ways. Thus, till the theories of Bentham upset the practices of the Common Law Courts, the judges and counsel there were so convinced that the least temptation was sufficient to induce a man to commit perjury, that they would not receive the evidence of any one having an interest in the result of an action. Such persons were said not to be credible witnesses; by which was meant that they were so certain to swear what was false that nobody could believe

them. As the persons who know most about the facts of a case are usually the persons most interested in its result, how the courts ever contrived to come to proper decisions is hard to understand. In the Court of Chancery, on the other hand, interested parties were allowed to swear not only as to all they knew, but as to a great deal they did not know. Evidence by affidavit was, and to a certain extent still is—though the practice has greatly altered since the Judicature Acts—not evidence at all. For instance, suitors constantly swore to the accuracy of the arguments of their counsel. The affidavits, in fact, were drafted by counsel, and really consisted of a statement of the case for the party for whom they were drafted. Wise men swore them without reading them. The late Mr Henry Labouchere himself told me that he did. He added, with a nice delicacy of feeling, that to read an affidavit before swearing it was nothing short of a reflection on your legal advisers, since it indicated that you thought you knew better than they did what it was best you should swear. This practice led to the old saying that truth will out, even in an affidavit. I myself remember one extraordinary instance of the recklessness with which affidavits are sometimes made. It was in a dispute over boundaries, and an affidavit of the "oldest inhabitant" was produced in which the deponent swore that the boundaries as delineated in a plan annexed were the boundaries as he remembered them in his youth. When the oldest inhabitant was produced in court for cross-examination, it turned out that he was stone-blind, and had been so since his birth. So much for the sanctity which the courts attached to oaths.

All the same, I think the prevalence of perjury is principally due to the weakness (or strength) of human nature. As I have said in a previous note, most actions, at any rate on the Common Law side, which are really contested, are much in the nature of dog-fights; or, if you like it better, of civil war, which the existence of the courts renders more civil. All the same it is war; and each party's one wish is to smash the other fellow; and he often does not care any more than a German what he does to smash him, provided he does smash him effectively. Occasionally the solicitors on each side share this feeling: when counsel are asked to advise on evidence, the solicitor or his clerk has been known to drop a hint that if any further evidence is necessary it can, in all probability, be obtained. Few solicitors, however, go the length of a Jewish practitioner from Whitechapel who, on delivering to a friend of mine the brief for the defence in an Old Bailey case, said, "If you think the hevidence is not strong enough, Mr Black, just tell me vat you vant. I have some fellers round the corner ready to swear hanythink."

The witnesses now in worst repute are what are called

expert witnesses—that is, witnesses retained and paid to support by their evidence a certain view on a scientific or technical question. We have all heard the old jeer about the three kinds of liars—white liars, black liars, and expert witnesses. Yet the expert witness is often not really a witness at all. He is a trained man who, like counsel, comes forward to maintain for a fee a certain view on an uncertain point, and to give his reasons for that view. I have more than once, when listening to an expert's "evidence," thought it was a pity he was sworn at all: it seemed to me like the old Chancery practice which I have mentioned, of swearing a suitor as to the accuracy of his counsel's argument. And, in fact, they regard themselves, and lawyers to a large extent regard them, as advocates. I remember once when a distinguished scientist was cross-examined as to a different view which had been maintained by him on the same point in another case, answering counsel indignantly, "You seem to forget, sir, that I, like you, was then appearing on the other side.' And the judge seemed to think this reply was reasonable. And so it would have been had the scientific "witness" not been sworn on both occasions to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Women I have usually found much better witnesses of what they have seen than men. Men reflect on and draw inferences from what they have seen, and are apt to mix in their evidence what they surmise must have happened with what they actually saw happening: women usually tell just what they saw. Their evidence, however, is reliable only so long as their passions are not involved: when love of their husband or children, or hatred of their neighbour, enters into the question, not a word they utter can be trusted. They have no consciences.

One of the most painful incidents I have ever witnessed in a court of justice arose out of the devotion of a mother to her children. The facts of the case were undisputable. A carter had heard a woman screaming for help. He ran to her assistance. He found her lying on her back on the road struggling with a man who was trying his best to cut her throat. The carter closed with the man, and after a fierce struggle in which his hands were badly cut, he succeeded in overpowering the would-be murderer and securing his knife. The woman had to be taken to the hospital. There and afterwards, when giving evidence in the police court, her anger being still hot, she told the story as I have told it, adding that the would-be murderer was her husband. When, a month or two later, her husband was brought up for trial at the Old Bailey charged with attempted murder, the wife's anger had cooled a bit and she had reflected. Put into the witness-

box to support the charge, she calmly swore that it was really the carter who had attempted to cut her throat and her husband who rescued her. The horrified prosecuting counsel asked the judge for leave to cross-examine her on her statement in the hospital and her evidence in the police court. "It is not worth while," replied the judge. "Let the wretched woman leave the box." The poor creature thereupon burst into frantic tears and cried piteously, "Oh, my lord, my lord, don't send 'im to jile! If you do, you send my five pore children to the workus!" I wish writers in the Press would remember this little tale the next time they feel tempted to slate some judge or magistrate for letting a wife-beater off with a fine.

Coming to cross-examination of witnesses, a very experienced Q.C.—now a judge—said to me years ago, "If you wish to lead a profitable or a pleasant life at the Bar you must school yourself to do your duty to your client without regret, without repentance, and without remorse." The truth of this is unquestionable. The barrister who feels pain before or after inflicting it on a witness is not likely to lead a happy life; and the barrister who, to evade such pain, permits a witness to bear false testimony against his client, is just as little likely to lead a profitable one. But the moral point of it is not so clear. Where, in this particular, does the barrister's duty to his client begin and end? Counsel's views on this point differ little, though their practices differ much. They may be summed up thus. The barrister's duty to his client begins with his readiness to inflict on witnesses any pain which is honestly necessary to protect his client; it ends with his refusal to inflict on them any pain which is only necessary to please him. To the honour of the Bar it may be said that the average barrister in practice rarely departs from this rule; the few who constantly permit themselves to be made the instruments of their client's hate soon become marked men who are rarely retained in clean cases.

Bullying and insulting witnesses is another practice now generally disdained. The best cross-examiners seldom resort to it. Yet sometimes, with a particular kind of witness, it is the only effective way of cross-examining. A story is told of a witness who was extremely self-possessed in the box, and who told his story with a readiness and consistency which suggested long and careful preparation. The experienced counsel who was to cross-examine him saw perjury, but he also saw that the only way of letting the jury see it too was by upsetting somehow or other the self-possession of the witness. He noticed that the witness's nose was very red and swollen, and the first question he put to him was, "Mr Jones, do you drink much?" The witness was startled and a

little disconcerted by this unexpected question; but he quickly recovered himself and replied sensibly enough, "That, sir, is *my* business." "I see, I see," said the cross-examiner in a reflective tone; and then asked suddenly, "And have you any other business?" The witness's self-possession disappeared, and before he left the box everybody in court saw that he had been lying.

Reviling witnesses was always more prevalent in Ireland than in England, and Daniel O'Connell seems to have been an adept in the art. Most of his recorded efforts, however, now appear to us mere vulgar abuse. The only one I remember which suggests humour was also very effective. It occurred in a case where the charge against O'Connell's client depended almost entirely on the evidence of a witness who happened to be a Dane. O'Connell secured his verdict by one disparaging sentence. Rising to cross-examine him, he said, "You say you are a Swede?" "No," replied the witness. "What are you then?" demanded O'Connell fiercely. "A Dane," replied the witness. With a shocked look in his face and a shocked tone in his voice, O'Connell turned to the jury (who had, no doubt, vague notions as to the difference between Danes and Swedes) and said, "Gentlemen, you hear the prevaricating scoundrel!" And then he sat down, as if it was useless to ask further questions of such a witness. The jury acquitted.

The most common fault of inexperienced counsel is cross-examining too much. The wise maxim followed by old hands is, "When you have got what you want, sit down." How wise this is, a performance I once beheld in court will show. The late Lord Russell of Killowen—undoubtedly the greatest master of the art of cross-examination of my time—was the judge, and a very junior junior was the cross-examiner. And for a time the youthful counsel cross-examined very well. He forced the witness, who seemed to be a witness of truth, to admit all that he was in a position to admit. He continued, however, after these admissions, to ask further questions. Lord Russell, with a very kindly intention, intervened. "Mr Jones," he said, "you have got all you want from this witness. Do you think it is prudent to ask further questions?" The new hand was too elated with his success to take the old hand's hint. "My lord," he answered, "I have just one or two more questions to put, and then I have done." "Very well," said Lord Russell resignedly. The youthful counsel put a number of questions, which elicited nothing. Lord Russell became visibly uncomfortable. He intervened again. "Mr Jones," he said, "you have got all you want. If you continue putting questions like these, you may get something you don't want." "Just one more, my lord," answered the youthful counsel. He put another question, and received an answer which damned his client's character.

"And now, Mr Jones," said Lord Russell quietly, "you have got it."

For the benefit of "unlearned" readers I may explain that many questions may be put in cross-examination which would not be allowed in examination-in-chief; and the question put by the youthful counsel was one of them.

There still is, undoubtedly, a good deal of abuse of the privilege of cross-examination. This, however, is now found chiefly in the lower courts, and arises partly from the character of advocates who appear there, and partly from the fact that as a rule advocates do not regard the judges in them with the same respect, and the judges have not the same confidence in themselves as judges of the High Court. But, as I said in another part of these rambling recollections, to the public generally a judge is a judge, and a court is a court; and so the sins of the lower courts are visited on the higher ones. The criminal classes discriminate better. One of them, when by any chance he is innocent of the offence with which he is charged, is always most anxious to be sent for trial before the "Red Judge," by which he means a judge of the High Court. He knows that, if he is tried by him, he will not be convicted again merely because he was convicted before. But, as I have said, to the general public a judge is a judge and a court is a court; and there's an end of it.

A romance of the Bar, which may well be true, but which, whether well-founded or only well found, is an apt illustration of this, is told of the same Lord Russell of Killowen. The legend runs that his lordship was one night at the Portland Club intent on playing whist. He found two friends ready and willing to join in the game: the difficulty was over a fourth player. At last a young officer of the Guards was conscripted. On cutting the cards he came out Lord Russell's partner. Before play had well commenced, it became evident that the Guardsman had dined, not perhaps too well, but not certainly too wisely: he flung about his cards recklessly, and only laughed in a silly way when his partner remonstrated. Lord Russell, who, like Mrs Battle, loved the full rigour of the game, soon grew impatient, and at last lost his temper altogether. Flinging his hand on the table, he said angrily, "This is not whist; it is confounded tomfoolery." The young Guardsman stared at the Lord Chief Justice in surprise and irritation for a moment. Then he said, "Keep on your feathers, old cock: there's no harm done." Almost speechless with rage at this insolence the Lord Chief Justice asked in a hoarse voice, "Do you know, sir, whom you are addressing?" "Of course I do," replied the half-tipsy Guardsman; "but remember, my boy, you are not in your blasted old police court now."

V. COUNSEL AND SPEECHES.

"A good speech," Daniel O'Connell used to tell young barristers, "is a good thing, but never forget that the verdict is *the* thing." O'Connell himself, though as well qualified as any man ever was to make a good speech when a good speech was needed, never in practice forgot his own precept. His mind was always fixed on the verdict, and, according to the stories told of him, he was not over-scrupulous as to the way in which he got it—not even disdaining occasionally to get it by a trick. It is told of him, for instance, that he did this once when defending in a case of agrarian murder. The chief evidence for the prosecution was that of the bailiff of the murdered landlord. This witness produced a hat which, he swore, he saw fall from the head of the masked murderer as he ran away, and which he and several other witnesses identified as a hat belonging to the prisoner. In cross-examining the witness, O'Connell, with the hat in his hand, said—

"You saw this hat fall from the murderer's head?"

"I did," answered the bailiff.

"And you immediately picked it up?"

"I did."

O'Connell looked closely at the inside of the hat.

"And I suppose you examined it outside and in?" he then asked.

"I did."

Still looking intently at the inside of the hat, O'Connell went on—

"And I suppose you read on the lining?" and O'Connell, appearing to read from the hat, spelt out the prisoner's name.

The witness, assuming he was reading, answered—

"I did."

"My lord," said O'Connell, "I submit the case is ended. There is no name whatever in the hat."

If O'Connell never forgot in practice that the verdict was the thing, not a few of the counsel of his time appear to have done so. His was the age of lawyer orators. All the Common Law barristers, or nearly all, seemed more anxious to win reputations for themselves than to win cases for their clients, and as a consequence many of those who were most renowned as speech-makers were very far from being equally renowned as verdict-getters. It is told that at the time when Brougham and Pollock divided the lead of the Northern Circuit between them, a junior counsel, going the circuit for the first time, got into conversation, at the end of the assizes at York, with a juryman who had served throughout them. He asked the juryman which of the two leaders he considered the greater advocate. "Oh," answered the juryman offhand,

"there's no comparison: Brougham is head and shoulders above Pollock."

"But," objected the young barrister, "you have been all through finding verdicts for Pollock."

"Ah, that was his luck," answered the juryman. "You see it so happened that he was always on the right side."

People generally think that lawyers are by nature a very loquacious set. That is too often true enough, especially when they are paid by the length of their speeches, as they are under the system of daily "refreshers," as they are called. But when they are not paid for their speeches, they are, of all professional men, the least addicted to oratory. At their festive gatherings in London at the Inns of Court, or in the provinces at circuit or sessions messes, speech-making is firmly forbidden. When loyalty requires that the King's health should be drunk, it is proposed in Hall by the treasurer, on circuit by the leader or the junior—the practice differs on different circuits—in the briefest way. He rises to his feet, raises his glass, and says, "The King." The other counsel rise to their feet, repeat "The King," and drain their glasses. When the judges are entertained by the circuit mess—as they usually are once, at least, on each assizes—the guests' health is proposed in the same simple fashion.

Of course there are occasional aberrations from this recognised practice. It is said that when the late Sir Frank Lockwood was junior on the North-East Circuit, he got into trouble through departing from it. The assize judges were Mr Justice Lush and Mr Justice Shee; they were the guests of the mess, and it was his duty to propose their health. He did not do so in the lawful fashion; but instead he, in his wilful way, asked the mess to drink to wine and women, coupling the toast with the names of Mr Justice Lush and Mr Justice Shee.

But Lockwood was an irresponsible sort of being, born to get into trouble as the sparks fly upward. According to all accounts, in his very first case, he was nearly being committed for contempt of court for giving a conscientious, unimaginative Chancery judge an accurate but unexpected answer. The case turned on the interpretation of an ill-drawn will. Only two views of its meaning were possible, and there were half a dozen or more persons interested in maintaining each view of the meaning. Instead of all the claimants interested in each reading joining together and briefing one counsel to represent them, each of the claimants chose—or his solicitor chose for him—to be represented separately, as too often is the case when the costs are paid not by the client but by the estate. Young Lockwood received one of the many briefs. It was

marked modestly enough with two guineas for the hearing and one for consultation—that is, it was what is known technically as a "two and oner." When the case came on for hearing, the judge was shocked at the number of counsel engaged, where only two were necessary.

"How many are there of you?" he asked angrily. "I have counted twelve; is that all?"

"No, my lord," answered Lockwood in a meek way, "I appear for So-and-so."

"And what did you come here for?" demanded the outraged judge.

Lockwood lifted his brief, glanced at the back of it, and answered briskly—

"For two and one, my lord; just for two and one."

To a certain extent, however, the public are probably right in regarding counsel as sometimes unduly loquacious. As I have said, the system of feeing counsel with daily refreshers so long as the hearing continues puts a temptation in the way of counsel to lengthen their speeches, which it is to be feared some of them do not resist as firmly as they should. At any rate I have heard, especially of late and especially on the Chancery side, complaints, whether well-founded or not I do not know, about cases which might have been disposed of in days being prolonged over weeks. In justice, however, to the Bar, it should be remembered that not infrequently a long speech is due to the anxiety of counsel to do everything possible for their client. Some "fighting" counsel are notorious for the length of speeches they make in losing cases. The late Mr Oswald was one of these. I remember listening to him in an appeal where the court was obviously against him. If he stated the argument in favour of his client once, he stated it in different forms half a dozen times. The judges, and especially Lord Esher, showed openly their weariness; but Oswald went on without pause and without pity. At last he raised a new point. One of the Lords Justices protested. "Now, Mr Oswald," he said, "you know you said nothing about this in the court below." "No, my lord," answered Oswald; "but that was because before I reached it the judge stopped me." "Stopped you!" exclaimed Lord Esher in tones of amazed incredulity. Then after a moment's reflection his lordship leant over the bench and asked Oswald in a confidential stage whisper, "Tell me: how did he do it?" Oswald was for a moment taken aback. Quickly pulling himself together, he answered bitterly, "By leading me to believe, my lord, that he was with me."

If forensic oratory has not become more terse of late, it has certainly become less florid. Nowadays, when a barrister indulges in the sublime and beautiful, it is because there is nothing else to be done, and he wishes to give his client what is known at the Bar as a good funeral. When this is the case, judges understand his position and

make allowances for it. When it is not the case, judges are apt to get annoyed. What they want is a clear and plain exposition of the arguments and evidence on which the advocate relies; and most juries now look for that too. It was very different with many counsel even in my young days. The old tradition, to which I have before referred, that counsel were entitled to treat their cases as opportunities for showing their own abilities as much as for winning their clients' cases, still lingered, more especially among defending counsel at the Old Bailey. The Old Bailey Bar then was much more distinct from the ordinary Common Law Bar than it is now. There are still counsel there and elsewhere who practise only in criminal courts; but these are few and far between: the bulk of Old Bailey practitioners who now practise in criminal courts alone are usually beginners who are trying to make their way by the "Rope Walk" to other courts; and most of them who attain any success usually make it. But formerly the Old Bailey Bar were a genus by themselves: they had their own way of life, their own kind of work, their own mode of doing it, their own knowledge or want of knowledge of law, their own style of oratory. That style of oratory was high-flown in the extreme. Now the practitioner at the Old Bailey addresses the jury in the same plain and matter-of-fact manner as the counsel practising at country sessions or on circuit. If he attempts to do otherwise he is liable to get into the bad graces of the judge.

One or two of the old school survived till very lately. A story is told of about the last of them who not long ago passed away to a well-earned rest amidst the regrets of his brethren at the Bar. I may repeat it, as it illustrates at once the style of the ancient Old Bailey man and the intolerance of it of the modern High Court judge. This gentleman had severely cross-examined one of the leading witnesses for the prosecution, and when he came to address the jury he commented equally severely on the witness's evidence. At last he reached his climax. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said in a low, deep, impressive, and most solemn voice, "the Scriptures tell us that Pontius Pilate wrote on the outward and invulnerable wall of mighty Nineveh these terrible and tragic words, Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin, which, being interpreted, mean ——" "The Scriptures," the judge snapped in angrily, "don't tell us that Pontius Pilate wrote any such words on any wall anywhere." Counsel stared for a moment at the judge, indignant and amazed. Then he replied with great dignity, "My lord, the Scriptures certainly tell us that somebody wrote these words on some wall somewhere; and whoever the writer and wherever the wall, the principle is the same."

I have spoken of the ancient

Old Bailey man's knowledge or want of knowledge of law. Nowadays his knowledge of law is, as a rule, about as deep as that of the ordinary Common Law junior. Even in my young days it was different. I well remember being startled by a question put to me by one of the leading lights of the Old Bailey. He was appearing in a libel case, and had been instructed by his solicitor to cite some cases to the court; and the question he put to me was how he was to give the references to them. I remember also when a judge, himself not very deeply learned—the more superficial a judge's learning is the more it shows—said to another of them, in his mincing way, "Well, Mr ——, all I can say is that on this point of law you and the learned Sir William Blackstone happen to differ," the counsel learned in the law responded calmly, "I can't say, my lord, I have heard before of Sir William Blackstone, so I suppose I may assume he is an Irish or Colonial judge, and if that is so I submit his decision is not binding on this court." But possibly the best instance of a criminal barrister's ignorance of law comes from Ireland, where there is no criminal Bar.

Though there is no criminal Bar in Ireland, there are barristers there who never obtain anything but criminal briefs. The system of prosecution in criminal cases is different in Ireland from what it is in England. At the Assizes there, private and county prosecutions are unknown. All prosecutions are what are there called Crown prosecutions, and what would be called in England Treasury prosecutions, with this difference that they are conducted (as Treasury prosecutions are in England at the Old Bailey but not on circuit) by permanent Treasury counsel. The barristers who never obtain anything but criminal briefs in Ireland are often junior Treasury prosecutors, and it is respecting one of these that the incident I refer to is related. It was told me, if I remember rightly, by my friend Mr Justice Dodd, P.C., of the Irish Bench; but it would not be fair to blame him with my version of it: I tell it as I recollect it after many years. The prosecuting counsel had called evidence to prove that the prisoner had committed a very serious offence. On the completion of his case the defending counsel —Mr Andrew Porter, who afterwards filled for many years the office of Master of the Rolls with high distinction —entered into an elaborate examination of the law, with the object of showing that, admitting the prisoner had done everything alleged against him, yet that would not make him guilty of the crime charged. Lord Chief Baron Palles, who was the judge, and who dearly loved a nice point of law and a good legal argument, listened to the learned, acute, and discriminating reasoning of Mr Porter with unconcealed pleasure. When the argument was finished the Chief Baron turned to the prosecuting counsel and said with a smile, "Well now,

Mr ——, what have you to say to that?" The poor prosecuting counsel, who understood not a word of Mr Porter's argument, fumbled for a moment with his papers. Then he said indignantly, "Say to it, my lord, say to it? Why, it's blethers, it's all blethers! For goodness sake let us get on with the case."

Most counsel in large practice develop tricks of manner or memory which sometimes prove inconvenient to their clients or themselves. I think it is Addison who, in one of his 'Spectator' papers, tells of the habit of a leading serjeant-at-law of his time of fingering a button of his coat while he was addressing the court. A client with a sense of humour, but with no other sense worth mentioning, thought it would be a good joke to cut off this button just before the serjeant began his argument in his case. He cut it off, and the result was that he had his jest and his opponent had his estate. The late Lord Russell of Killowen was a slave to snuff. I remember once in a very heavy case, after he had commenced his opening speech, he felt in his waistcoat pocket for his snuffbox. When he failed to find it he was visibly disconcerted. He went on with his speech; but, to the surprise of those who knew his usual clarity and readiness and did not know his want, it was confused and halting. At length he could stand it no longer, so stooping to the well of the court, he whispered to his solicitor. The solicitor instantly rose and left the court. In a few minutes he returned and handed a small packet of snuff to the great advocate. The latter hastily took a long pinch, and Sir Charles was himself again.

A very embarrassing but very common trick of memory among advocates is forgetfulness of names. Many, whose recollection of the facts and principles in innumerable cases is perfect, cannot for the life of them remember the names of these cases. Counsel so troubled never enter court without a list of the names of all conceivable cases bearing on points that may arise during the hearing written in a very legible hand, and kept handy for immediate reference. This device is also adopted to remind counsel of the names of the parties and witnesses in cases turning on questions of fact; but it proves less useful then, since counsel in the fervour of their addresses to the jury are apt to forget not merely the names but the list itself. This once happened to a counsel who afterwards occupied a seat on the Bench. He was addressing a jury in perfervid tones, and as he grew warmer and warmer the names of the plaintiff and defendant got more and more mixed. At length the judge intervened. "Mr Attorney," he said in a pathetic voice, "so long as you consistently called the plaintiff, whose name is Jones, by the name of Smith, and the defendant, whose name is Smith, by the name of Jones, the jury and I could follow you; but now that you have introduced the name of Robinson without

indicating in any way whether you mean it to refer to the plaintiff or to the defendant, or to both indifferently, we are beginning to get bothered a bit."

Nothing I have said must be taken as suggesting that the eloquence of the Bar has in the least degree lost its effectiveness. It has changed its character, but it is still as powerful as ever it was, not merely with judges and juries but on the platform and in Parliament. Perhaps it would not be going too far to suggest that in Parliament it is more successful than it has ever been in the past, and that this was one of the main causes of the recent outcry against lawyer politicians. And now, as in the past, it is not always the counsel who are most successful with juries who are most successful in the House. From Lord Erskine to Lord Russell of Killowen many great advocates, who stood in the very first rank as verdict-getters and forensic orators, have been more or less failures in Parliament; while counsel, famed more for their knowledge of law and their influence over the minds of judges—such as Selborne and Cairns—have attained foremost places in parliamentary debate. That is the case to-day. Of the many lawyers in the Lords and Commons who hold the ear of their House, most are at this moment Chancery men who never addressed a jury in their lives, or Common Law men whose practice is of that severer kind which makes its owner less familiar with popular tribunals than with Courts of Appeal and the Privy Council.

VI. COUNSEL AND STUDENTS.

Until lately a law student did not necessarily mean a person studying the law. In the good old days of the eighteenth century and after men did not read their way to the Bar: they ate it. Once they had paid their fees for admission to an Inn of Court all they had to do to qualify for call to the Bar was to keep twelve terms. By keeping a term is meant eating a certain number of dinners in the hall of your Inn. There are four terms in each year; and so, if you ate the regulation number of dinners in each term for three years, you had fulfilled all the conditions which qualified you for call, and enabled your Inn to declare to the world that you were a fit and proper person to reveal to it the law and receive from it the profits.

I think it must have been some recollection of this great notion which influenced the mind of an ancient barrister whom I happened to meet at mess in Middle Temple Hall when I was keeping my first term, now nearly forty years ago. He, with the reverence due to youth, was pointing out to me the way I should go if I wanted to arrive at the woolsack. I chanced to say something about brains.

"Brains!" exclaimed the old gentleman in amazement. "Brains be blowed! It isn't brains, my lad, that bring success at the Bar: it is—stomach!" It is just possible my kind instructor was using the phrase in the same sense as did good Queen Bess when she told her troops at Tilbury that she had the stomach of a king; and in that case, after long experience, I am inclined to think that he was not far wrong; but from some other remarks which he made that night, and especially from the care with which he drew my attention to the figures of the Benchers as they left the hall, I gathered at the time that he referred to the assimilative organs in the most vulgar form and sense of the expression; and in that case all I can say is that if he was right it is not strange I never reached the goal, for I set out on the road but poorly equipped in that particular for such a long and toilsome journey.

Of course this system of law students marching, like Napoleon's armies, on their stomachs to their objective, was not deliberately instituted by the Inns of Court. Like the British Constitution it grew, and it grew just about the time the British Constitution, as we now know it, was growing. In "the spacious days of great Elizabeth" legal education was highly and carefully organised. John Stow tells us that there were then nine Inns of Chancery besides the four Inns of Court, and young students came to the Inns of Chancery "sometimes from one of the universities, and sometimes immediately from grammar schools; and there, having spent some time in studying upon the first elements and grounds of the law, and having performed the exercise of their own houses (called Boltas Mootes, and putting of cases), they proceed to be admitted, and become students in some of the four houses or inns of court, where, continuing the space of seven years or thereabouts, they frequent readings, meetings, boltings, and other learned exercises, whereby growing ripe in the knowledge of the laws, and approved withal to be of honest conversation, they are either, by the general consent of the benchers or readers, being of the most ancient, grave, and judicial men of every inn of the court, or by special privilege of the present reader, there selected and called to the degree of utter barristers, and so enabled to be common counsellors, and to practise the law, both in their chambers and at the bar." At a time when law books and reports of cases were not so plentiful as they are now, a more practical and thorough system of legal education could not be imagined than this system of teaching by lectures, discussions of cases, and other "learned exercises." We will see shortly what these learned exercises became two centuries later.

It may just be noted in passing that it was this same time of the Tudors and early

Stuarts which witnessed the two greatest and most characteristic achievements of English lawyers: I mean the law of trusts and the doctrine of valuable consideration. Both originated in the religious view—the early Chancellors were all clerics—that it is a sin to break a confidence reposed in you, and if you do break it you must be compelled to purge your conscience by giving up any benefit you may have gained by it. The Equity lawyers, who were always more ecclesiastical than their Common Law brothers, continued and continue to grant relief on this principle in the case of trusts; but the Common Law, in the case of contracts, broke in time altogether away from it, and established the very mundane principle that where you made a promise for value given, then, confidence or no confidence, you must keep it, and, if you do not, you must compensate the person to whom it was made for any loss resulting—the broadest and most simple and most sensible principle on which the law of contract ever was based.

This little lecture on law is by the way. The road we are travelling is towards an explanation of how the Elizabethan system of legal education by teaching turned into the Georgian system of legal education by dining. In Elizabeth's time dining did accompany teaching, just as in the universities Commons were served in the Halls of the Inns for the students attending the Reader's lectures and discussions and the Readers themselves. But during the period following the Revolution—that period which Disraeli was fond of describing as England's Venetian age, an age of sinecures, pluralities, and somnolence—the dinners were continued but the teaching ceased. Each Inn appointed its two Readers each year; but they delivered no lectures and held no bolts. "Learned exercises" were continued; but they were scarcely calculated greatly to advance or display the student's knowledge of law. This is what they consisted of: Before he was called the student who had eaten the regulation number of dinners and paid the regulation number of pounds, was called before the Bench. A paper was put into his hand by an official of the Inn. The student read from the paper, "I say that the widow shall have her dower." This sentence convinced the Bench so completely of the student's learning that he was not allowed to read any more. The senior Bencher bowed to the student, the student bowed to the Bench and retired; the "learned exercise" was over, and the performer was declared a fit and proper person to be admitted to practise the law, of which he had just shown to the satisfaction of his teachers his thorough knowledge.

In other words, the Inns of Court had ceased entirely to be what they originally were—schools of law. If any student keeping commons in their Halls thought that before he became a lawyer he should

learn a little law, he had to find instruction where he could. The usual way was to read in a barrister's chambers. You paid a hundred guineas a year to a special pleader or a conveyancer, and in consideration of this were permitted to read his papers and see how he did his work. But you were entitled to no personal attention from the pleader or conveyancer, and in practice seldom got any. You had to pick up your learning from his papers which were brought by his clerk to the pupils' room before delivery to the client; and a long, dull, and dreary job this picking up must have been.

The Reform Bill of 1832 proved in its result an awakening to many of the somnolent public bodies. Parliament began to inquire whether these were performing the duties for which they existed. The Inns of Court were the subject of two such inquiries; and the Committees of the House which made them intimated pretty clearly that in their opinion legal education by dinner was not satisfactory. It was suggested that law should be taught again, and that men should not be admitted to practise at the Bar until they had passed an examination in at any rate the elements of law. There was, however, considerable difference of opinion as to the expediency of an examination for call, and for a time a middle course was followed: to be called, a student had to produce either a certificate of having passed the examination or a certificate of having read in a barrister's chambers.

For those "dandies and men about town," to quote Thackeray's words, "who wished for some reason to be barristers of seven years' standing," the usual course was to produce the certificate of having read in chambers. It was easier to do this than to produce the certificate of having passed the examination, because to get the latter you had to pass the examination, but to get the former you had not to read in chambers: there were always plenty of benevolent barristers who, if you paid your money for reading in their chambers, let you take your choice whether you read in them or not. In fact, as I heard Lord Cozens Hardy, M.R., once tell, it was a meeting between Sir Richard Bethel—who was then Chairman of the Council of Legal Education—and one of these benevolent barristers that led to a change. The benevolent one had given a certificate to a young student with whom Bethel was slightly acquainted. Bethel asked him what he thought of him? The gentleman reflected, and then said he had hardly formed any opinion, as he remembered meeting him only once, and that was at the Derby. So Bethel made it his business to get established a compulsory examination before call for all candidates for the Bar.

In order not to be misled by this statement, two qualifications of it should be borne in mind. In the first place, some conscientious counsel refused to give certificates of having read

in chambers to students who had in fact not done so. But even here, if tradition is to be trusted, counsel was not really unkind. It is told that when a student applied once for a certificate, the barrister refused it on the ground that his clerk's journal showed that the student had during the whole year only on two occasions made his appearance at chambers. "Ah, but I learned a lot," argued the student. "What was it?" asked the barrister severely. "Well, the first time I read a long opinion of yours on the liabilities of executors," said the student. "Well, what did I say?" asked the barrister. "I don't exactly remember," replied the student; "but I do remember that when I had finished reading it I said to myself, well, I'm blest if I'll ever be an executor." "And what did you learn the next time?" asked the barrister. "Well, I read a long opinion of yours on the liabilities of trustees." "And what did I say?" "Well, I don't exactly remember," replied the student; "but I do remember when I had finished reading it I said to myself, well, I'm d——d if I'll ever be a trustee." "Sir," said the barrister earnestly, "you shall have your certificate. Your answers show that you have acquired a sound and discriminating knowledge of the principles of Equity, which, whether you become a barrister or not, will be of the greatest value to you throughout the rest of your life."

And the second qualification to be remembered is that at first the compulsory examination was not over severe, though probably it never was quite so easy to pass it as a story that is told would indicate. A student, it is said, who to the knowledge of all his friends had never read anything of the Law of Real Property, contrived to pass in it. Some one pressed the examiner for an explanation, and he got it. "My rule," said the examiner, "is to pass a man who gets fifty per cent of full marks. Well, I asked him two questions. The first was, What is the Rule in Shelley's Case? He answered that it had something to do with poetry. Well, that was wrong. Then I asked him, What is a contingent remainder? He answered that he was sure he didn't know. Well, that was right, and so I passed him."

These silver days of the slight knowledge of law, like the golden day of the no knowledge at all, as a qualification for call, are now past for ever. At last a course of study has been set, the mastering of which keeps the student busy during the three years he is keeping term; and an examination has to be passed which ensures that a man called to the Bar has a sound general knowledge of both Common Law and Equity. Neither is the industrious student left to find his way as best he can to such knowledge: Readers and Assistant Readers have been appointed in every branch of the subject, whose duty it is, by expositions and advice, to give him the aid that every beginner needs.

The object to be attained by

appointing these guides could not be better stated than it was by Lord Brougham in his evidence before one of the inquiring Committees. Students of law would, he said, "learn law better, and at all events they would learn it easier, and save themselves a great deal of fruitless labour in the acquisition, if they had the benefit of a learned and skilful professor, accustomed to teach." Unfortunately, in appointing teachers the Council of Legal Education, which was in 1852 established by the four Inns of Court to supervise the instruction of their students, at first seemed to overlook the last words. It assumed that anybody who knew law could teach law, and not infrequently appointed elderly Q.C.'s as teachers, who never before in their lives had attempted to teach anybody anything. When I was a student the teaching staff consisted of my friend Mr James Bryce (now Viscount Bryce, O.M.) in Roman Law; Mr Frederic Harrison, the distinguished publicist, in Jurisprudence; Mr John D. Mayne in Common Law; Mr Ellis, Q.C., afterwards a county court judge, in Equity; and Mr Barber, K.C., also afterwards a county court judge, in Real Property. I can say without hesitation that there were only two of these from whose instruction I derived benefit—Bryce and Mayne; and Bryce was a trained university teacher—he was then, and for years before had been, Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford—and Mayne had had, I believe, practical experience of teaching in India; but, at any rate, he had long practised at home on Indian Appeals, and one cannot conceive a better training for a teacher of law to beginners than years spent in expounding to the Most Honourable Privy Council the elements of Hindu and Mahomedan Jurisprudence. As for Ellis and Barber, they lectured to their dazed listeners as if these poor youths were a Bench of judges learned in the law. But Mr Harrison was to me the greatest disappointment. His delivery made it very difficult to follow what he said; but from what I was able to follow it seemed to me this did not matter much. His object, or at least what he accomplished, was to make the simple difficult and the obvious obscure. Only one sentence of his remains in my memory. He had stated some elementary self-evident proposition and was beginning to "explain" it. He said: "This proposition always puzzles students, and is sometimes not clearly understood even by men of sense."

This practice of putting in old men to do new jobs has now been long abandoned. For years past young men, if possible with some experience of university teaching, have been chosen. If they "make good" they are retained, and when occasion offers, promoted; if they fail they are asked to retire. It would be unbecoming in me to say anything either in commendation or in criticism of the qualifications of any of these Readers. This result, however, may be noted. Before

the war desolated our seats of learning the difficulty was to find accommodation for the swarms of students who wished to attend the lectures. Among those students every race within the Empire was represented: white and black, brown and yellow, coming from all climates and from the uttermost corners of the earth to study the laws of England. The Inns of Court had become, and, once the war is over, should become again even in a greater degree, the nearest approach yet made to an Imperial School of Law.

There has been a good deal of ill-informed criticism of the education at the Inns of Court. One point made is that the reason of the large attendance of students at the lectures was because the lecturers were also the examiners. As a matter of fact, half the lecturers did not examine, and more than half the examiners did not lecture; and every student had to pass in papers which were neither set nor read by the lecturers. Another baseless objection is that the lecturers are young men thinking only of getting into practice, who treat their appointments merely as a means of making a little money until practice comes. This objection is based on the fact already noted, that the Council now fills vacancies not with old but with young men. What the critics forget is that it continues in office young men who prove their fitness until they become old. Of the present lecturers, more than half have been teaching under the Council for the last twenty years, and many of them were teaching at the Universities before they were appointed by the Council. It is true they practise, and it is a good thing too. What the Council has succeeded in creating is a staff of legal teachers much the same as the staff of medical teachers of a hospital, who are also practitioners of what they teach. It is hardly too much to hope that if the Inns of Court continue their work on these lines, they will yet create a school of practical law such as has not existed in England since the great age of Elizabeth.

No doubt the school is at present capable of improvement, and no doubt it will be in time improved. This is not the season, however, when its class-rooms are almost denuded of students, to begin reforms. I may, however, be allowed to suggest two which I hope will be considered when better times come. One is that a building with proper offices and lecture-rooms should be provided for the work. At present the classes are moved from Inn to Inn from term to term, and the only permanent home of the school are two sets of chambers up three pairs of stairs. Another is that more tutorial teaching should be provided. At present it is true there is a director of legal studies who can be consulted by the students as to their reading. But one such person is not enough. Roughly, the course for the Bar consists of three groups of subjects—Common Law, Evidence, and Pleading; Equity, Real Property, and Conveyancing; and Roman

Law, Constitutional Law, and Legal History—not to mention special subjects like Indian and Dutch Law. It would, in my opinion, be of infinite benefit to many students if one of the lecturers in each of these groups was appointed to attend at the lecture-rooms between certain hours each day of the educational terms, not only to advise students as to their reading, but to help them to surmount difficulties in their reading: with classes numbering from one hundred to one hundred and fifty men, it is clear a lecturer can give no such assistance to each student personally. However, the classes do not number so many students by a long way now, and till they do the matter is of small importance.

I have mentioned examinations, and when examinations are mentioned it is a sort of custom to cite what are called "howlers" from answers given in them. These seem to be regarded by the public as funny. As a rule, the only thing funny about them is that the public can see any fun in them. In my time I have read thousands of answers from thousands of students both at the Inns of Court and at various Universities, and my experience is that the worse the answer the duller it is, which is natural, seeing that generally the worse the answer the stupider the student. I can now remember only one answer which was at once bad and good; and to this moment I am not sure that the fellow who gave it was not having a joke at my expense. It was at a class examination. I had been lecturing on the Jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery. The gist of my lecture was as follows: The Court of Chancery was called a Court of Conscience because, unlike a Court of Law, it intervened not so much to protect a plaintiff from wrongdoing as to prevent the defendant from soiling his conscience by doing wrong; this was a religious more than a civil principle, and its adoption was due to the fact that all the earlier Chancellors were ecclesiastics; and the way it was enforced was by the court issuing an order to compel the defendant to do himself what a man of conscience would do, and if he disobeyed the order by imprisoning him for contempt of court; this process against the defendant personally gave rise to the maxim Equity acts *in personam*. The question I set was, Why was the Court of Chancery called a Court of Conscience? and the answer I received was as follows: "The Court of Chancery was called a Court of Conscience because it intervened to compel the defendant to soil his conscience; and it acted in this way because the early Chancellors were all ecclesiastics. Hence the maxim that Equity acts *in parsonam*."

(To be continued.)

"GREEN BALLS."

BY PAUL BEWSHER.

I.

THE DAWN PATROL.

"Sometimes I fly at dawn above the sea,
Where, underneath, the restless waters flow,
Silver and cold and slow . . ."

—*The Dawn Patrol.*

SOMEBODY shakes me by my shoulder, and I wake to the consciousness of a dark room and a determined steward.

"Four o'clock, sir!"

I get out of my warm bed, very unwillingly, and dress lightly in a white cricket shirt, grey flannel trousers, and a blue pea-jacket and a muffler, and go out of the hut to the garage. Dawn is just breaking. The sky is still bright with stars, and a moon is drowsily hanging like a golden gong in the south-west. The air is extraordinarily fresh and cold, and soon I am tearing joyfully through it on a clamorous motor-bicycle. Down the road through the marshes I rush on my mile-long ride to the sheds.

Outside the office I dismount and go inside the bare room, with its charts and its long table, and meet the sleepy-eyed duty-officer, who is wearing "gum-boots" and an overcoat over his pyjamas, and is obviously looking forward to settling down once more to sleep. The duty-pilot comes in after him, with a flying-cap on his head, and a muffler round his neck, and a pair of gloves in his hand. A welcome cup of tea is brought in by a massive bluejacket, and then I snatch up a life-belt, a pair of binoculars, the Thermos flask and Malted Milk tablets, my charts, and a few odd necessaries, and, accompanied by the pilot, I go over to the slipway, at the end of which floats the seaplane, with its wide white wings reflecting the pale light of dawn. A group of men in great rubber boots stand in the water holding the wings.

When I get to the edge of the water, I climb on to the back of one, and he wades out into the water until I can stand on the float and climb up into a seat in front of the pilot.

It is an ample seat—wide enough for three people—and I sit on a soft cushion over a petrol-tank. The wireless sets, in varnished wooden boxes, are fixed in position in front of me. My machine-gun is ready to be fixed at a moment's notice, and I settle myself into the seat and put down my various impedimenta and wait for the start.

The pilot in the back seat examines his instruments, and soon there is a hissing noise as he turns on the compressed air. The propeller in front of me moves round slowly. The engine fires and begins to start with a roaring noise.

The propeller vanishes as it gathers speed, and I can see straight ahead with an uninterrupted view.

The engine is tested with men hanging on to the wings. The pilot waves his hand, the men leave go, and we begin to move out across the wide harbour with its grey battleships and lean destroyers, and merchant ships painted in strange patches.

The moon is growing paler now, and nearly all the stars have vanished before the silver of the dawn. On our right is the outline of a red-roofed harbour town, quiet and asleep. On the left are the great sheds of the station, and the low green hills beyond. We face the wind. The engine recommences its roar, and the seaplane begins to move quickly across the water with a steady noise. Faster and faster it rushes on, then begins to leap from wave-top to wave-top until we rise into the air, and move at a rushing pace just over the pale oily water.

The roar of the motor is soon registered no more by my ear, lulled by its perpetuity. I find it glorious to be winging my way into the heart of the dawn over the silver water. Above a long floating boom we pass, and turn east towards the wide misty level of the sea. Ahead of me in the haze burns a red-eyed sun, looking hot and only half awake.

Far to my left and far to my right is a faint grey coast-line as we move up the widening estuary. I bring out a little blue-covered note-book, and sharpen a pencil and prepare to record the name, nationality, and type of every ship, with a brief note of its cargo, course, and characteristics.

Through the haze suddenly appears a little group of ships anchored round a stout red lightship, with its great lantern at the top of the mast and the cheery white-painted name on its side.

My pencil is very busy as we sweep round in circles, while I make notes of the different types of ships. Neutral ships being luridly decorated with painted colours and their names in enormous white letters, are easily recorded. It is somehow very dramatic to see a great steamer loom through the mist, and to read *Jan Petersen-Norge* or *Hector-Sverige* on its black sides as it sweeps majestically under the seaplane, its churning propeller leaving a wide lane of white bubbling foam.

It gives such a splendid idea of far-flung commerce — of nation linked up with nation by these loaded ships. You realise how the forests of Scandinavia have been despoiled to fill these decks with the towering piles of clean fair wood. There is something in the passing of the great ship proclaiming its nationality and origin in such bold characters that

seems like the triumphant note of an organ.

Yet these signs are the heartfelt appeal of an apprehensive and vulnerable vessel, hoping against hope that the vivid stripes of colour and the proclamation of nationality will protect it from the cruel, greedy submarine.

Then we leave the little crowd of anchored ships below and sail on into the mist to the lonelier levels of the sea. Now and then we overtake some heavily-laden freighter, low in the water, pounding outwards on its hazardous journey, its plain unlettered sides showing that it is a vessel of the Allies.

In front of me I wind a little handle. This causes the wireless set to connect with the engine, and the little motor revolves rapidly. I press the brass key, and a blue spark spits and splutters inside one of the boxes. Then I call up the seaplane station far behind me in the mist and record my position. Putting the telephone-receiver over my ears, I hear above the roar of our engines the sharp staccato signals of some warship below us on the grey sea. As I move a lever round a series of studs I hear it more clearly or more faintly as I get more or less in "tune" with it. Then I remove the receiver, having tested the wireless instruments and found them correct, and once more look over the side to the chilly sea.

We fly over three or four little trawlers steaming slowly along, dredging the waterway for mines. Then over two leaning masts of some wreck, which pierce the water like thin lances. Next we pass above a Belgian relief ship, advertising its nature by means of innumerable placards and flags and colours, which are yet not sufficient to keep it immune from the Germans and their unreliable promises. Now it is a familiar line of mud-hoppers carrying a load of dredged mud to some deep dumping-ground. Now over a couple of lean grey torpedo-boats, nosing everywhere, carefully and suspiciously, protecting the Channels.

So at times over ever-varying craft, and at times over grey wet loneliness, we travel on in our long patrol, until at last the squat red shape of a lightship appears through the haze, and we know that we have reached the limit of our outward journey. We sweep low over the isolated vessel, wave our hands to the men on board, and start to return home by a different route, and roar on over mile after mile of water glittering in the sun, which is slowly dissipating the mist of early morning.

Soon a group of ships are met steaming along towards us, and I recognise the vessels which I had seen anchored together waiting for the dawn. They are left behind us, and we regain the land from which we started. Over the sleeping seaport town we pass, and can see its red and brown roofs lit by the sun, and its empty

streets. Then we sweep over the harbour, the pilot turns the machine round to face the wind, and the roar of the engine stops. We begin to glide down slowly, drawing nearer and nearer to the water. Just above the surface of the glittering waves we rush, touch it with a long splash, and slowly pull up and stop, floating once more in the harbour. The engines roar out again, and we "taxi" quickly over the little waves in long even jolts towards the slipway, where the men are waiting to help us ashore. When we are alongside they walk out to us in their waterproof thigh-boots and carry me on to the slipway.

I walk quickly through the hangars across the grass-covered lawn to the office, and sitting down at a typewriter begin to transcribe at once the notes I have written in my little blue book.

6.40. British cargo steamer, 5000 tons, steering S.W. Two patrol boats steering E.
6.45. Norwegian wood steamer *Christiania*, 3000 tons, steering W. in East Deep—

I write, and one after another I visualise the vessels as I record their positions for the benefit of the authorities.

As soon as the report is finished I give it to a messenger, who takes it down to the motor-boat which is waiting to carry it to a warship. Then I rush across the marsh on my motor-bicycle to the mess, and to a late but welcome breakfast.

The small amount of impression left by any particular flight is remarkable. If in the middle of the breakfast some one had said, "You have been fifty miles out to sea, charging through the air at sixty miles an hour, this morning!" I should almost have been surprised, and might have denied it. After your return you quickly forget the voyage you have made. I found the same in night-bombing. You are called away at dinner after beginning your soup. You go to Ostend, drop bombs, and return and carry on with the fish. By the time you are helping yourself to the vegetables you have a vague remembrance of a disturbed dinner, but little more.

You have a distant memory of innumerable searchlights waving like long weeds in an evil pool, and of the dim sweep of the Belgian coast, with the star-shells of Nieuport; but it is like the faint remembrance of a weird dream, and little more.

This brief description of a seaplane patrol is an introduction to the portrayal of a night-flier's existence, because these flights over the sea were the prelude to my flying among the stars, and I found in them the strange allurement that I found later, in an even greater degree, in my night journeys.

It is a glorious sensation to roar on, a few hundred feet above the sea, with a white clinging mist all around in a vapoury circle, knowing by instinct where you are, and

looking ahead for the little chequered buoy or red light-ship to appear at its due moment; to hear the pilot's shouted inquiry, and to write "The Cat" or "Deep Sands" or "King's Channel" or "Long Deep," or one of those splendid-sounding sailor's names, on a piece of paper for him; to fly low over the lonely lightship, and wave a dawn greeting to the watchmen on the deck; to see a long British submarine rise dripping, to welcome the morning, from its all-night sleep far below the restless waters; to fly like a gull, flashing white wings towards the flaming East.

I found the same delight in poring over my charts and drawing a line right out to sea and back again, as later I found in checking on the map the villages and bridges over which I passed on my way to Bruges and Ghent.

Once or twice I had a forced landing at sea. One incident is peculiarly vivid in my memory. Lightly clad, I flew on the seaplane about fifteen miles from land. There was a flaming sunset, and it was growing dark. We were about to turn when the engine began to splutter and pop. The pilot tried to cure its disease, but it was in vain. He throttled the engine back and slowly glided down. The few scattered ships and the dim line of coast slowly disappeared as we drew nearer to the surface of the water, and when we finally landed we were out of sight of any ship at all.

The pilot climbed on to the floats and tried to start the engine again by swinging the propeller, but with no success. Meanwhile it was growing darker. The red and orange splendours of the West were rapidly dying away before the creeping shadows of the East. The calm oily water reflected strangely the after-glow. As I sat on the float, the water lapped melodiously against it, and the shoals of jellyfish which passed by seemed to be jeering at me.

There were no ships in sight, and a cold night wind began to come across the quivering, shining surface of the sea, and the horizon vanished in a faint haze.

The pilot loaded his Verey pistol with a cartridge and fired it. A great ball of white fire sailed through the air and dropped hissing in the water.

Meanwhile, in our scant clothes we were getting cold. Soon it would be quite dark, and we had only half a dozen signal lights left, while we were slowly drifting, we knew not whither, with the tide.

Every quarter of an hour the pilot fired a white Verey's light. I found it very lonely sitting in the drifting seaplane, surrounded by a misty circle of water, with darkness creeping over the sea.

After some time we saw, far away, a red moving light. At once the pilot fired another signal. The red light moved on and drew nearer to us. Soon we could see the shape of the boat on which it was, and to our joy realised that it was a British destroyer. After a

good deal of manœuvring it drew alongside us. We hailed it and shouted our explanations. A boat was lowered from the destroyer, and rowed over to us, carrying a hawser. When we had fastened this to the seaplane we got into the boat, and were rowed to the waiting vessel.

The commander explained that we had landed in the midst of sandbanks, and that it had been a difficult matter to draw near to us.

Soon we were dining in the little mess, and we were very glad to get under cover again, and to have something to eat. The "skipper" was most hospitable, and afterwards, I am ashamed to say, we played "Slippery Ann," and won some money off him.

At last we arrived once more in the harbour. A motor-boat left the slipway, and we were towed ingloriously ashore at about 11 o'clock.

There is an element of uncertainty in seaplaning, as in every branch of flying. There is the case of a seaplane which landed at sea with engine trouble. A German submarine came alongside and took the two unfortunate airmen aboard, and sank the seaplane, so that shortly afterwards the two officers who had been flying through the air were under the surface of the sea.

I remember another incident that happened during the attack on Verdun, which will demonstrate how an extraordinary chain of adventures may come swiftly and unexpectedly to an airman engaged on the most normal routine work.

One day five machines were to fly from one aerodrome in France to another one about fifty miles away. Both the aerodromes were well behind the lines. The leading machine was piloted by a man who knew the country "inside out," and so the last man of the formation knew that if he were to follow his lead he would be all right. It was an extremely cloudy day, and when they had drawn near to the new aerodrome, the last pilot lost sight of the other four machines in the clouds. He flew on for a little while, and climbed up through the barrier of vapour until he was above it. Then, to his joy, he saw ahead of him the four machines, which were flying several miles away, resembling little black dots.

After a time he drew close to them, and, to his great astonishment, they dived down on him, firing their machine-guns. Suddenly he saw that they were marked with the German mark—the black cross. Realising that he was hopelessly outnumbered, as he was on a comparatively slow machine, he put his nose down and tried to get away. He was flying east towards the German lines, but he could not turn, for every time he looked back he saw these four machines just behind his tail, firing frantically at him.

At last he outdistanced them, and they turned away. He flew on under the deep blue of the sky, and over the sunlit white fields of cloudland, which

lay like a tumbled carpet of cotton-wool beneath him, as far as he could see.

He looked at his watch, and saw that he had been flying east for twenty minutes, so he turned and flew due west, towards the French lines. He flew for another ten minutes to make sure of regaining his own lines, and then, throttling his engine, he glided down towards the barrier of cloud. He reached it, and flew for several minutes through damp grey vapour, and at last burst through, and saw the sunless world below.

He looked round for an aerodrome in which to land, and in a few minutes saw a line of hangars some miles distant. At once he turned towards them, and when he was a mile away, he throttled his engine and began to glide down in order to land. He sailed just over the roofs of the hangars, floated a few feet over the grass, and was just about to land when he saw that the machines lined up by the sheds were marked with the black cross. It was a German aerodrome.

Even as he started up his engine and rushed across the grass, the German mechanics climbed into the back seats of the aeroplanes and began to fire at him, while other men started up the engines. Very soon several machines were pursuing him. He dared not climb, for he would lose speed, and would not be able to escape. He flew on, due west, twenty feet or so from the ground, dodging round farms and trees, and now and then jumping over houses, while a mile behind him the German scouts followed him in this strange steeplechase.

He realised now that the wind high up had been blowing strongly due east. It had taken him a long way over the lines, and so he had not allowed himself enough time to get back before he had dived through the cloud-bank.

Again he managed to escape in the chase, and left the pursuing aeroplanes far behind. Ahead of him he could see a line of curling smoke and vapour, with here and there little white puffs of smoke in the air. He was drawing near the lines, and evidently there was an action of some kind in progress. Soon he reached the belt of desolation, of broken houses, shell-torn trees, and devastated fields. Machine-guns on the ground began to fire at him. He could hear their staccato hammering, and could see the flaming streak of the bullets passing by him.

Now he could hear, too, above the roar of the engines, the thud and crash of the shells and of the guns. Everywhere below were great spouts of smoke and earth leaping up as shell after shell burst on the ground. The air was full of the shrapnel barrage against the infantry. Once he had a sudden inspiration to pull back his control-stick. The machine shot up into the air, and he saw just beneath the smoke-burst of a shrapnel shell. If he had continued on a straight course he would have been hit

by it, and probably brought down.

Below him he saw something extremely interesting. In the sunken roads and shattered fortifications near Douaumont were masses of grey-green soldiers. The Germans apparently were gathered for an attack. He noted where these men were, and flew on across the shell-torn area behind the French lines, and landed as soon as he could. The machine ran into a shell-hole and crashed. He crawled out of the wreckage and stumbled across the churned-up ground to the nearest headquarters and reported what he had seen. Immediately action was taken by the French, the counter-attack was forestalled, and the whole course of the battle was changed.

Soon afterwards the airman reached the aerodrome, without his machine, and found he had been reported as missing.

That such an extraordinary chain of adventures can come to a man unexpectedly shows vividly the uncertainty and the romance of flying. The night-bomber, as he leaves his aerodrome, never knows whether, when dawn comes, he will be in his bed at the camp, or in a Dutch guard-room, or hiding in a German wood.

For several months I led this agreeable placid life at the seaplane station. At dawn or at dusk I flew over the sea on my long solitary flights. During the day I wandered round the station, learning about the machines and the engines, and spending many hours in the wireless hut, with the vulcanite receivers over my ears, hearing ship after ship sending its messages in a variety of notes—some high-pitched whines; some urgent, impetuous; some tremendously loud—great cruisers thundering their unquestionable commands; some faint and remote from lonely vessels far away on distant seas.

Wireless telegraphy is a romantic thing. I remember one night walking down a path at a Naval Air Service Station in England and passing a lighted window in a little hut. Some one handed to me through the window a pair of telephone receivers attached to a twisted cord. I put the receiver over my ears and heard the regular scratch, scratch, scratch of the Morse Code.

The operator inside told me that it was a German merchant sending messages from a wireless station outside Berlin to a friend in Madrid, and in that quiet dim path in England I was overhearing their conversation.

One day I was unexpectedly summoned to the Commanding Officer of the Squadron. He handed to me a printed sheet of paper. To my surprise it ordered me to report to No. X Wing (Handley-Page Squadron).

I could hardly realise it at first. I thought that many months of this quiet dreamy life lay before me. I expected no transfer, and at any rate not to this most strange of all squadrons. In those days a Handley-Page was a freak

machine that was a topic of conversation in flying circles everywhere.

A Handley-Page then seemed a grotesque giant. There had been no intermediate steps between small machines and this Colossus, which rumour had it could carry twenty-two men. It was as though a fifty-storey sky-scraper, as large as the Woolworth Building in New York, had suddenly been erected in London.

I had seen, at my training aerodrome, the first of these great machines looming in its hangar. I had clambered over it with astonishment. I had been one of a large crowd which had stood on the aerodrome, and had wondered, as the great structure moved clumsily across the grass, if it really would mount in the air. I had seen it rise and roar round the aerodrome with its deep, double throbbing note, and had gone away full of excitement, proud to have been there.

Little did I imagine that I was to be on the very first which flew to France, and that I was to be on the pioneer squadron of the gigantic night-bombers.

So when I received my orders, I packed my bags a little bemusedly, and with a sad heart left the little harbour, the rows of seaplane sheds, the mess, and my friends —taking away many a memory of quiet days in the marshes, and of almost ecstatic dawn patrols over the grey and silver levels of the North Sea.

I was going on to unknown destinies and unknown destinations. I knew the familiar sensation every man in the service going to a new place must feel so often—of leaving a certain existence, and going on towards an uncertain one.

Although I did not know it, I was going to a year and a half of adventure, of travel, of war and excitement—I was going to a romantic and strangely-appealing life, full of successes and disappointments, full of dreams and realities. The gods had smiled on me, and were leading me to the fantastic and fascinating work which I would have chosen above all others in the world—Night Bombing.

(To be continued.)

FESTIVAL.

BY ZERES.

THE retired and pensioned Gurkha soldier outside in the verandah has orderly duties that require his presence at our office between the hours of six and eight each evening.

He is short but stockily built, wears two war medals and a *bahadri*, lacks one eye, and limps as a result of a wound received in action. He lost his eye out of action while worshipping indiscreetly at the shrine of Venus; and after he has looked upon the wine when it is sufficiently red he will sometimes tell you the story. Rifleman Rama Gurung—for that is the old scoundrel's name—looks upon the wine when it is red almost nightly. He arrives at our office strictly sober, and generally leaves it as strictly drunk. When sober he is unbending punctiliousness itself, when drunk embarrassingly expansive, and there are intermediate stages when he merely sits and grins in a passionless Nirvana of his own. It is the problem of our life to discover how and where he effects this monotonously regular transition from grave to garrulous; for although he is always within a few yards of us while we work, we have never yet actually detected him in the act of raising the flowing bowl to his lips. Nevertheless, although neither clink of bottle nor gleam of glass ever disturbs our tedious labours or betrays his stealthy activities, he achieves the mysterious nightly, and, aided by the subtle alchemist, transmutes life's leaden metal into gold with a facility which we cannot help but feel—when distracted by cipher telegrams, the eccentricities of local headhunters, silkworm statistics, or Bengali politics—is secretly to be envied.

But for old Rama's nightly vagaries our evenings would be uneventful. The brief Himalayan sunset flares fierily for fifteen short minutes over the distant rosy-dimpled snows, and then darkness falls, swiftly blotting out the dazzling scene, like a black velvet curtain rung down abruptly upon some limelit but deserted stage. A scared little breeze now rises, and rushes wildly hither and thither among the gloomy and contemptuous pines, while the frogs begin their pious croaking vespers upon the silver lip of the star-stabbed lake beneath us. A rutting stag—the very incarnation of primitive passion—calls hoarsely to his reluctant mate across two miles of empty valley, and the pagan beauty of the hot, dark, lonely night steals through our open windows. Every ghost of memory now takes courage in the shadows, and comes knocking importunately upon a door that ever stands ajar. Gay ghosts, sad ghosts, and

whimsical, child-like little ghosts of nothing in particular . . . all the phantom procession of a tired brain when silence, solitude, and space combine to distract its attention from material and mundane things. However, this is no moment for idle dreaming, because to-night we are "for it," and in our official capacity must visit a neighbouring hamlet in order to bless with our important English presence a local Hindu festival that we call the Dewali. This festival is sacred to the bloody goddess Kali, and it is a lucky night for all bankers and merchants, who seize the occasion to give freely to charity. For this reason the evening is a propitious one for the British official to attempt to extract silver for the Red Cross Society from the buried hoard of the normally miserly *bania*. . . . The British official—*vide* the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*—is ever a detestably Machiavellian creature.

The main street of the bazar that we reach half an hour later is aglow with pale amber fairy lights, to avert the entrance into the homestead of dread Kali the destroyer, and drum and cymbal bray and jingle amid the violent detonations of the highly dangerous Indian cannon-cracker. Our dim little lamps do not throw their feeble beams very far, but this is all the better, because the unillumined background rests full of shadowy mystery. People at home imagine that Asiatics are always grave and solemn, but if they were with us now that belief would be swiftly exploded. Our main street is packed as densely as Piccadilly on a Jubilee night, and, as in the Piccadilly of old days, our cheerful, merry crowds go laughing up and down it.

Here is a group of country mice in from some remote jungle, pater- and mater-familias and half a dozen wide-eyed staring children.

There is a bevy of laughing nut-brown light o' loves descending from a *tikha gharri*, gaily dressed it is true, but bafflingly respectable-looking to the European, who can only think of vice with a capital V. Round the corner some jolly little swaggering Gurkhas—bare-kneed, bullet-headed, and bantam-like—are buying *Scissors*, cigarettes, and ogling the girls for all the world like Mr Atkins in the Edgware Road; our clean, smiling, five-foot-four Mongolian defenders are every inch dapper, soldierly, and dandified little Pagans, from their jauntily-cocked slouch hats to their shiny clicking boot heels

Dang, dang, dang, dang!—our thin copper temple bells have neither the sombre timbre nor yet the infinite variety of your sweet Western cathedral chimes—the priests are calling us to prayer. *Tang, tang, tang, tang! . . . wh'roosh, wh'rorl, wh'room!* . . . and the conches take up their bellowing choruses, while we all laugh merrily at their acoustic surprises. It takes, you see, but little to amuse us to-night, because we are in such a good temper. A

sacred and flower-garlanded bull treads heavily on our toes, but we only offer him perfumed sweetmeats; and even the savage chattering monkeys in the trees are not forgotten in our catholic scheme of hospitality.

Cholera may be rife, crops may fail, or savage beasts lurk for us on our way home from our jollification, but we are a happy little people to-night in this corner of the foothills—for haven't the priests just told us that our wives will bear us men-children before next harvest, and hasn't that vagabond astrologer drawn us a horoscope which unluckier kings might envy? Let us beat the tom-tom, watch the nautch, quaff the cup, and intimidate the bania! There are bonbouches of vegetable curry folded between cool green leaves to be tasted, betel-nut in lacquer trays to be chewed, and a hundred other queer delicacies that come our way but seldom in our bee-like, little, laborious lives.

. . . . . .

This is all very well; but there are ever two sides to a picture, and to be on duty during the Dewali is a very different matter to enjoying it as a member of the happy-go-lucky crowd.

We ourselves are now fated to pay a round of visits to various entertainments, both public and private, and we shall only earn our pay for the next few hours by making ourselves agreeable. Our first port of call is a performance given by a Hindu conjurer in aid of the Red Cross. A most superior Indian conjurer this, who is depicted upon a placard as wearing American evening clothes, while his *nom-de-théâtre* is "Mr Funnyman of Calcutta." He is performing at the "Assamese Theatre," and thither, amid a cosmopolitan throng, we wend our way in our slowly driven motor. Slowly driven because no Indian crowd ever takes the slightest notice of a motor-horn; and indeed, were not our progress heralded by three blaspheming Moslem policemen, we doubt if we should ever reach our destination at all.

The "Assamese Theatre" is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. The scene painted on the drop-curtain is *très anglais*, and depicts what the Manager faithfully believes to be a typical stately home of England. In the immediate foreground are seen the lodge gates that lead to the ancestral demesne within. The pillars supporting the entrance to this rural retreat are apparently wrought of blue marble and red porphyry, tastefully decorated as regards the detail with silver-gilt and mother-o'-pearl. In the background, what might be described as a mansion in the Heavenly Jerusalem style of architecture rears its golden turrets from amid a grove of what are very obviously toddy-palms, and a union-jack floats patriotically from an open window, out of which a lady in a pink-satin ball dress gazes haughtily at a football match.

An elephant is seemingly

about to convey a party of fiercely bewhiskered English noblemen to what looks like a shrimping competition on the rugged sea-coast behind the Castle, and on the extreme right of this happy portrayal of English country life, a fox-hunt is in full progress. The "field" following hounds is entirely composed of "the military," who, without exception, are attired in what Jane Austen calls "full regimentals." The beast that these gold-laced sportsmen are pursuing bears a suspicious resemblance to the Indian badger. Still, where the object of the craftsman be complimentary, some artistic licence must be conceded; and we ourselves have seen "Oriental scenes" upon the London stage that were almost as grotesque in their comic misconception of Eastern life and customs as this startling effort of our own little local painter. At length the curtain rises and reveals our bowing entertainer. We have already said that he promised to be most superior to the ordinary bazar conjurer, and now our expectations are painfully fulfilled. Not for him the mere mango-tree trick, or boys who are bloodily stabbed and slashed in wicker baskets; rather he deals with English playing-cards, yards of coloured ribbon, vanishing coins, or water that is transformed into ink—indeed he is the *dernier-cri* of all the conventionalism of tedious Western magic. His dreary performance is "enlivened"—(that is his own explanation)—by a continual stream of irrelevant patter. As this is delivered in English, nine-tenths of his audience understand not one word. This, however, appears to be of no account, and indeed it seems considered that his unintelligibility adds an element of *chic* to the whole proceedings. His humour is of that perverted variety that sees laughter in all human dismay. Stout and elderly gentlemen are assisted upon the stage, only to be lured into collapsible chairs; shrieking urchins receive electric shocks; and an old lady, having indiscreetly lent her *sari* to this Bengali Mephistopheles, sees it torn into fragments before her weeping eyes.

We ourselves, as almost the only European present, are given an odiously conspicuous seat in the theatre, and to us at intervals Mr Funnyman makes tiresome appeals in connection with his personal integrity in general and the emptiness of his shirt-cuffs in particular. Further, he keeps pressing into our unwilling palms battered opera hats, mouse-traps, or bowls full of goldfish, with a view to our reassuring the pit and gallery as to the mundane nature of such professional apparatus. As the evening wears on, we feel that we begin to hate Mr Funnyman. Surely he owes it to us, his patient public, to make deeper researches into the mines of humorous subtlety before he insults our intelligence by explaining the primary motive actuating domestic fowls when these desire to cross the road. "And if any lady

or gentleman will kindly lend me his or her gold watch or diamond scarf-pin," harangues Mr Funnyman, addressing a confused crowd of blank-faced coolie women, "I will transform the same—as per patriotic programme—into a white kitten."

A pest and a pox on him and his white kittens! We have stayed here as long as the Government of India can humanly expect, so let us away before we, a representative of the Ruling Race, are humiliated by having to confess that we possess neither gold watch nor diamond scarf-pin. Our ideas are not so magnificent as Mr Funnyman's; he has probably got wind in the head through living in that gorgeous Gothic pagoda on the drop scene.

Our duties now take us to what, for the sake of argument, we will call a series of evening parties that are being held in the bazar at the houses of the leading merchants of the city. In almost every case the reception-rooms of these Indian burghers are on the same level as the street; devoid of shutters —as these are—and brilliantly illuminated within, no privacy from the crowd is possible or indeed sought after by our hosts. In some very practical aspects of life, Asia—paradoxically enough—is the only truly democratic continent in the world, for the Eastern millionaire has no objection to his poorer brethren overlooking his feasts, or indeed pushing into them uninvited behind his guests of honour. In all this there is an atmosphere that is vividly biblical. How often do we encounter unexpected characters at Jewish suppers or weddings, when from a Western point of view their presence seems altogether puzzling? However, the woman from nowhere in particular with the box of very precious ointment, and other stray persons with delightfully unconventional intentions, become alive and real when you attend an Indian *Soiree*. We enter the halls of Mr Jitmal with feelings of pride at being on visiting terms with one whose income is said to surpass that of the late Mr Pierpont Morgan. Doubtless local rumour exaggerates, but no matter; let us retain our illusions and with them our pride. Mr Jitmal is a stout and genial *Marwari*, who despite his enormous wealth still lives "over the shop," and you will find no material ostentation about his abode. A small hall ablaze with dripping candles serves him as a saloon, and at the farther end of this apartment is a heavily curtained and overhanging gallery. Here the—probably several—Mrs Jitmals are modestly assembled in order to experience the delirious excitement of witnessing our entry. On the right—under that hideous picture of a blue-faced *Ganesh* or elephant god—is a mighty cushioned divan upon which the son of the house—*ætat.* six—is having a violent difference of opinion with his sister—*ætat.* seven. Master Jitmal's small person is literally stiff with a paltry five thousand pounds worth of badly-set but priceless

jewellery, and he looks more like a diminutive idol or religious doll than an infant of flesh and blood. However, the peculiar pleasure which he seems to derive from pulling his sister's hair reassures you as to his human reality, and so do his howls of triumph when he has finally succeeded in rolling her upon the floor. Horrible child! Heaven help him if we should ever chance to meet him alone on a dark night still cumbered by all that glittering fortune! We are offered an embarrassingly regal-looking chair—all purple velvet and gilded symbolism—while attar, pan, and cigarettes are distributed. Then we are drenched with eau-de-Cologne—like the sacred *Boh* tree near Budh-Gaya, which died from the effects of such honourable treatment—and have to feign intense delight at the tarnishing of the gold lace upon our uniform. We next pull ourselves together with a view to polite conversation.

In the East, polite conversation upon formal occasions is ever a difficult art and one full of pitfalls for the unwary, for which we find no useful hints in Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. For example, to inquire after the health of your host's wife is to offer him deadly insult, because, like the Queen of Spain, the modest eastern lady is not supposed to possess any characteristics that can be considered corporeal.

To talk about the weather and the crops in a country where the hot, cool, or rainy seasons follow one another with the regular monotony of a seven-day clock, is to cultivate the banal in comment, recalling the newly-joined gryphen's classic remark—during a Punjaub June—to his indignant brandy-seared and mutiny-scarred Colonel—"Good morning, sir; another nice bright sunny day."

It is true that the war has now come to our assistance on such occasions, but to discuss the latest aspects of the submarine menace with a gentleman who has never seen the sea, and who probably thinks you a fluent liar when you tell him that it is possible to sail upon it for days on end without seeing land, has its obvious limitations.

Finally, Mr Jitmal selects the Russian revolution as a cheerful topic for a gala night, and compares the Bolsheviks with his own National Congressmen. We rather sympathise with his views, but feel somehow that this is scarcely the moment for political controversy, more especially as we cannot help hearing the hidden ladies in the gallery discussing our personal appearance, considered matrimonially, with a candour that can only be described as dreadful. At length, after extracting a promise of five thousand rupees for the Red Cross, we make our adieus and leave for the house of another Father of the City.

On occasions like to-night, it is the habit of your hosts to try to outvie one another in introducing an element of surprise or novelty into their hospitality, and upon entering the

next dwelling we are greeted by two gramophones in full blast, playing two different tunes at once.

If your ear should be sufficiently sensitive as to be able to separate the strains of *Wrap up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile,* from those of *Faki die praner pakhi ure galo ar alona,*[1] you might experience a musical treat, but failing such delicate discrimination your sensations are those of a being living in two dimensions of existence simultaneously. Our new host understands neither Hindustani, Bengali, Persian, nor English, and as we are similarly ignorant of his own exotic tongue, his son—a priggish youth from the local High School—comes to our assistance as an interpreter. The stripling in question is chastely attired in white buckskin cricketing boots, navy-blue knickerbockers, and a football jersey; the whole tastefully crowned by a red crimson smoking-cap, adorned with a sky-blue silken tassel. He is the New India personified, and we mentally congratulate the Education Department on the finished product of their care and culture. Strangely enough, his English is delivered with a hideous Cockney accent . . . where in the world did he pick it up? Not—we feel sure—from his official teachers, for they are purists and precisians of the most fanatic order.

"Fawther sez," begins this oriental Chevalier, "as 'ow 'e's very pleased ter meet yer."

"Give your father my compliments," we reply, "and"—here we very unwisely attempt to be jocular—"tell him that I've come here to-night to loot his money for the war."

The youth—he is exactly like one's mental conception of the learned pig—babbles something excitedly into his parent's ear. Goodness knows what he is saying, but from the ludicrous look of horror that suddenly overspreads that merchant's features, we can only imagine that his son has translated our message literally. We try to be pleasant to the learned pig, and make observations about the beauty of the festival and the happiness of the crowd.

"Ho!" he replies compassionately. "These h'are h'only h'ignorant h'agriculturalists, h'all h'innocent of h'English h'enlightenment, h'indulging h'in h'antique heathen h'idolatry."

We gasp at the wealth of his aspirates, and nearly follow his lead—as though it were a game—by replying that we love our love with a haitch because he is 'andsome.

Casting the dust of the learned pig's home from off our feet, we turn into a small marquee near a booming temple, where a score of Gurkha officers are providing refreshment for the consolation of their friends. Excusing our action on the plea that we

[1] A melancholy Bengali love song—translated, "My heart's bird has flown away without my knowledge and will never return to me."

too, at more normal moments, belong to the military freemasonry, we enter uninvited, and are made welcome for the sake of our uniform, if not for ourselves. An aged and retired Gurkha Subadar, dressed in the rifle-green of his old corps, comes forward, tremulously jingling with seven war medals, and offers us a seat. He informs us that he is over a hundred years old, and we see no reason to doubt his statement. Besides his war medals, he wears decorations for loyalty and gallantry during the Indian Mutiny, the Afghan campaign, and a Burmese expedition. A fine old face, yellow, rugged, wrinkled, and Mongolian-looking, and he still holds himself as straight as an arrow. He proceeds to introduce us to three or four generations of his descendants, all of whom, like their forebear, are officers in Gurkha regiments.

Their villages, they explain, are across the border in Nepaul, so they are allies of the British rather than fellow-subjects, a fact of which they are not a little proud. They offer us rum and tobacco and discuss the war professionally. The youngest — a truculent cock-sparrow-like little figure with the eternal Gurkha grin —lost his arm at Suvla Bay and is still on sick leave, as the stump will not heal. He tells us quietly how his company fought alongside some New Zealanders, and of how together they led the attack, capturing hill number so and so until mistakenly shelled by the fire of our supporting fleet, both were compelled to evacuate the positions which they had so hardly won. "And now," he concludes briefly, "I'm home again after seeing the whole world."

"Ho! ho!" laughs his gallant old grandsire in the corner; "but I too thought I had seen the whole world after I had marched to Lucknow in '57! Aye," he continues reminiscently, "*those* were the days for a soldier! . . . *You* never saw Jan Nikalsain or Lard Gough!" And he mumbles on about the past glories of this or that surprise and rout, when the dusty native columns from the loyal Punjaub swung their thirty sweating miles a day —through seven hells of sunstroke, cholera, and smallpox — in order to break the iron stronghold of the Pandy mutineers at Delhi, or to avenge white women at bloody Nana-betrayed Cawnpore.

We examine shell relics and a Turkish revolver—spoils from off the battlefield—drink their healths, and say farewell.

From an adjacent courtyard comes the roll of drums, the explosion of fireworks, and a thin, high-pitched falsetto voice uplifted in unceasing and monotonous song. It is a Hindu nautch, and our relentless Indian companion — a Bengali civil official, whose presence by our side the whole evening we have hitherto been discourteous enough to ignore —insists that it is our duty to attend it. From an English point of view the Indian nautch is not beautiful. The

performers wriggle rather than dance, and the general impression is uncanny rather than lovely. As the dark ghostly figures shudder and ripple in muscular contortions, you recall De Quincey's opium-born dreams of eerie Hindus and Celestials, whose very children seemed to possess souls older than those of European greybeards. The "star" lady of the performance is gorgeously coiffured but extremely plain: her *tout ensemble* recalls the *chic* but ugly lady-in-waiting to the Empress Eugenie, who frankly described herself as a *Singe à la mode*.

In a corner of the courtyard some Brahmin priests are blessing the idols that are about to be carried shoulder-high in a religious procession. To the Hindu of this part of India the blessing of these idols has a sacramental significance. At one moment the lifeless dolls are things of common clay, but the priest of orthodoxy can breathe divinity into the creature by the repetition of half a dozen *mantras* and occult words of power. The last act of preparing the idols for public worship is the fitting into the sockets of their jewelled eyes. This can only be done by approaching the god from behind, else—as every Hindu child knows well—the judgment of heaven falls and blasts the irreverent. Finally, when the Divinity has been coaxed into material revelation, the tinsel-clad dolls are paraded through the streets and are devoutly worshipped by the crowd. Let, however, no aggressive Christian mock the heathen for their simple piety; for is it not written of comely, roguish, and flute-playing young Krishna—the most human of Hindu gods[1]—that "they who worship idols also worship me"?

The old gods of Hind are not over particular about nice points in dogmatic theology—devoutness *qua se*, however misdirected, being the first criterion of spiritual worth in India. For this reason Brahminism never quarrels with newer religions; it philosophically *absorbs* them. For all practical purposes it has already absorbed Indian Buddhism; it is attempting—not altogether unsuccessfully—to absorb Sikhism; and were the English missionary to leave the country, it would similarly absorb Indian Christianity.

Amid the—now—religiously inclined crowd are men with money-boxes collecting for the Mesopotamian wounded. An aged crone, leaning on a gnarled stick, inquires as to the meaning of these collecting-boxes, for she has already paid her seemly dues to the priests. It is explained to her that money is required for wounded Indian soldiers, but for whom this peaceful valley might be a crimson shambles

[1] In the Hindu Pantheon, Krishna—the cowherd's son—is, in one of his aspects, a subtle mixture of Cupid and Pan; a teasing young pastoral god who bewitches village maidens by the elusive wistfulness of his pagan music.

"And do they lack money in the war hospitals?" she cries tremulously; "are the sahibs then so poor?" "Aye, mother; otherwise, why do they bid us collect?" She fumbles desperately in her ragged old bosom, and produces a bent anna or penny piece. "I had been keeping it," she explains apologetically, "to buy my sick grandchild a fairing, but it is not right that strong men should die comfortless and alone without tobacco, sweetmeats, or opium."

Surely the widow at the Temple, who cast her last mite into the treasury, earned a smile of divine recognition no more dazzling than that which to-night must have been vouchsafed this poor old "heathen" beggar woman?

. . . . . .

The lights are now growing dim, because midnight is a late hour for a people ever astir long before dawn.

The unlovely voice of the prowling night-watchman mingles hideously with the dismal wail of the nocturnal jackal, and the malevolent brain-fever bird shrieks mocking defiance at the weary, who, tossing upon the hot roof-tops, fain would sleep.

The narrow streets are suddenly emptied of excited humanity, and the stink of stale incense, burned butter, and sacred cow-dung offends the nostrils of the Night.

India — the great demi-mondaine among countries — now yawns voluptuously, and, her painted face and garish tawdriness half-hidden by the merciful darkness, she looks immorally beautiful, as smiling inscrutably she falls asleep.

Our motor-car climbs laboriously up the firefly-speckled mountain pass, its acetylene lamps staring warily across abysmal precipices of vertical shadow. Before we reach our Japanese-contrived earthquake-proof cottage on the summit, a beautiful and fearless panther bounds silently across our path. His jade-jewelled eyes, milk-white fangs, and hot scarlet palate are all vividly lit up by our great dazzling head-lights: good luck and good hunting, little bronze brother — for you the rustling night has a thousand coquettish whispers; but for us duller-eared mortals "the fun of the fair" is over, and nothing now remains except heavy-lidded — and boring — sleep.

GOTT MIT UNS.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE CRITICAL DAYS OF MARCH 1918.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SIMON, M.P.

On the Wednesday in Holy Week my duty took me, morning and evening, along and across the valley of the Somme and through the city of Amiens. The Germans had swept past Bapaume and Péronne, and were as far forward as Albert and Bray, less than twenty miles from Amiens itself; but rumour was travelling faster than the enemy, and had already invaded in force the meaner quarters of the great town and the villages farther east, driving the poor before it. Bombs dropped the previous night in large numbers had convinced even the waverers that safety was best sought in the countryside to the west; and as the staff car approached the city from that side, it met an ever-increasing multitude of refugees trudging miserably along in little groups, with their backs turned on their homes.

The majority of the crowd were women — the younger amongst them wearing their best clothes as the easiest way of carrying them. Facing the morning breeze, and with the sun behind them, many had started confident and almost cheerful in spite of bundles or satchels crammed with so much of their possessions as they hoped to be able to transport. Most of them had overestimated their powers: some were already staggering under the load. Here was a solitary crone, grey-haired and limping, with battered and bulging portmanteau in one hand, and a reticule containing a pair of boots, a kettle, and a parcel from which a piece of dust-covered bread protruded, in the other. Here was a young widow, dressed in the ugly livery of her condition, pushing before her a perambulator in which her baby was almost smothered by utensils and knick-knacks snatched up from the dwelling where husband and wife and child had been happy together until the curse of War fell upon them. He lies in an unnamed grave before Verdun; she was walking aimlessly on; the child was beating a little drum.

Then the old men! These, too, for the most part, dressed in black and absurdly overburdened. A surprisingly large proportion of them had found a wheelbarrow on which to load their household goods. A mattress, a strip of carpet, an untidy bundle of clothes, pots

and pans tied together with string, and parcels innumerable, made up the usual luggage. Nearly every one seemed to have a dog, Very often a cow followed, tugged along by a rope round her horns. Every few minutes the man with the wheel-barrow stopped, sat to rest on one handle while his wife sat on the other, then readjusted the strap over his shoulders and started pushing again. One very old man I saw whose barrow, as he wheeled it, served as arm-chair for his invalid wife: she sat there comfortably enough, hands folded in her lap and feet dangling, looking up at him as he toiled along with the wistful, patient gaze of the infirm who must rely on another's strength and kindness. What was she thinking of, I wonder? How often had that old couple moved house together—how many years had she trusted him to lift her? And at last her musings had come to this—How could the vigorous husband of her youth, now that he was so enfeebled and broken, find the force to move them both? As his body swayed she caught a glimpse, behind his shoulder, of the frail spire of the cathedral crowning the black mass of its nave. What a little way they had come, and with how much exertion! But as they had nowhere to go, perhaps it did not matter much. There was desperation and gloom in his unshaven face, but the poor old wife kept gazing peaceably at him as they trundled slowly by.

At intervals a more substantial equipage came down the road—sometimes a huge farm-waggon drawn by three or four horses, with cattle following, and the whole contents of the house stacked within. The old grandmother and the children could be seen perched insecurely on top of the pile, the rest were walking. Sometimes it was an overloaded pony-chaise, or a baker's cart, or even a small motor-car. But as one looked down the slope of the road, it was obvious that these cases of comfortable travel were rare: the mass of the stream was made up of wretched poverty on foot, utterly hopeless and homeless.

Inside the town of Amiens every shop was shuttered. No trams were running; no cafés were open. It would have seemed a city of the dead were it not for some household still delayed in its departure, or some slinking, sinister figure waiting perhaps for nightfall to begin marauding. Every one, in and out of town, seemed intent on his own problem. No one was conversing.

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Returning in the late afternoon along the same road, I was struck by the difference which the lapse of a few hours had made in these pilgrims—any gaiety they ever had

amongst them had disappeared. The March wind had opposed them all day; it was turning colder, and after sundown there would be frost. Many had already realised that they could find no roof to shelter them that night, and in every hollow little parties were camping as best they could on the ground. Some were sitting at the roadside in the dull torpor of misery, staring at the load they now found too heavy to lift. Under a hedge a mother was baring her breast to give her infant its last meal. Two old women were frenziedly trying to repair a barrow that had pitched their odds and ends into the road. The singing of a drunken wanton frightened a boy of six, and he buried his face in his mother's dusty skirt till the woman slapped him and dragged him on. Some of the very people whom I had met in the morning I overtook at dusk—they seemed to have covered little ground. Others, doubtless, had reached their friends or found shelter.

There were British troops on the road—tramping back in twos and threes to rest-billets, and tired enough themselves. But all along the road, and every few yards along it, you saw a soldier wheeling some woman's barrow or perambulator, or carrying a child on his shoulder. Heavy motor-lorries, marked "W.D.," and each bearing the emblem of its unit, came rolling by, and out of the hood behind peered in the gathering darkness a cluster of tired faces, young and old. Farther on, a field-artillery column was moving slowly west. Whether army regulations permit old women to ride on limbered waggons I know not—but there they were.

"This is a bad business," said I to my driver.

"What if it were in our country, sir?" he replied.

We stopped our car now and again. "There are three places, Madame, or perhaps four if there are children." I had seen little sign of any group of these people helping another group, but when a middle-aged woman, who seemed to be leading another, was invited, she accepted for her sister who was blind, but said that if we would wait there was a blind man with two children not far behind, and she would continue to walk if we would take them too. So the two blind and the two children clambered in, and were left in the appointed meeting-place in the village five miles on. It then appeared that the two blind people did not know one another. A New Zealander came to the rescue, and promised to stand by them until their friends on foot arrived. So we left them surrounded by their bundles. "How long did it take, sir, this *course*?" asked the blind girl. "About ten minutes." She gave a little gasp of pleasure, and you could see that she felt she now had one experience of life that even her sister, who could see, might envy.

When the car turned at the bend of the road and mounted from the river-valley, the groups of refugees had all been left behind. Many, many were crouching in the undergrowth of the woods behind us, vainly trying to keep warm in spite of the bitter wind. The very young and the very old could hardly survive such a night; all alike were innocent of any part or lot in the crime from which they were suffering. The moon, shining full above the distant cathedral, can seldom have looked down on such an accumulation of misery.

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That night the Kaiser telegraphed to his Empress: "My troops continued their glorious advance, driving the enemy before them. God is with us."

THE WAR OFFICE IN WAR TIME.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR C. E. CALLWELL, K.C.B.

SOME day, no doubt, an illuminating record of what the War Office achieved in transforming this country into a great military Power under the inspired, if unorthodox, leadership of Lord Kitchener, will make its appearance. The time has not arrived for divulging many matters in connection with its methods and its procedure. But a few tales of the lighter kind, and some experiences undergone in early days by an official who spent four years within its precincts and under its shadow, may perhaps be told even now without impropriety.

Called up—most unexpectedly—to preside over a very large and not unimportant military department in Whitehall when the mobilisation summonses were issued, I found myself confronted at the very outset by an unexpected difficulty. Working on rollers on the walls of my spacious office there were huge maps of the prospective scenes of operations, and in particular there was one of vast dimensions portraying what even then was called the Western Front. The Headquarters Staff of the Expeditionary Force thought fit to spend their time in my apartment, clambering on and off a table facing this map, discussing strategical problems in penetrating whispers, and occasionally expressing an earnest hope that they were not a nuisance. They were an intolerable nuisance, but one had to lie. What else could one do? Moreover, as hour to hour passed, and His Majesty's Government could not make up its mind to give the word "Go" to the Expeditionary Force, the language of its Headquarters Staff became—well, the less that is said about that language the better. It was not easy to concentrate one's attention upon questions arising in the performance of novel duties in a time of emergency under such distracting conditions, and it was a genuine relief when the party took itself off to France.

My responsibilities turned out to be of a most varied nature, covering pretty well the whole field of endeavour, from drafting documents bearing upon operations-subjects for the information of the very elect, down to returning to him by King's Messenger the teeth which a well-known staff officer had inadvertently left behind him at his club when returning to the front from short leave. The Intelligence Department was under my control, and this caused me to be much sought after in the early days—to be almost snowed under indeed with applications and recommendations for the post of "Intelligence Officer." Qualifications for this particular class of employment turned out to be of a most varied kind. One

gentleman, who was declared to be a veritable jewel, was described as a pianist, fitted out with "technique almost equal to a professional." The leading characteristic of another candidate appeared to be his liability to fits. Algy, "a dear boy and *so* good-looking," had spent a couple of months in Paris after leaving Eton a year or two back. This sounds terribly like petticoat influence; but resisting petticoat influence is, I can assure you, child's play compared to resisting Parliamentary influence. For good, straightforward, unblushing, shan't-take-no-for-an-answer jobbery, give me the M.P. They are magnificent in their hardihood.

During the earlier months of the great conflict, duties were not carried out at the War Office exactly on the lines contemplated by the Esher Committee as mellowed by later experience, and it was somewhat disconcerting for the Director of Military Operations to learn quite by accident one day that a force was to be despatched to the Western Theatre of War, which was not to be under Sir J. French's orders—at least for the time being. What turned out to be a somewhat tragic episode was not without some little comic relief. There was consternation in Whitehall one evening just before the dinner hour, when tidings arrived that a couple of the transports conveying this force to its destination had passed the rendezvous where the convoy was mustering, and were at large, heading without escort or orders for a water-area known to be mined by both sides, and where enemy destroyers and similar pests were apt unexpectedly to make their appearance. Fortunately the panic was of short duration, because on returning to the office after dinner one learnt that the straying vessels had both fetched up on the Goodwins—luckily about low-water—and were under control again.

It was about that juncture that an eminent British statesman appeared like a bolt from the blue in a historic Continental city that was imperilled by the approach of the devastating Hun. There was encouragement in his gestures, victory in his pose, fire in his eye. "Que veut donc dire cette uniforme qu'il porte, monsieur le ministre?" inquired an inexpressibly interested citizen of a British staff officer, who enjoyed the good fortune to be present on this great occasion. "C'est, vous savez," rejoined the staff officer, puffed up with patriotic pride at the spectacle and knowing the language, "le frère ainé de la Trinité." "Mais quelle position extraordinaire," murmured the citizen, more impressed than ever.

I was occasionally called upon to attend meetings of the War Council after the first two or three months, and fairly often when the Cabinet grew in numbers up to twenty-three, and when the War Council expanded, more or less *pari passu*, into the "Dardanelles Committee." Pretty well the whole lot of them belonged

to that. The impression carried away from meetings of this body was one of a great number of exceedingly intelligent civilians, who discussed at inordinate length matters that they did not understand, and who arrived at the wrong, or else at no, conclusion. There was a shocking scene occasionally when Mr Lloyd George was attacked by one of those paroxysms of strategical percipience to which the Right Honourable Gentleman was a martyr, and which are understood not to have yielded to treatment even to this day. Mr Churchill also was as busy as a bee about that time, evolving a series of most masterly memoranda, each advocating an entirely new war policy, or urging the claims to attention of some theatre of suggested operations to which nobody previously had turned his mind. These effusions were invariably couched in terse, vigorous, convincing language, that studiously avoided reference to resources, and means, and time, and distance, and climate, and communications, and tonnage, and landing-places, and those other multifarious factors which the sailor and the soldier—who in due course will have to stage the command performance—regard as of such cardinal importance, after their hidebound unimaginative fashion. Printed on the grey-green paper affected by the Foreign Office when it sends secret documents to press, the distribution of these documents to certain fortunate persons was of almost daily occurrence. It was, as Mr Asquith plaintively observed, "like a hen laying eggs."

An excellent innovation at the War Office synchronising with mobilisation was the introduction of a large number of boy scouts within its portals. They proved most reliable and useful, and did the utmost credit to the fine institution for which we have to thank Sir Robert Baden-Powell. A day or two after joining I wanted to make the acquaintance of a colonel, who I found was under me in charge of a branch—a new hand like myself, but whose apartment nobody in the place could indicate. A War Office messenger despatched to find him came back empty-handed. Another War Office messenger sent on the same errand on the morrow proved no more successful. On the third day I summoned a boy scout into my presence—a very small one—and commanded him to find that colonel and not to come back without him. In about ten minutes' time the door of my room was flung open, and in walked the scout, followed by one of the biggest sort of colonels. "I did not know what I had done or where I was being taken," remarked the colonel, "but the boy made it quite clear that he wasn't going to have any nonsense; so I thought best to come quietly."

The plan that the lads adopted for making things uncomfortable for troublesome people paid eloquent testimony to that fertility of resource which it is one of the objects of the scout movement to de-

velop in its members. One of the greatest worries to which War Office officials have been exposed during these anxious times has been a bent on the part of individuals, whom they have not the slightest wish to see, for demanding — and obtaining — interviews. The scouts tumbled to this (if one may use so vulgar an expression) almost from the first day, and they acted with rare judgment and determination. They chose *Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate* for their motto, and adopted the method of herding the intruders into an unattractive apartment on the ground floor, as tube attendants herd subterranean travellers into the lifts, and of keeping the intruders there until they verged on a condition of mutiny. They then enlarged them in big parties, each of which was taken charge of by a scout, who led his charges round and round and in and out along the corridors, and up and down between floors, carefully avoiding the elevators, until the victims were in a state of physical and mental collapse. If one of the party quitted the ranks while on the trek, to read the name marked up on some door that he was passing, the scout called a halt and withered the culprit with a scowl,—it would never have done to permit that sort of thing, because the visitor might conceivably have noticed the name of the very official whom he had come to see. Anybody who came again after undergoing this experience once, probably had just cause for demanding an interview; but one bout of it satisfied most people. It may be suggested that the scouts were acting under instructions from Sir Reginald Brade, Secretary and Grand Master of the Ceremonies, in this matter; but, if asked, he will own up and admit that in the pressure of his duties he overlooked the point, and that the entire credit belongs to the boys.

Still, perambulation of those furlongs of corridor in the big building in Whitehall might have offered points of interest to a visitor not too exhausted to take notice. By one window was usually to be seen a posse of parsons, of furtive aspect, each nervously twiddling a lissom hat, a love-your-neighbour-as-yourself look frozen on their countenances, and not quite conveying for the time being an impression of the church militant: they were candidates for the post of army chaplain, about to be inspected by the genial prelate who presides over the department responsible for the spiritual welfare of the troops. A day or two later might be seen in the same place some of these very candidates, decked out in khaki raiment, hung about with contrivances into which combatant comrades introduce implements for slaying their fellow-men, erect, martial, terrifying, the very embodiment of the church triumphant, having been accepted for the job and awaiting orders—and no men have done finer service in the Great Adventure. At another point one encountered a very well-known cricketer, who was

doling out commissions. How he did it one had no time to ask; but one suspected that, if one of the young gentlemen whom he took in hand had been in a school eleven or even house eleven (or said he had), crooked ways somehow became straight. Just outside my own door an attractive-looking civilian had devised a sort of wigwam within which he took cover—one of those arrangements with screens which second lieutenants prepare when there is a regimental dance, and which they designate, until called to order, as "hugging booths." There he was to be seen at any hour of the day in close communion with a charming lady, heads close together, murmuring confidences, an idyll in a vestibule—or rather a succession of idylls, because there was a succession of ladies, all of them different except in that all of them were charming. After two or three months he disappeared, and only then did it occur to me to ask what these intimate transactions were on which he had been engaged. It transpired that he was acting vicariously on my behalf, that he was selecting a staff for censorship duties, or some such dull occupation, in my place. If good looks were a qualification for such employment, that civilian must have been troubled with an *embarras de richesses.*

Amongst the many privileges and responsibilities which my position in the early months of the war thrust upon me was that of finding myself in more or less official relations with the Eminent K.C. and with the Self-Appointed Spy-Catcher. One may have had the good fortune in pre-war times to meet the former, when disguised as a mere human being—on the links, say, or at the dinner table. The latter one came into contact with for the first time. At a later stage of the proceedings I saw something of another interesting type—the "Man of Business" when pitchforked into a Department of State.

The average soldier seldom finds himself associated with the Eminent K.C. on parade, so to speak, in the piping times of peace. When performing, and on the war-path as you might say, this successful limb of the law is a portentous personage. Persuasive, masterful, clean-shaven, he fixes you with his eye as the boa-constrictor fascinates the rabbit. Pontifically, compassionately, almost affectionately indeed, he makes it plain to you what an ass you in reality are, and he looks so wise the while that you are hardly able to bear it. He handles his arguments with such petrifying precision, he marshals his facts so mercilessly, he becomes so elusive when you approach the real point, and he grows so bewildering if he detects the slightest symptoms of your having discovered what he is driving at, that he will transform an elementary military question, which you in your folly have presumed to think that you understood, into a problem which a very Moltke would ignominiously fail to elucidate. Contact with the Eminent K.C. under such con-

ditions makes you realise to the full what an inestimable boon lawyers confer upon their fellow-citizens when they sink all personal ambition and flock into the House of Commons for their country's good. The Eminent K.C. is, by the way, reputed to be a somewhat expensive luxury when you avail yourself of his services in your civil capacity, but he must be well worth it. A man who can be so mystifying when he proposes to be lucid must prove a priceless asset to his client when he undertakes the task of bamboozling a dozen unhappy countrymen penned in a box. It is hard to picture to yourself this impressive figure giggling sycophantically at the pleasantries of a humorous judge. But he must have conformed to convention in this matter in the past, for how otherwise could he now be an Eminent K.C.?

During many months of acute national emergency, while the war was settling into its groove, there was no more zealous, no more persevering and no more ineffectual subject of the King than the Self-Appointed Spy-Catcher. You never know what ferocity means until you have been approached by a titled lady who has persuaded herself that she is on the track of a German spy. We Britons are given to boasting of our grit in adversity, and of our inability to realise when we are beaten. In no class of the community were these national traits more conspicuous in the early days of the war than in the ranks of the amateur spy-catching fraternity and sisterhood—for the amateur spy-catcher never caught a spy. Only after months of disappointment and failure did these self-appointed protectors of their country begin to abandon a task which they had taken up with enthusiastic fervour, and which they had prosecuted with unfaltering resolution. Although it was at the hands of the despised professional that enemy agents were again and again brought to face the firing party in the Tower ditch, the amateurs entertained, and perhaps still entertain, a profound contempt for the official method. One fair member of the body, indeed, so far forgot herself as to write in a fit of exasperation to say that we must—the whole boiling of us—be in league with the enemy, and that we ought to be "intered." They were in their element when, after the fall of Maubeuge, it transpired that the Germans had gun-platforms in certain factories, situated within range of the forts, that they had established ready prepared for action should they be required. Anybody with an asphalt lawn-tennis court then became suspect. A very bad case was reported from the Chilterns, just the very sort of locality where Boches contemplating invasion of the United Kingdom would naturally propose to set up guns of big calibre. A building with a concrete base—many buildings do have concrete bases nowadays—near Hampstead was the cause of much excitement. When the unemotional official, sent to

inspect the place, suggested that the extremely solid structure overhead would be rather in the way if one proposed to emplace a gun or guns on the concrete base, it was urged that there was a flat roof, and that ordnance mounted on it would dominate the Metropolis. There was a flat roof, but it turned out to be of glass.

The Man of Business' procedure, when he is placed at the head of a Government department, or of some branch of a Government department, in time of war is well known. He makes himself master of some gigantic building or some set of buildings. He then sets to work to people the premises with creatures of his own. He then, with the assistance of the superior grades amongst the creatures, becomes wrapped up in devising employment for the multitudinous personnel that has been got together. He then finds that he has not got sufficient accommodation to house his legions—and so it goes on. He talks in moments of relaxation of "introducing business methods into Whitehall." But that is absurd. You could not introduce business methods into Whitehall, because there is not room enough; you would have to commandeer the whole of the West End, and then you would be cramped. While the big men at the top are wrestling with housing problems, the staff are engaged in writing minutes to each other—a process which, when indulged in in out-of-date institutions of the War Office, Admiralty, Colonial Office type, is called "red tape," but which, when put in force in a department watched over by Men of Business, is called "push and go." Engulfed in one of these mushroom departments in later stages of the war, I could not but be impressed by what I saw. The women were splendid: the way in which they kept the lifts in exercise, each lady spending her time going up and down, burdened with a tea-cup or a towel, and sometimes with both, was beyond all praise.

The successful Man of Business has owed his triumphs to aptitude in capturing the business of other people. Therefore when he blossoms out as a Government official in charge of a department, he devotes his energies to trying to absorb rival departments. It was a case of fat kine endeavouring to swallow lean kine, but finding at times that the lean kine were not so badly nourished after all—and took a deal of swallowing. And yet successful Men of Business, when introduced into Government departments, do have their points. One wonders how much the income-tax payer would be saved during the next decade or two, had some great knight of industry been placed in charge of the Ministry of Munitions as soon as Mr Lloyd George had, with his defiance of Treasury convention, with his wealth of imagination, and with his irrepressible and buoyant courage, set the thing properly on its legs. Unsuccessful Men of Business, when introduced into Government departments have their points too,—bad points mostly.

My staff was from the outset numerically a fairly substantial one, and it was composed partly of officers and others brought in on mobilisation to fill the places of picked men who had been spirited away into the Expeditionary Force, and partly of individuals acquired later, as other regular occupants were received up into the framework of the growing military forces of the country. New blood was thus introduced into the War Office under the shadow of my wing. Its methods might be a little unorthodox at times, but it generally managed to accomplish what it undertook.

Take "X," for instance, who had been retrieved from the Reserve of Officers and business pursuits, but who retained the instincts of the soldier—a man with all his wits about him, but who sometimes positively frightened one by his unconventional procedure. One hardly likes to say such a thing of a man behind his back, but I really should not have been surprised to hear that he had put one of those bulky War Office files that the messengers carry about into the fire, because he was unable to agree with views that he found expressed in it by other branches. He made up his mind in a moment, which was irregular; and he generally made it up right, which was unprecedented. His duties were of a particularly varied kind; but the one which he carried out with the greatest distinction was that of procuring interpreters. Experts in many outlandish tongues had to be found from the start, and "X" always managed to produce the article required at the shortest notice. As a matter of fact he had laid hands upon a tame professor, whom he kept immured in a fastness somewhere in the attics, and who was always prepared to vouch for the proficiency of anybody in any language when called upon.

The first Divisions of the "Old Contemptibles" to proceed to the Continent were fitted out with interpreters by the French. But for some reason or other a Division going to the front some weeks later had not been prepared for, and so we suddenly found that we had to furnish it with its linguists at this end. Confronted unexpectedly with this problem, "X" demanded, "How many do you want, sir?" I intimated that the authorised establishment was about seventy, but that if we could produce fifty under the circumstances we should have done very well. "I'll have them ready early to-morrow, sir," he remarked, as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world, and he did. For next morning the passages in the immediate vicinity of the room that he graced with his presence were congested with swarms of individuals, arrayed in the newest of new uniforms and resplendent in the lightest of light-brown belts and gaiters, who were hustled off unceremoniously to regiments and batteries and staffs on the eve of departure for the seat of war. It is quite true that some generals and colonels in this Division wrote from France to complain that

their interpreters did not know French, or if they did know French they did not know English. But nobody takes that sort of thing seriously. In a grumbling match the British officer can keep his end up against the British soldier any day.

Then there was "Y," a picturesque and compelling figure, with nothing really serious against him except that he was a candidate for parliamentary honours. Starting in a comparatively humble position, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water as it were, "Y," by sheer force of character, by originality of conception, and by virtue of inborn acquisitiveness, had, before the war was nine months old, accomplished a species of rake's progress, had extorted gratifying concessions from an unsympathetic bureaucracy in respect to his own rank and emoluments, and had built up round himself a mammoth department. Still, the department merely represented the plant; "Y" constituted the flower. Well might he have said with Napoleon: "I was destined to rise, nothing could have kept me back." He had a way with him when he approached the financial authorities which those parsimonious officials found irresistible, and which proved a trump card on the frequent occasions when it occurred to him to expand his entourage.

Although he was a soldier, he developed some of the propensities of the Man of Business. If he heard of a new set of offices approaching completion in the vicinity of Whitehall, and furnished with the fittings demanded by a progressive civilisation, he commandeered them on the spot and devised a new section to house in them. Some amongst the myriad admirers of Mr Lloyd George have, by the way, claimed for our present Prime Minister the credit of inventing this system. But they are under a misapprehension. Their idol in reality merely perfected methods of which "Y" was father and first exponent. "Y" no doubt was satisfied with comparatively small things, with edifices of perhaps twenty apartments or so, while Mr Lloyd George would snap up the Metropole (and forget to pay for it). Still "Y" was the inventor of the plan, even if Mr Lloyd George showed how the invention could be put to more comprehensive use, and if the Man of Business in due course consummated the design.

For his own accommodation and that of his inner cabinet, "Y" had secured the great Committee Rooms — noble apartments, panelled in oak, and held to be so sacred that the Secretary peremptorily refused to permit their transformation during the night-watches into a dormitory for the orderly officers. There "Y" dwelt in state for many months, seated in a great leathern chair of the dimensions of a throne, dignified and courtly in his dealings with equals, kindly and condescending in his manner towards inferiors. The worst of it was that when Sir W. Robertson came over from the Front to assume supreme control of the

military side of the War Office, he bundled "Y" and his flock unceremoniously out of these palatial apartments and laid hands on them himself. It was a deplorable act of vandalism.

Less stricken in years than "Y," a subaltern at the start in fact, fitted out with all the virtues of the typical subaltern, but furnished in addition with certain virtues that the typical subaltern does not necessarily possess, "Z" was certainly not the least interesting and attractive personality adorning the War Office staff. It could not be said of him that

> "deep on his brow engraven
> Deliberation sat and sovereign care,"

but he treated Cabinet Ministers with an engaging blend of firmness and familiarity, and he could, when occasion called for it, keep Royalty in its place.

Once, when he thought fit to pay a visit on duty to Paris and the Front, he took me with him, explaining that unless he had a general officer in his train there might be difficulties as to his being accompanied by his soldier servant. Generals and colonels and people of that kind doing duty at the War Office did not then have soldier servants—but "Z" did. It is, however, bare justice to him to acknowledge that, after I had served his purpose, and when he came to send me back to England from Boulogne before he resumed his inspection of troops and trenches, he was grandmotherly in his solicitude that I should meet with no misadventure. "Have you got your yellow form all right, sir? You'd better look. No, no; that's not it, that's another thing altogether. Surely you haven't lost it already! Ah, that's it. Now, do put it in your right-hand breast-pocket, where you won't get it messed up with your pocket-handkerchief, sir, and remember where it is,"—it reminded one of being sent off as a small boy to school.

It was his practice to make a round of the different Public Departments of a forenoon, and to draw the attention of those concerned in each of them to any matters that appeared to him to call for comment. The Admiralty and the Foreign Office naturally engaged his attention more than others, but he was a familiar figure in them all. His activities were so varied indeed that they almost might have been summed up as universal, which being the case, it is not perhaps altogether to be wondered at that he did occasionally make a mistake. For instance—

He burst tumultuously into my room one morning flourishing a paper. "Have you seen this, sir?" As a matter of fact, I had seen it; but, as the document had conveyed no meaning to my mind, dissembled. Its purport was that 580 tons of a substance of which I had never heard before, and of which I have forgotten the name, had been landed somewhere or other in Scandinavia. "But do you know what it is, sir? It's the most appalling poison! It's the concoction that the South Sea Islanders smear their bows and arrows with—cyanide and prussic acid are soothing-syrup

compared to it. Of course, it's for those filthy Boches. 580 tons of it! There won't be a bullet, or a Zeppelin, or a shell, or a bayonet, or a dart that won't be reeking with the stuff." I was aghast. "Shall I go and see the Director-General, A.M.S., about it, sir?"

"Yes, do, by all means. The very thing."

He came back presently. "I've seen the D.-G., sir, and he's frightfully excited. He's got hold of all his deputies and hangers-on, and the whole gang of them are talking as if they were wound up. One of them says he thinks he has heard of an antidote, but of course he knows nothing whatever about it really, and is only talking through his hat. I tell you what, sir—we ought to lend them a hand in this business. I know Professor Stingo; he's miles and away the biggest man on smells and that sort of thing in London, if not in Europe. So, if you'll let me, I'll charter a taxi and be off and hunt him up, and get him to work. If the thing can be done, sir, he's the lad for the job. May I go, sir?"

"Very well, do as you propose, and let me know the result."

He turned up again in the afternoon. "I've seen old man Stingo, sir, and he's for it all right. He's going to collect a lot more sportsmen of the same kidney, and they're going to have the time of their lives, and to make a regular night of it. You see, sir, I pointed out to him that this was a matter of the utmost urgency—not merely a question of finding an antidote, but also of distributing it methodically and broadcast. After it's been invented, or made, or procured, or whatever's got to be done, some comedian in the Quartermaster-General's show will insist on the result being packed up in receptacles warranted rot-proof against everything that the mind of man can conceive till the Day of Judgment—you know the absurd way those sort of people go on, sir—and all that will take ages, æons." He really thought of everything. "And there'll have to be books of instructions, and classes, and the Lord knows what besides! After that the stuff'll have to be carted off to France and the Dardanelles, and maybe to Archangel and Mesopotamia; so Stingo and Co. are going to be up all night, and mean to arrive at some result or to perish in the attempt. And now, sir, what have you done about it at the Foreign Office?"

This was disconcerting, seeing that I had done nothing.

"Oh, but, sir," sounding that note of submissive expostulation which the tactful staff officer contrives to introduce when he feels himself obliged reluctantly to express disapproval of superior military authority, "oughtn't we to do something? How would it be if I were to go down and see Grey, or one of them, and to talk to him like a father?"

"Well, perhaps it might be advisable to make a guarded suggestion to them on the subject. Give my compliments to ——" But he was gone.

He returned in about half an hour. "I've been down to the Foreign Office, sir, and as you might have expected, they

haven't done a blooming thing. What those 'dips' think they're paid for always beats me! However, I've got them to promise to cable out to their ambassadors and consuls and bottle-washers in Scandinavia to keep their wits about them. I offered to draft the wires for them; but they seemed to think that they could do it themselves, and I dare say they'll manage all right now that I've told them exactly what they are to say. I really do not know that we can do anything more about it this evening," he added doubtfully, and with a worried, far-away look on his face. Good heavens, he was never going to think of something else! He took himself off, however, still evidently dissatisfied and communing with himself.

Next forenoon he came into my room in a hurry. "I've been hearing about the caterpillars, sir," he exclaimed joyously.

"The caterpillars?"

"Oh, not crawly things like one finds in one's salad, sir. The ones the Admiralty are making[1]—armoured, motor contrivances, with great big feet that will go across country, and jump canals, and go bang through Boche trenches and barbed wire as if they weren't there. They'll be perfectly splendid—full of platoons and bombs and machine-guns, and all the rest of it. I *will* say this for Winston and those mariners across Whitehall—when they get an idea, they carry it out and do not bother whether the thing'll be any use or can be made at all—care no more for the Treasury than if it was so much dirt, and quite right too! Just what it is. But when they've got their caterpillars made, they won't know what to do with them, any more than the Babes in the Wood. Then we'll collar them, but in the meantime I might be able to give them some hints, so, if you'll let me, I'll go across and——"

"Yes, yes; but just one moment. How about the poison?"

"The poison, sir? What poi—oh, that stuff. Didn't I tell you, sir? It isn't poison at all. You see, sir, it's this way. There are two forms of it. There's the white form, and that *is* poison, shocking poison; it's what the Fijians use when they want to pacify a busybody like Captain Cook who comes butting in where he isn't wanted. As a matter of fact there's uncommon little of it—they don't get a hundredweight in a generation. Then there's the red form, and that's what Johnnies have been dumping down 580 tons of at Whatsits-name. It's quite innocuous, and is used for commercial purposes—tanning leather, or making spills, or something of that kind. Now may I go to the Ad——"

"But have you told all this to the Director-General?"

"Oh yes, sir. I told him first thing this morning."

"Did he pass no remarks as to your having started him off after this absurd hare of yours?"

[1] The first I heard of the "Tanks," which made so successful a debut near the Somme a year and a half later.

"Well, you see, sir, he's an uncommonly busy man, and I didn't feel justified in wasting his time. So, after relieving his mind, I cleared out at once."

"And your professors?"

"Oh, those professor-men—it would never do to tell them, sir. They'd be perfectly miserable if they were deprived of the excitement of muddling about with their crucibles and blow-pipes, and retorts and things. It would be cruelty to animals to enlighten them—it would indeed, sir; and I know that you would not wish me to do anything to discourage scientific investigation. Now, sir, may I go over to the Admiralty?" And off he went. A treasure: unconventional, resourceful, and determined. The man to get a thing done that one wanted done—even if he did at times get a thing done that one didn't particularly want done—and in some respects quite the best intelligence officer I have come across in a fairly wide experience.

It has been as well that life in the War Office during the Great War—and especially was it well during those early anxious days of 1914 and 1915—has had its lighter side. The astonishing cheeriness of the British soldier even under the most trying circumstances has become proverbial; but his officer shares this priceless characteristic with him, and displays it even amid the deadening surroundings of the big building in Whitehall. But the best laugh that we enjoyed during that strenuous period was on the morning when news came that Anzac and Suvla had been evacuated at the cost of only some half-dozen casualties and of the abandonment of a very few worn-out guns. Then it was that an official who was very much behind the scenes extracted a document on the familiar grey-green paper from his safe and read it out with appropriate "business" to a joyous party.

This State paper, a model of incisive diction and of moving prose, conceived in the best Oxford manner, drew a terrible picture of what might occur in withdrawing troops from a foreshore in presence of a ferocious foe. Its polished periods portrayed a scene of horror and despair, of a bullet-swept beach, of drowning soldiers and of shattered boats. It quoted the case of some similar military operation, where warriors who had gained a footing on a hostile coast-line had been obliged to remove themselves in haste and had had the very father and mother of a time during the process—it was Marathon or Syracuse, or some such contemporary martial event, if I remember aright. This masterly production, there is reason to believe, had not been without its influence when the question of abandoning the Gallipoli Peninsula was under consideration of those responsible. I had enjoyed a somewhat singular experience in connection with those discussions myself. But that story must wait for a time when more serious matters can be passed in review.

IRELAND.

A LARGE number of people in England are demanding that the recommendations of the Convention should be put in force immediately. It is not unnatural that a man who has not made any special study of the subject should say, "Parliament has decided to give self-government to Ireland. A Convention of Irishmen of all parties has met, and has decided by a large majority the precise form which they wish that self-government to take. Then let us at once carry out their wishes, and so settle for ever the Irish question, which has been the worry of England for centuries. The objection made by a handful of recalcitrants cannot be allowed to thwart the wishes of the nation." But it may be doubted whether those who take this line have ever examined what the circumstances were in which the Convention came to its conclusion; what its recommendations are, or what would be the probable result of enforcing them.

In August 1914, when Mr Asquith broke his pledge and advised the King to sign the Home Rule Act, he gave a solemn undertaking, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, that they never would do anything in the way of coercing Ulster, and that the Act would never be put in force until an Amending Act had been passed. In May 1916 he decided that, in consequence of the Rebellion, Home Rule should be introduced without further delay. He offered to do so, excluding six counties. That offer the Nationalists rejected. He then proposed to summon a Convention, composed of all parties, in the hope that they might come to some agreement. The Ulstermen only consented to take part in the Convention on the express condition that its recommendations should not be enforced unless they had been arrived at not merely by a majority of the Convention, but by all the parties represented at it. This was only natural on their part; for to say otherwise would have been tantamount to an admission not merely that they waived their objections to the existing Act and the promise of an Amending Bill, but that they agreed to accept any extensions of the existing Act which the Nationalist majority at the Convention might see fit to recommend.

Four parties were represented at the Convention—the Ulstermen, the Southern Unionists, the Nationalists, and the Labour Party.

On the 25th February 1918, Mr Lloyd George wrote to Sir H. Plunkett—

"It is of the highest importance, both for the present

situation and for future good relations in and with Ireland, that the settlement should come from an Irish Assembly and *from mutual agreement among all parties.* To secure this, there must be *concessions on all sides.* . . . It is clear to the Government that . . . the only hope of agreement lies in a solution which on the one hand provides for the unity of Ireland under a single Legislature with adequate safeguards for the interests of Ulster and the Southern Unionists, and, on the other hand, preserves the wellbeing of the Empire and *the fundamental unity of the United Kingdom.*"

Sir H. Plunkett's idea of concessions on all sides was that, inasmuch as the Nationalists had increased their demands since 1916, the Ulstermen should give up their claims altogether. The Ulstermen found, soon after the Convention commenced its sittings, that the Nationalists recognised no responsibility for any portion of the pre-war National Debt or for the present war expenditure, and did not admit that under Home Rule the Imperial Parliament should have any power of levying taxes in Ireland for any purpose whatever. As the Nationalist members expressed it, "We regard Ireland as a nation, an economic unity. Self-government does not exist where those nominally entrusted with affairs of government have not control of fiscal and economic policy." They found also that the Nationalists demanded that compulsory service should not be imposed on Ireland unless with the consent of the Irish Parliament. The discussions showed that the aim of the Nationalists was to establish a Parliament practically free from effective control by the Imperial Parliament. Believing that these demands would create turmoil at home and weakness abroad, they refused to sign the Report.

The line taken by the Southern Unionists was peculiar. They took part in the deliberations and signed the Report; but they added a note recording their unaltered conviction that the Legislative Union provides the best system of government for Ireland, and stating that they regard it as a vital point that an adequate contribution should be made by Ireland to Imperial services. This action on their part was unfortunate. It has led careless people, who read the Report but do not take the trouble to study the notes, to imagine that the Southern Unionists are now reconciled to Home Rule. Recent events have shown that that is certainly not the case. More than that, it has enabled dishonest people, trusting to this carelessness, to represent that a larger measure of agreement has been reached upon the principle and details of Irish self-government than has ever yet been attained. People who retain an unaltered conviction that

the Legislative Union provides the best system of government for Ireland, cannot fairly be said to have agreed to the principle of Home Rule.

The Sinn Feiners were asked to take part in the Convention, but declined. It cannot be said that the position they adopted was illogical. Mr Asquith stated emphatically in his speech in Dublin that Ireland is a nation—not two nations, but one. A public man, making a carefully-prepared speech on an important occasion, must be taken to have used words in the sense which his audience would understand them; and this was practically an admission that Ireland occupies the same position as that which the Southern States of America claimed to occupy in 1861. If Ireland is really a nation, it is not unfair to demand that a plebiscitum should be held asking the people what form of government they desire, and that their decision should be acted on — whether they desire a Monarchy or a Republic, and whether they wish to be united to another nation or not. This is what the Sinn Feiners demanded; and they refused to take part in the Convention on any other terms.

It is an arguable point whether Sinn Fein should be regarded as a separate party or merely a section of the Nationalists, now temporarily separated, as the Parnellites and anti-Parnellites once were. But for the present purpose the point is immaterial. Taking one view, the largest political party in Ireland were not at the Convention at all; taking the other, the Nationalists who were there only represented a section of the party, and there is no reason to believe that the larger section would have agreed to the recommendations contained in the Report.

The Labour party does not hold the same independent position in Ireland that it does in Australia or elsewhere. The great strike of some years ago showed that a large part of it in Dublin is as much under clerical influence as any other section of the Nationalists; the Citizen Army has practically united with the Republican Army; and some of the Labour party at Belfast are quite as ardent Unionists as Sir E. Carson himself.

So, then, Sir H. Plunkett's much-vaunted measure of agreement only amounts to an agreement between two or three sections of the Nationalist party after all.

But if the recommendations of the Convention are thus deprived of much of their moral weight, they are very valuable as showing what the smallest measure of Home Rule is that will satisfy what is called the moderate section of the Nationalist party. As Mr Devlin said, when speaking at Belfast on October 13, 1918: "The demand we make is clear and unequivocal. It is for an Irish Parliament for the whole of Ireland, with full control over all purely Irish affairs, and with full fiscal, legislative, and executive power. The Home

Rule Act of 1914 makes provision for extended fiscal authority for Ireland under certain conditions which have since arisen, and the time has therefore come for Ireland to demand full control of the imposition, collection, and disposal of Irish taxation. With less than this she will not be satisfied."

The Report was presented in a peculiar form. It was prepared in such a hurry that there was not time to draw up a document of the usual type, containing an introduction, a statement of facts and arguments, and winding up with a series of formal Resolutions. In order to understand what conclusions the Convention really did come to it is necessary, therefore, not merely to read the Report itself and the disingenuous letter which Sir Horace Plunkett forwarded with it, but to study the whole volume, including the Reports of Committees and Sub-Committees which were subsequently ratified by the majority of the Convention. An instance showing how easily a careless reader may be misled is supplied by Lord Brassey's letter to 'The Times.' He says that the Report shows that the Convention decided that the supreme power and authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons and things in Ireland, and therefore argues that conscription is a matter belonging to that Parliament and not the Dublin one. Had he studied the volume carefully he would have found that the Dublin Parliament is to be nominally subordinate but really supreme, as the incident about conscription shows; for the Convention had accepted the view that it was a direct consequence of the creation of an Irish Parliament that any measure of this character must be submitted to the Irish Parliament before it could be enforced in Ireland.

That Ireland should not pay anything towards the existing National Debt was taken for granted by the Convention. It was also specially stated in the Note added by the majority of the Nationalists.

The Convention expressed a pious opinion that in future Ireland should pay a contribution towards Imperial services. But no sum was fixed; it was to be left to the Irish Parliament to say what they would like to pay. A minority of the Nationalists suggested as a concession to Ulster that a sum should be fixed, but the suggestion was not adopted. It may be mentioned that the only sums proposed were very small. And the term "Imperial expenditure" is to include money given for financing the Irish Congested District Board, and the expense of the Irish local Territorial Force. Hence it may be safely said that not one penny will ever leave Ireland for Imperial services; the total cost of the Army (including those regiments which are still to bear Irish names), the Navy, and the Consular services must be borne by Great Britain.

On the other hand, Great Britain is at once to pay £1,330,000 towards completing pending cases of land purchase, and about £13,500,000 for building houses in Ireland. (It is true that the Report adopted by the Committee speaks of the "Central Government"; but as the paragraph is headed "Degree of Assistance proposed for Ireland," those words must refer not to the Dublin but the London Government.)

Some of the Nationalist members have dwelt on the fact that the terms of reference given to the Convention contained the single limitation that the Constitution must be within the Empire, and have accordingly assumed that it is to be like those of the self-governing Dominions. That is the basis on which the Report is founded. It is obvious that in that case Ireland, even if it remains part of the Empire, will cease to be a part of the United Kingdom. Sir H. Plunkett has recently said in his letters to the papers of last July, that Mr Lloyd George in his letter of the 25th February accepted generally the agreement already reached by the majority of the Convention. But as Mr Lloyd George in that letter said that the Irish Legislature must preserve the wellbeing of the Empire *and the fundamental unity of the United Kingdom*, it can hardly be supposed that he realised what the Agreement reached by the Convention involved. As a matter of fact, he did not receive the Report until months after he had written that letter.

But even if the people of Great Britain are quite prepared to bear the whole burden of the National Debt (including the cost of the war) and of the future maintenance of the Army and Navy, the question still remains, Do they realise what enforcing the recommendations of the Convention will entail?

In the first place, there is the Ulster difficulty. That Ulster will not voluntarily come under the Nationalist Government is certain. Sir H. Plunkett, in his letters already quoted, assumes that if Home Rule is brought into force during the war, Ulster will submit tamely, rather than act in a manner disloyal to the Empire and the troops at the Front. The fact that Ulster went on sending recruits, although Mr Asquith broke his pledge in August 1914, would at first sight appear to be an argument in favour of this. But the two cases are not parallel. The Ulstermen fully realise that the overwhelming majority of the Dublin Parliament will be Republican, and that the step towards complete independence will be short and swift. What loyalty do they owe to an Empire from which they have been cast out? If they cannot remain a part of the Empire, they would rather form a Republic of their own, which would be ruled more in accordance with modern ideas than the Dublin Republic ever will be. It may be mentioned in passing that the guarantees

offered by the Convention are illusory. If (as is no doubt will be the case) there is a solid Republican majority in the Dublin Parliament, what does it matter whether that majority is twenty or forty? Probably, one of the first things the Parliament will do will be to pass an Act forbidding any one to teach except in the Irish language. In that way it can shut up the Belfast University and all the schools in Ulster.

But Ulster may be coerced. It is true that doing so would involve breaking a solemn pledge; but the Government have already done that twice, so there is no improbability of their doing it again. The Nationalists are anxious that they should; Mr Stephen Gwynn has used his position in connection with the present recruiting movement as an opportunity for going about the country saying in his speeches that if Ulster will not come in voluntarily Ulster must be coerced. A Nationalist writer in the 'Contemporary Review' has argued that as Ulster consented in 1916 to give up two counties, its claims as to the remaining six should be disregarded. In one sense it would be easy enough, as so many of Ulster's stalwart sons have fallen, fighting for the Empire. The only difficulty will be, Who will do it? The attempt to force the British Army and Navy to do so in 1914 did not lead to very happy results; and the soldiers and sailors are not likely to be more willing now, since they have been insulted and stoned in the streets by the Nationalists throughout the war. To be sure, there is the Republican Army, which is said to number 200,000; but their quality has not been tested; and it would seem rather ridiculous for the Government to release the leaders from prison to enable them to make war on Ulster.

But supposing that difficulty to be got over, will the people of England regard with satisfaction the prospect of a Parliament meeting in Dublin, the large majority of which will undoubtedly be Republican, and which will probably commence its labours by passing a Resolution in favour of separation?

It seems to be the dream of some people in England that if the Ulstermen are forced under the Dublin Parliament, they will form a pro-English party in it which will be a check to Republicanism. There is not a chance of anything of the kind taking place. The best of the Ulstermen will emigrate; most of those who have to remain will hold aloof from politics; the few who may possibly take part will probably join with an extreme section in the hope of making the Irish Republic free from clerical influence; but all will realise that separation is inevitable.

THE RETURN PUSH.

BY QUEX.

I.

On a day towards the end of April the colonel and I, riding well ahead of the brigade, passed through deserted Amiens and stopped when we came upon some fifty horses, nose-bags on, halted under the trees along a boulevard in the eastern outskirts of the city. Officers in groups stood beneath, or leaned against, the high wall of a large civil hospital that flanked the roadway.

Reinforced in guns and personnel, and rested after the excitements and hazards of the March thrust-back, our two brigades of Divisional Field Artillery, and the D.A.C., were bound again for the front. These waiting officers formed the advance billeting parties.

"We've been obeying Sir Douglas Haig's Order of the Day—getting our backs to the wall—growled the adjutant to me, after he had sprung up and saluted the colonel. "The staff captain met us two hours ago at ——; but they were shelling the place, and he said it wouldn't be safe for waggon lines; so we came on here. He's inside the building now seeing if he can put the whole Divisional Artillery there. . . .

"I'll bet we shan't be ready for the batteries when they come in," he went on gloomily—and then added, like the good soldier that he is, "My groom will show you where the horses can water."

A long-range shell, passing high overhead and exploding among the houses a long way behind us, showed that Amiens was no health resort. But horse lines were allotted, and in due course the long corridors of the evacuated building resounded with the clatter-clatter of gunners and drivers marched in to deposit their kits. "You've got a big piece of chalk this morning, haven't you?" grumbled the adjutant to the adjutant of our companion brigade, complaining that they were portioning off more rooms than they were entitled to. Still he was pleased to find that the room he and I shared contained a wardrobe, and that inside the door was pinned a grotesque, jolly-looking placard of Harry Tate—moustache and all—in "Box o' Tricks." The discovery that a currant cake, about as large as London, sent a few days before from England, had disappeared from our Headquarters' mess-cart during the day's march, led to a tirade on the shortcomings of New Army servants. But he became sympathetic when I explained that the caretakers, two sad-eyed

French women, the only civilians we ourselves met that day, were anxious that our men should be warned against prising open locked doors and cupboards. "Tell 'em any man doing that will be shot at dawn," he said, leaving me to reassure the women.

Twenty-four hours later, after another march, our guns were in position. With pick and shovel, and a fresh supply of corrugated iron, the batteries were fortifying their habitations; Brigade Headquarters occupied the only dwelling for miles round, a tiny café that no shell had touched. The colonel had a ground-floor room and a bedstead to himself; the adjutant and myself put down our camp-beds in an attic, with the signalling officer and the American doctor next door, and H.-Q. signallers and servants in the adjoining loft that completed the upper storey. It was a rain-proof comfortable shelter, but the C.R.A. didn't altogether approve of it. "You're at a cross-roads, with an ammunition dump alongside of you, and the road outside the front door is mined ready for blowing up should the Boche advance this way," he said grimly, when he visited us. "In any case, he'll shoot by the map on this spot immediately he starts a battle. . . . I think you ought to have a retiring headquarters in readiness." So I put in two days superintending the erection of a little colony of houses, built of ammunition boxes and corrugated iron, half a mile from the main road. I camouflaged the sloping roofs with loose hay, and, at a distance, our "Garden City" looked like a bunch of small haystacks. We got quite proud of our handiwork; and there was a strained moment one midday when our regimental sergeant-major rode hurriedly to the café with a most disturbing report. Riding along the main road he had observed a party of men pulling down our huts, and piling the sheets of corrugated iron into a G.S. waggon. When he cantered across the driver whipped up his horses, and the G.S. waggon bounded over the open fields for half a mile before the sergeant-major got sufficiently near to order it to halt. "They belong to the —st brigade, sir," the sergeant-major informed the adjutant, "and I've told the sergeant in charge of the party to consider himself under arrest until you have seen him."

The adjutant, eye flashing, nostrils dilated, was already out of the café walking hard, and breathing dire threats against the servant who had been posted to guard our new home. Apparently he had gone away to complain that the cook was late in sending his dinner.

The sergeant and his assistant "privates" were restoring the dismantled huts by the time the adjutant and myself drew near. The sergeant was plainly a disciple of the "It's all in the same firm" school. He submitted, with great respect, that he was innocent of criminal intent. There was nothing to show that the huts

were in use . . . and his battery wanted iron for their gun-pits.

"None of your old soldier talk with me," blustered the adjutant, shaking a ponderous forefinger. "You knew you were doing wrong. . . . Why did you send the waggon off when you saw the sergeant-major?"

"I went after it and stopped it when he told me to, sir," returned the sergeant.

The sergeant-major admitted that, strictly speaking, this was a correct statement. There was a ten seconds' pause, and I wondered what the adjutant's next thrust would be.

"The waggon was trotting away, was it?" he demanded slowly.

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant.

"And you made no attempt to prevent it trotting until the sergeant-major told you to stop it?"

"No, sir."

"And you know it's forbidden for waggons to be trotted except in very exceptional circumstances?"

"Ye-s, sir."

"Very well, I put you under arrest for contravening G.R.O. by trotting draught-horses."

"Artful beggar—I know him of old," chuckled the adjutant, as he and I returned to the café. "He was a gunner in my battery when I was sergeant-major of —— Battery, R.H.A."

The Boche was expected to attack on St George's Day. Our brigade was defending a reserve line, and would not fire unless the enemy swept over our first-line system. Fresh trenches were being dug, and new and stout rows of wire entanglement put down. Corps orders were distinct and unmistakable. The fight here would be a fight *à outrance*. On March 21 our retirement had been a strategic one. But this Front had to be held at all costs, and we should throw in every reserve we had. Only once during our stay in the café did the adjutant and myself sleep in pyjamas. "These walls are so thin one 5·9 would knock the whole place out; if we have to clear we may as well be ready," he said meaningly. The ridge, three-quarters of a mile in front of us, was shelled regularly, and every night enemy bombing planes came over, but, strangely enough, the Boche gunners neglected our cross-roads; we even kicked a football about until one afternoon a trench mortar officer misdirected it on to the main road, and an expressive "pop!" told of its finish under the wheel of a motor-lorry. St George's Day, and still no Boche attack! We began to talk of the peaceful backwater in which we were moored. Manning, our mess waiter, decorated the stained, peeling walls of the mess with some New Art picture post-cards. I found a quiet corner, and wrote out a 'Punch' idea that a demand for our water-troughs to be camouflaged had put into my head. Major Bullivant, who had succeeded poor Harville in

the command of B Battery, and Major Bartlett of C Battery, dined with us that night, and the best story told concerned an extremely non-military subaltern, newly attached to the D.A.C. When instructed to deliver an important message to "Div. Arty."—the Army condensation for "Divisional Artillery"—he pored long and hopelessly over a map. Finally he appealed to a brother officer. "I can't find the village of 'DIVARTY' on the map," he said, and, of course, sprang into immediate fame throughout the Division.

April 24: About 4 A.M. a shell burst that shook the café. Then the steady whistling scream of high-velocity shells going overhead. I lighted a candle and looked at the adjutant as he poked his red face and tousled grey hair from under his blankets. "They've started," he muttered solemnly. "The old Hun always shells the back areas when he attacks."

We got up slowly, and fastened boots and leggings. "I suppose we ought to put on revolvers," he went on dubiously, and then added with sudden warmth, "I hope he gets it in the neck to-day."

Our telephone pit in the cellar below the café was alive with industry. Our batteries were not firing, but the colonel had already asked the battery commanders whether any shells, particularly gas shells, had come their way. A couple of 4·2's had landed close to C Battery, but they seemed to be stray shots; it did not seem likely that the enemy knew where the batteries were sited. The Boche bombardment continued.

After breakfast, a 5.9 exploding 200 yards from our café, blew out the largest pane in the unshuttered window. Shells had dropped by now in most spots around us; but the cross-roads remained untouched. A cyclist orderly from our waggon line, two miles back, brought news that a direct hit had blown the telephone cart to bits; fortunately, neither man nor horse had been touched. The adjutant was outside exhorting four infantry stragglers to try and find their units by returning to the battle line. A Royal Fusilier, wounded in the head, had fainted while waiting at the cross-roads for an ambulance; our cook had lifted him on to a bench inside the café, and was giving him tea. The colonel, who remained in the mess, in telephone touch with the Brigadier-General, C.R.A. and the Brigade Major, had never seemed so preoccupied. Days afterwards, he confided to me that when the Hun bombardment started he feared a repetition of the overpowering assault of March 21.

"They had tanks out to-day," a boy captain of infantry, his arm in a sling, told me, as he climbed into a motor ambulance. "By Gad, I saw a topping sight near X——. The Boche attacked in force there and pushed us back, and one of his old tanks came sailing merrily on. But just over the crest, near a

sunken road, was a single 18-pdr.; it didn't fire until the Boche tank climbed into view on top of the crest. Then they let him have it at about 100 yards' range. Best series of upper-cuts I've ever seen. The old tank sheered off and must have got it hot." I learnt afterwards that this was a single gun detachment belonging to our companion brigade, who had been pushed forward as soon as news came that the enemy was being held.

By tea-time we ourselves had been ordered forward to relieve a brigade that had suffered considerably in the opening stages of the assault. And, after all, we didn't occupy the "Garden City" headquarters I had been at such pains to build. We handed it over to the brigade we were relieving, and their colonel congratulated our colonel on his forethought.

The colonel decided that only the doctor, the signalling officer, and myself should go forward. The adjutant could settle at the waggon lines and occupy himself with reinforcements, clothing, and salvage returns, Army Form B 213, watering and forage arrangements, and suchlike administrative duties. My task would be the "Forward" or "G" branch—*i.e.*, assisting the colonel with the details of his fighting programmes.

The colonel and I lay down that night in a hole scooped out of a chalk bank. The corrugated iron above our heads admitted a draught at only one corner; as our sleeping-bags were spread out on a couple of spring mattresses, moved by some one at some time from some neighbouring homestead, we could not complain of lack of comfort.

April 24 was the last day on which our brigade awaited and prepared to meet a Boche attack of the first magnitude. But it was not until the month of July that any of us conceived, or dared to believe in, the possibility of his mighty armies being forced upon the defensive again.

During May and June we accepted it that our *rôle* would be to stick it out until the Americans came along *en masse* in 1919. The swift and glorious reversal of things from August onwards surprised no one more than the actual fighting units of the British armies.

II.

"We're doing an attack to-morrow morning," said the colonel, returning about tea-time from a visit to the C.R.A. "We are under the —th Divisional Artillery while we're up here, and we shall get the orders from them. You'd better let the batteries know. Don't say anything over the wire, of course. . . . Any papers for me to see?" he added, pulling out his leather cigarette case.

I handed him the gun and

personnel returns, showing how many men and guns the brigade had in action; and the daily ammunition reports that in collated form find their way from Divisional Artillery to Corps, and from Corps to Army, and play their part in informing the strategic minds at the back of the Front of the ebb and flow of fighting activity all along the vast battle line, enabling them to shape their plans accordingly. "D Battery are a bit low in smoke shells," remarked the colonel. "You'd better warn Major Veasey that he'll want some for to-morrow morning."

"A Battery . . . two casualties . . . how was that?" he continued, before signing another paper.

"About an hour ago, sir. Their mess-cart was coming up, and got shelled half a mile from the battery position. Two of the servants were wounded."

"I've never seen an order worded quite like that," he smiled, when I showed him a typed communication just arrived from the Divisional Artillery, under whose orders we were now acting. It gave the map co-ordinates of the stretch of front our guns were to fire upon in response to S.O.S. calls. The passage the colonel referred to began—

"By kind consent of the Colonel of the —th French Artillery, the S.O.S. barrage on our front will be strengthened as follows: . . ."

"Sounds as if the French colonel were lending his batteries like a regimental band at a Bank Holiday sports meeting, sir," I ventured.

"Yes, we are learning to conduct war in the grand manner," smiled the colonel, opening his copy of 'The Times.'

Our mess, under a couple of carved iron "elephants" stuck against the bank, had looked a miserable affair when we came to it; but judicious planting of sandbags and bits of "scrounged" boarding and a vigorous clean-up had made it more habitable. Manning, the mess servant, had unearthed from a disused dug-out a heavy handsome table with a lacquered top, and a truly regal chair for the colonel—green plush seating and a back of plush and scrolled oak—the kind of chair that provincial photographers bring out for their most dignified sitters. By the light of our acetylene lamp we had dined, and there had been two rubbers of bridge, the colonel and the little American doctor bringing about the downfall of Wilde, the signalling officer, and myself, in spite of the doctor's tendency to finesse against his own partner. The doctor had never played bridge before joining us, and his mind still ran to poker. The Reconnaissance Officer of the —th Divisional Artillery had rung up at 10 o'clock to tell us that an officer was on his way with a watch synchronised to Corps time, and that we should receive orders for the next morning's operation *vid* a certain Field Artillery Brigade who were somewhere in our

vicinity. I had told the brigade clerk that he could go to bed in his 3 feet by 6 feet cubby-hole, and that the orderlies waiting to convey the battle orders to the batteries ought to snatch some rest also. It was 11 P.M. now. Wilde and the doctor had gone off to their own dug-out. It was very dark when I looked outside the mess. We were in a lonely stretch of moorland; the nearest habitation was the shell-mauled cottage at the railway crossing, two miles away. Every ten minutes or so enemy shells screamed and flopped into the valley between us and the road alongside which D Battery lay.

"We'll try and hurry these people up," said the colonel, picking up the telephone. Even as he told the signaller on duty to get him Divisional Artillery, a call came through. It was the Artillery Brigade from whom we expected a messenger with the orders.

"No!" I heard the colonel say sharply. "We've had nothing. . . . No! no one has been here with a watch. . . . You want an officer to come over to you? . . . But I haven't any one who knows where you are."

A pause. Then the colonel continued. "Yes, but you know where we are, don't you? . . . Umph. . . . Well, where are you to be found? . . . You can't give a co-ordinate over the telephone? . . . That's not very helpful."

He rang off, but I knew by his expression that the matter was not yet settled. He got through to the —th Divisional Artillery and told the Brigade Major that it was now 11.20 P.M., that no officer with a synchronised watch had arrived, and that the other brigade were now asking us to send an officer to them for orders for the coming battle. "I have no one who knows where they are," he went on. "They must know our location—we relieved one of their brigades. Why can't they send to us as arranged? I may have some one wandering about half the night trying to find them."

In a little while the telephone bell tinkled again. "I'll answer them," said the colonel abruptly.

"All right, I'll send them," he replied stonily. "Where are we to find them, since they won't give us co-ordinates over the telephone? . . . A house with a red roof! . . . You can't tell us anything more definite? . . . Very well. . . . Good-bye."

He put down the telephone with a little "Tchat!" that meant all forms of protest, annoyance, and sense of grievance. But now that no possible concession was to be gained, and certain precise work had to be done by us, he became the inexorable matter-of-fact executive leader again. "There's nothing for it," he said, looking at me. "You will have to go."

Buildings with red roofs are not marked as such on military maps, and I bent glumly over the map board. However, houses were exceedingly few in

this neighbourhood, and the chateau on the other side of the railway could be ruled out immediately. It was known as "The White Chateau," and I had noticed it in daytime. Besides, it had been so heavily shelled that our companion brigade had evacuated it two days before. "It's pretty certain to be somewhere in this area," observed the colonel, bending over me, and indicating a particular three thousand square yards on the map. "I expect that's the place—on the other side of the railway," and he pointed to a tiny oblong patch. I estimated that the house was three miles from where we were. It wanted but five minutes to midnight.

I went outside, and flickering my electric torch stumbled across ruts and past occasional shell-holes to the copse, three hundred yards away, that sheltered the officers' chargers. I crackled a way among twigs and undergrowth until the piquet called out, "Who goes there?"

"I think your groom's here, sir," he said, and the trees were so close set that my shoulder brushed the hindquarters of a row of mules as he piloted me along. "Are you there, Morgan?" he shouted, pulling open a waterproof ground-sheet that was fastened over a hole in the ground. "No—go away," called a voice angrily. "Where's Morgan sleep. Mr —— wants him," persevered the piquet.

We found my groom in another hole in the ground about thirty yards away. He listened sleepily while I told him to get my horses ready immediately. "Do you want feeds on, sir?" he asked, with visions apparently of an all-night ride.

There was no moon, and I gazed gratefully at the only constellation that showed in a damp unfriendly sky—the Great Bear. I let my horse find his own way the first few hundred yards, until we struck a track, then we broke into a trot. The swish and plop of gas shells in the valley towards which we were descending made me pause. I calculated that they were falling short of the railway crossing I wanted to reach, and decided that a wide sweep to the right would be the safest course. We cantered alongside some ploughed land, and the motion of the horse, and the thought that with luck I might finish my task quickly, and even earn a word of commendation from the colonel, brought a certain sense of exhilaration. The shelling of the valley increased; my horse stumbled going down a bank, and for the next five minutes we walked over broken ground. "Getting a bit too much to the right," I said to myself, and turned my horse's head. Further thoughts were cut short by the discovery that his forelegs were up against a belt of barbed wire.

For ten minutes I walked in front of the wire, searching for an opening, and getting nearer to where the shells were falling. All the time I looked earnestly for the railway line. I began to feel bitter and resentful.

"If our own Divisional Artillery had been doing to-morrow's show I shouldn't have had to turn out on a job of this kind," I reflected. "Damn the —th Division. Why can't they do their work properly?"

But little gusts of anger sometimes bring with them the extra bit of energy that carries a job through. We had reached a ruined wall now, and there was still no opening in the wire. I could see telegraph posts, and knew that the railway was just ahead. I got off my horse, told the groom to wait behind the broken wall, and, climbing through the barbed wire, picked my way along smashed sleepers and twisted rails until I came to the crossing.

I followed the deserted shell-torn road that led from the level-crossing, searching for a track on the left that would lead to the house I sought. A motor-cyclist, with the blue-and-white band of the Signal Service round his arm, came through the hedge.

"Is there a house on top of that hill?" I asked him, after a preliminary flicker of my torch.

"Yes, sir."

"Is it a red-roofed house?"

"Well, . . . I don't know, sir."

"Who's up there?"

"Smith's group, sir."

"Oh, hang! that tells me nothing. What are they—artillery?"

"Yes, sir—heavies, I think, sir."

I felt myself at a standstill. Orders for us were not likely to be with a group of heavy artillery. "Whom are you from?" I asked finally, preparing to move on.

"From the —th Div. Artillery, sir."

"Oh!" — with a rush of hopefulness — "you have no orders, I suppose, for the —nd Brigade?" — mentioning our brigade.

"No, sir."

I broke off and strode up the hillside, determined at any rate to gather some sort of information from the house the motor-cyclist had just left. I came upon a bare-looking, two-storied brick building with plain doors and windows. Through the keyhole of the front door I could see a light coming from an inside room. I opened the door and walked down the passage, calling, "Is this the —rd Field Artillery Brigade?"

"No! This is the —nd Field Company," replied a fair-moustached sapper captain, who was lying on a mattress in the room from which the light came, reading a book of O. Henry stories.

"Sorry to trouble you," I said, "but I'm trying to find the —rd Brigade. Do you know if they are round here?"

"I don't, I'm afraid. We only came in this afternoon."

"It's a house with a red roof," I went on, rather hopelessly.

"I think I know the place," chimed in a voice from an inner room. "It's a shooting-box, isn't it? Your best way is to get on the road again and take the next track on the left. I

noticed a red-roofed house up there when we came by."

I trudged back and got on to the new track, feeling very martyred but very resigned. I suppose I ought to have kept my eyes open more, I thought. Next time I go to a new part of the country I won't miss a single distinguishing feature.

It was now 1.15 A.M. I came to a lonely house with a neatly railed garden in front. I hammered noisily on the door and found that it opened into a darkened passage. A torch flashed into my face. "Is this the —rd Brigade?" I began.

"Yes," a voice shouted, and suddenly a door opened and a spurt of light revealed a youthful pink-cheeked staff lieutenant. "Are you from the —nd Brigade?" he asked. "Oh, bon! bon!—I've been waiting for you."

"Waiting for me!" I retorted, nettled by his airy manner. "Hard luck on me having to traipse at this time of night to a place I don't know to get orders you ought to have sent out."

"Yes, I know," he replied cheerfully. "We're awfully sorry, but it's the French division, you know. We've only just got the orders out of them. It's really their show. . . . And I'm afraid the first part of your orders have been sent off to the wrong place." Saying which, he led me into a large sombre room in which four or five officers sat immersed in papers and message forms. An elderly colonel looked up and nodded over his glasses. The young staff officer handed me some barrage maps and a quantity of typewritten operation orders.

"Zero-hour is 5.10 A.M.," he began, "and here is the part of your orders that has gone astray. I can't give you this copy. Will you take the orders down from this?"

I commenced writing out the operation order, and was struck to find that the barrage "lifts" were in hundreds of metres instead of hundreds of yards. "Yes, the French insisted on that," explained the staff lieutenant briskly.

"But we haven't metres on our range-drums," I said with an air of abandonment.

"Yes, I know, but the French insisted on it, because of their infantry. . . . Oh! there's a para. there about smoke-shells—that's important."

"The para. about smoke-shells is deleted . . . there will be no smoke-shells," put in the elderly colonel, looking up.

"Oh, is it, sir?" said the staff lieutenant, turning round.

"Yes; the correction has just come through."

"Right, sir."

I synchronised my watch, thrust the bundle of papers into my hip-pocket, and hurried away to find my horses. It was half-past one, and the attack was timed to start at 5.10. The colonel would require to deal with the orders, and the battery commanders would have but the barest time to work out their indi-

vidual "lifts." I started back at the gallop, skirting the side of the valley. I remember wishing to heaven that the clumps and hillocks of this part of France did not look so consistently alike. If only it were light enough for me to pick out the mustard field that lay a bright yellow landmark behind our chalk bank!

The colonel was in bed when I got back, but I held a candle while he read through the orders, and got out his ivory ruler, and apportioned a barrage lane to each battery. "Metres will have to become yards," was one of his remarks.

By twenty-to-three the orderlies had set out with the battle orders to the batteries, while I spoke on the telephone to an officer of each battery, and synchronised watches.

When I turned in, after a whisky-and-soda and a couple of biscuits, the colonel was fast asleep. I felt satisfied, however, that I had done my share that night towards beating the Hun.

By 7 A.M. we were up again, and until 7 P.M. the telephone buzzed continuously. It was a day of hard infantry fighting, of attacks that were held up and had to be renewed, of German counter-efforts to shift us from points won at the opening of our attack. All day long F.O.O.'s and liaison officers telephoned reports of changes in our front line, and five times I turned on our batteries to respond to S.O.S. calls. By the end of the day we held three parts of the ground that our Higher Command had planned to seize.

III.

There followed three months of varied kinds of soldiering: short spells holding the line, odd days in rest areas, quick shifts to other parts of the Front, occasional participation in carefully prepared raids on Hun trenches, one whole fortnight in a riverside village where even the Boche night-bombers did not come, and where we held a joyous race-meeting and a spit-and-polish horse show. There was the fresh burst by the Hun armies that seemed to spell the doom of Reims. We began to notice larger and larger bodies of arriving Americans, but did not expect them to be in the war on an impressive scale until 1918 was out. Leave to England remained at a standstill. The universal phrase of 1916 and 1917, "Roll on Duration," had almost entirely disappeared from the men's letters that came before me for censoring. Yet no one seemed depressed. Every one appeared possessed of a sane and calm belief that things would work out right in the long-run. We should just have to hold the Hun off this year, and by honest endeavour during training opportunities fit ourselves to fight with added effectiveness in 1919, when America would be pro-

perly in the field and the Allies' turn would come.

The second week in May the brigade, after a fourteen-mile march, came again into the land of rolling heights and sunken roads in which for three and a half years most of our fighting had been done. A "sausage" balloon anchored to the ground, a pumping-station and four square-shaped water-troughs, and a dozen or so shanties built of sandbags and rusted iron, dotted the green-and-brown landscape.

Waggon tracks had cut ugly brown ways through clover-fields and grasslands. A new system of trenches stretched to north and to south from the main road along which the brigade were moving. Men of the Labour Corps were stolidly filling shell-holes in the road surface with broken stones, and digging dump-holes for draining away the rain and mud torrents that were sure to come. A long dark wood crowned the ridge three miles in front of us. In the centre a slender spire tipped the tree-tops.

"That's Y—— Church," said Major Bullivant, with whom I was riding along the horse track at the side of the road. "Do you know the latest motto for the Labour Corps?" he added inconsequentially, looking down at a bespectacled man in khaki who eased up as we passed. "*Infra dig.*," he went on, with a humorous side glance, and without pausing for my answer.

Away to the east muffled boomings as if giants were shaking blankets. My mind turned to July 1916, when first I arrived in France and came along this very road at 3.30 one morning as the sun's rim began to peep above the long dark wood. How easy to recall that morning! I had brought fifty-three men from the Base, reinforcements for the Divisional Artillery, and half believed that the war could not proceed unless I delivered them to their destination in the shortest possible time; and my indignant keenness when I reached the village behind the long dark wood and learned that no one there knew anything about the two lorries that were to transport my party the remainder of the journey to the Front! Did I not rouse a frowning town major and two amazed sergeant-majors before 5 A.M. and demand that they should do something in the matter? And did not my fifty-three men eventually complete a triumphant pilgrimage in no fewer than thirteen ammunition lorries—to find that they and myself had arrived a day earlier than we were expected? And here was I again in the same stretch of country, and the British line not so far forward as it had been two years before.

We pitched tents and tethered our horses in the wood, and before nightfall I walked into the village to look at the spot beneath the church tower where I had halted my fifty-

three men, and to view again the barn in which I had roused the most helpful of the two sergeant-majors. Alas for the sentiment! All French villages seem much alike, with their mud-wall barns and tiled cottages, when you have passed through scores of them, as I have done since July 1916. I could not be certain of the building.

Coming back to our camp through the heart of the wood, I chanced upon a place of worship that only a being of fancy and imagination and devoutness could have fashioned. Inside a high oval hedge, close-woven with much patient labour, stood an altar made of banked-up turf, surmounted by a plain wooden cross. Turf benches to seat a hundred and fifty worshippers faced the altar. Above, the wind rustled softly through the branches of tall birches and larch trees, bent over until they touched, and made one think of Gothic arches. There was wonderful peace and rest in the place. Some one told me afterwards that the chaplain of a London division had built it. It was a happy thought.

. . . . . .

In the morning I went with the colonel through the village, and a mile and a half along a road leading east that for half a mile was lined with camouflage screens. "The Boche holds the ridge over there," remarked the colonel, stretching an arm towards high ground swathed in a blue haze five miles away. A painted notice-board told all and sundry that horse traffic was not permitted on the road until after dusk. We struck off to the left, dropped into a trench where we saw a red triangular flag flying, and said "Good-day" to the brigade-major of the infantry brigade who had made their headquarters at this spot. Then we got out of the trench again, and walked along the top until we came to what was to be our future home—the headquarters of the Australian Field Artillery Brigade that we were to relieve by 10 P.M. We received a cheery welcome from a plump, youngish Australian colonel, and a fair-haired adjutant with blue sparkling eyes.

When a brigade of artillery relieves another brigade of artillery, there is a ceremony, known as "handing-over," to be gone through. The outgoing brigade presents to the in-coming brigade maps and documents showing the positions of the batteries, the O.P.'s, the liaison duties with the infantry, the amount of ammunition to be kept at the gun positions, the zones covered, the S.O.S. arrangements, and similar information detailing daily work and responsibilities. I can recall no "hand-over" so perfect in its way as this one. The Australian Brigade's defence file was a beautifully arranged, typed document; and a child could have understood the indexing. True, the extent and number of their

headquarters staff was astonishing. Against our two clerks they had three clerks and a skilled draughtsman for map-making; also an N.C.O. whose sole *magnum opus* was the weekly compiling of Army Form B. 213. But there could be no doubt that they carried on war in a most business-like way.

The colonel went off with the Australian colonel to inspect the battery positions and view the front line from the O.P.'s, and sent me back to bring up our mess-cart and to arrange for the fetching of our kit. By tea-time we were properly installed; and indeed the Australian colonel and his adjutant remained as our guests at dinner.

The mess, cut out of the side of the trench and lined with corrugated iron, possessed an ingeniously manufactured door—part of a drum-tight wing of a French aeroplane. The officers' sleeping quarters were 30 feet below ground, in an old French dug-out, with steps so unequal in height that it was the prudent course to descend backwards with your hands grasping the steps nearest your chin.

The Australian colonel dipped his hand for the fifth time into the box of canteen chocolates that Manning had placed on the table with the port. "That's a nice Sam Browne of yours," he observed, noticing the gloss on our adjutant's belt.

"I hope you don't take a fancy to it, sir," replied our adjutant quickly. "We're all afraid of you, you know. I've put a double piquet on all our waggon lines for fear some of your fellows take a liking to our horses."

The Australian colonel and his adjutant laughed good-naturedly, and the colonel told us a story of a captain and a sergeant-major in another Australian brigade who were accomplished "looters."

One night the pair were hauling down a tent which they thought was empty, when a yell made them aware that an officer was sleeping in it. The captain took to his heels, but the sergeant-major was captured.

"The next day," concluded the Australian Colonel, "the captain had to go and make all sorts of apologies to get his sergeant-major off. The other people agreed, provided the officer ransomed him with half a dozen pit-props and ten sheets of corrugated iron. For a long time afterwards we used to chaff the captain, and tell him that he valued his sergeant-major at six pit-props and ten sheets of iron."

Hot sweltering days followed. Most mornings I spent at the O.P. watching our batteries' efforts to knock out suspected enemy trench mortars, or staring through my binoculars trying to pick out Boche transport, or fresh digging operations. The tramp back at midday along the communication trenches was boiling-hot going. I used to think "People working in Lon-

don will be pining just now for green fields and country air. For myself, I'd give anything for a cool ride on a London bus." In the afternoons there were reserve battery positions in case of a swift Hun advance to be reconnoitred, and gaps in the barbed-wire systems to be located, and bits of trenches that would have to be filled in to allow our waggons to cross. Divisional Artillery were insistent upon timed reports of hostile shelling, particularly gas shelling, and this formed another portion of my special work. One day intimation came from Division that Fentiman and Robson had been accepted for the Air Service. "It's the only way to get leave to England," said Robson jocularly. Fentiman's chief regret was that he would have to leave behind a mare that he had got from the Tank Corps. "She pulls so," he told me one afternoon when I met him jogging along the road, "that if I turned on to the grass at this moment and put spurs into her, she wouldn't stop till she got to Amiens. . . . No one in the Tank Corps has been able to pull her up under four miles, and only then when she came to a seven-foot hedge. . . . But I was beginning to understand her."

When I accompanied the colonel on his visits to the infantry brigades all the talk was of the training of the youngsters, who now formed so considerable a portion of the battalion strengths. "They are good stuff," I heard one of the brigadiers say, "and I keep drumming into them that they are fighting for England, and that the Boche mustn't gain another yard of ground." He was a fighter, this brigadier—although I have never yet met another officer who took it as a matter of course that his camp-bed should be equipped with linen sheets when he was living in the firing line.

About three-quarters of a mile from our headquarters was a tiny cemetery, set in a grove of trees on a bare hillside, sequestered, beautiful in its peacefulness and quiet. One morning, very early, I walked out to view it more closely. It had escaped severe shelling, although chipped tombstones and broken railings and scattered pieces of painted wire wreaths showed that the hell-blast of destruction had not altogether passed it by. I went softly into the little chapel. On the floor muddy, noisy-sleeping soldiers lay sprawled in ungainly attitudes. Rifles were piled against the wall; mess-tins and water-bottles lay even upon the altar. And somehow there seemed nothing incongruous about the spectacle, nothing that would hurt a profoundly religious mind. It was all part of the war.

And one night when I was restless, and even the heavy drugging warmth of the dug-out did not dull me to sleep, I climbed up into the open air. It was a lovely night. The long dark wood stood out black and distinct in the clear moonlight; the stars twinkled

in their calm abode. Suddenly a near-by battery of long-range guns cracked out an ear-splitting salvo. And before the desolating rush of the shells had faded from the ear a nightingale hidden among the trees burst into song. That also was part of the war.

IV.

During the month of June Brigade Headquarters retired from the trench dug-out and settled in the end house of the village, a white-walled, vine-clad building, with a courtyard and stables and a neat garden that only one Boche shell had smitten. On the door of the large room that we chose for the mess there still remained a request in French, written in a clear painstaking hand, that billeted officers should keep to the linoleum strips laid across the carpet when proceeding to the two inner rooms. But there was no linoleum now, and no carpet. On the otherwise bare wall was hung a massively-framed portrait of the proprietor—a clean-shaven middle-aged Frenchman of obviously high intelligence. A family press-cutting album contained an underlined report from a local newspaper of a concert given in the village on June 6, 1914:—

Très remarque le duo de mandoline avec accompagnement de violon executé par trois gracieuses jeunes filles qui font à chacune de nos soirées admirer par les amateurs du beau, leur talent d'artiste!

I gathered that the three young girls were daughters of the house; I also noted that *trois gracieuses jeunes filles* was doubly underlined.

One of our servants used to be a professional gardener, and in a couple of days he had weeded the paths and brought skill and knowledge to bear on the neglected vegetable beds. We had excellent salad from that garden and fresh strawberries, while there were roses to spare for the tall vases on the mantelpiece in the mess; and before we came away our gardener had looked to the future and planted lettuce and turnips and leeks, and even English pansies. The Boche gunners never got a line on to this house, and though aeroplanes cruised above us every night not a single bomb dropped near.

The town major, a learned and discursive subaltern, relieved on account of rheumatic troubles from more strenuous duties with an infantry regiment, joined our mess and proved a valuable addition. He was a talented mathematician whose researches had carried him to where mathematics soar into the realms of imagination; he had a horror of misplaced relatives, and possessed a reliable palate in the matter of red wines. One dinner-time he talked himself out on the possibilities of the

metric system, and pictured the effects of a right angle with a hundred instead of ninety degrees. Another night he walked me up and down the garden until 2 A.M. expatiating on astronomy. He tried to make me realise the beyond-comprehension remoteness of the new star by explaining that astronomers did not calculate its distance from the earth in thousands of miles. "Light travels at 186,000 miles a second; to astronomers the new star is 2000 years away," he concluded.

As I have said, he was a valuable addition to our mess. One day he took me to a neighbouring village and introduced me to a fat comfortable-looking maire, who spread his hands on his capacious knees and invited us to try a cooling nip of absinthe. After which he produced from a small choice store a bottle of fifty-years-old brandy, and made the town major take it away in token of a friendship that began in the way-back days of 1915.

All this may not sound like war, but I am trying to write down some of the average daily happenings in a field-artillery brigade that has seen as much service as any brigade in the new armies.

For several days Wilde, the signalling officer, and the doctor conducted an acrid argument that arose from the doctor's astounding assertion that he had seen a Philadelphia base-ball player smite a base-ball so clean and hard that it travelled 400 yards before it pitched. Wilde, with supreme scorn, pointed out that no such claim had been made even for a golf ball. The doctor made play with the names of Speaker, Cobb, and other transatlantic celebrities. Then one day Wilde rushed into the mess flourishing a London Sunday paper that referred in glowing terms to a mighty base-ball hit of 136 yards, made on the Woolwich Arsenal football ground; after which the doctor retired to cope with the plague of boils that had descended upon the brigade. This and a severe outbreak of Spanish 'flue provided him with a regular hundred patients a day. He himself had bitter personal experience of the boils. We never saw him without one for ten weeks. His own method of dealing with their excruciating tenderness was to swathe his face in cotton-wool and sticking-plaster. "Damn me, doctor, if you don't look like a loose imitation of Von Tirpitz," burst out the adjutant one day, when the doctor, with a large boil on either side of his chin, appeared plastered accordingly.

By July we had side-stepped north and were housed in a chateau that really deserved the appellation, though it was far from being as massively built as an average English country seat of like importance. It belonged to one of the oldest families in France. Wide, noble stairoases led to vast rooms made untenable by shell fire. Fragments of rare stained glass littered the

vacant private chapel. The most valuable paintings, the best of the Louis XV. furniture, and the choicest tapestry had been removed to safety. In one room I entered some bucolic wag had clothed a bust of Venus in a lance-corporal's cap and field-service jacket, and affixed a box-respirator in the alert position. We made the mess in what had been the nursery, and the adjutant and myself slept in bunks off an elaborately mined passage, in making which British tunnellers had worked so hard that cracks showed in the wall above, and the whole wing appeared undecided whether or not to sink. We learned that there were two schools of opinion regarding the safety of the passage. The Engineers of one division thought the wing would not subside; some equally competent Engineers shook their heads and said no civil authority would dream of passing the passage as safe. The adjutant and myself relied upon the optimists; at any rate, we should be safe from the Hun gunners, who treated the chateau as one of their datum points.

We were relieving an Army Field Artillery Brigade commanded by a well-known scientific gunner, and on the afternoon that we arrived he took the colonel and myself on an explanatory tour of the battery positions and the "O.P.'s." They were leaving their guns in position for us to use. There was a corps standing order that steel helmets should be worn and box-respirators kept in the alert position in this part of the line. So first we girded up ourselves in compliance with orders. Then our guide made us walk in single file and keep close to the houses as we walked along the main street. "He has a beautiful view of the chateau gates and can see movement in the centre of the road," he informed us.

It was a terribly battered village. The church tower had been knocked out of shape. Roofs that had escaped being smashed in were threadbare, or seemed to be slipping off skeleton houses. Mutilated telegraph-poles and broken straggly wires, evil-smelling pools of water, scattered bricks, torn roadways, and walls blackened and scarred by bomb and shell, completed a scene of mournfulness and desolation. We passed one corner house on the shutters of which some "infanteers" had chalked the inviting saucy sign, "Ben Jonson's Café." Then we struck across a fast-ripening wheatfield and put up a mother partridge who was agonised with fear lest we should discover her young ones. "It will be a pity if these crops can't be gathered in," remarked our colonel. To right and left of us, and beyond the ruined village that lay immediately in front, were yellow fields ready for the harvesters. "Does he shell much?" continued the colonel.

"Not consistently," replied the other colonel. "I don't think he does much observed shooting. He's copying our

method of sudden bursts of fire, though."

We inspected two O.P.'s on one side of the wide valley that led towards the front line, picked up, through binoculars, the chief reference points in Bocheland, and had a look at two heavily-camouflaged anti-tank guns that were a feature of the defence in this part of the front. Myriads of fat overfed flies buzzed in the trenches through which we passed. Hot and dusty, we came back about 6 P.M., and entered the chateau kitchen-garden through a hole that had been knocked in the high, ancient, russet-red brick wall. The sudden scent of box and of sweet-smelling herbs roused a tingling sense of pleasure and of recollection. I never failed afterwards to return to the chateau by that way.

The other colonel came out with us again next morning, although our batteries were now in possession, and his own officers and men had gone a long way back. He wanted to show our colonel some observation points from the O.P. on the other side of the valley.

A certain incident resulted. As we passed B Battery's position we saw Dumble, the battery captain, looking through the dial-sight of his No. 1 gun, apparently trying to discover whether a black-and-white signalling-pole, planted fifty yards in front of the gun, was in line with a piece of hop-pole fifty yards farther on. Both colonels stared fixedly at the spectacle. "What's become of the aiming-posts?" said the other colonel, puzzled and stern.

When a gun has fired satisfactorily on a certain target, which is also a well-defined point on the map, and it is desired to make this particular line of fire the standard line, or, as it is commonly called, the zero line, the normal method is to align two aiming-posts with such accuracy that no matter what other targets are fired upon, the gun can always be brought back to its zero line by means of the aiming-posts. Absolute accuracy being essential, the aiming-posts are specially designed and are of a settled pattern. Judge of the two colonels' astonishment then when they perceived Dumble's impromptu contrivance.

"Have you no aiming-posts?" our colonel asked Dumble sharply.

"No, sir, the other battery would not leave theirs behind. I had understood it was arranged that we should hand over ours at the waggon line, and that they should leave theirs here to give us the lines of fire."

"Of course," interrupted the other colonel; "but what are you doing now? You can't get your line with those things."

"I'm trying to do the best I can, sir, until my own aiming-posts arrive."

"Yes, but it's hopeless trying to fix those ridiculous things in the same positions as the aiming-posts. Who was it gave the order to remove the aiming-posts?"

"The subaltern who was waiting for us to relieve your battery, sir."

"The battery commander wasn't here then?"

"No, sir. I believe he'd gone on ahead to the waggon lines."

"I'm exceedingly sorry this has happened," said the other colonel, turning to our colonel. "I'll have the battery commander and the other officer up here at once, and they can go forward with your officer when he registers the guns again. It's disgraceful. I'll stop their next leave for this." He disappeared into the battery telephone pit to send through orders for the recalling of the delinquent officers.

"Not a bad idea to make an inspection round the day after you have handed over," remarked our colonel to me drily. "This is rather an instructive example."

These were our last days of waiting and wondering whether the Boche would attack; of the artillery duels and the minor raids by which each side sought to feel and test the other's strength. I recall two or three further incidents of our stay in that part of the line. The G.O.C., R.A., of Corps decided that a rare opportunity presented itself for training junior officers in quick picking up of targets, shooting over open sights, and voice-command of batteries from near sighting-places where telephone wires could be dispensed with and orders shouted through a megaphone. "It will quite likely come to that," he observed. "The next fighting will be of the real open warfare type, and the value of almost mechanical acquaintance with drill is that the officer possessing such knowledge can use all his spare brains to deal with the changing phases of the actual battle." So a single 18-pdr. used to be pulled out for practice purposes, and generals and infantry officers used to come to see gunner subalterns schooled and tested. It was better practice than Shoeburyness or Larkhill, because though the shoots were carried out on the gunnery school model the shells were directed at real targets. During one series a distinguished red-tabbed party was dispersed because the Hun did an area strafe in front, behind, and around the single gun. Another time the descent of an 8-inch saved the *amour propre* of a worried second lieutenant, who, after jockeying with his angle of sight, had got into abject difficulties with his range and correction.

One morning I was up forward carrying out instructions to keep in daily touch with the infantry battalions, finding out their requirements, and discovering what new artillery targets they could suggest. As it was also my business to know what the Heavies were doing, I stopped at an O.P. in a trench to ask a very young R.G.A. officer observing for a 6-inch how such questions as what he had fired upon that

morning, and whether he had noted any fresh Boche movement. I had passed along the winding trench and descended the dug-out headquarters of one of our infantry battalions, and was inquiring if the commanding officer had any suggestions or complaints to make, when the boyish R.G.A. officer came down the steps and, not noticing me in the dim candlelight, asked in hurried tones: "Excuse me, sir, but could you identify an artillery officer who said he was coming here. He stopped and asked me some extraordinary questions . . . and" — hesitatingly — "you have to be careful talking to people in the front line."

The adjutant and the intelligence officer of the infantry battalion were smiling broadly. Finally the colonel had to laugh. "Yes," he said, "I can identify the artillery officer. Here he is. You haven't discovered a spy this time."

The young officer looked abashed, and when later I passed his "O.P.," apologised with much sincerity. I replied by asking him to have a good look at me, so that he wouldn't mistake me next time we met. After which we both laughed. We did meet again, not long afterwards, and in much more exciting circumstances.

When the brigade left that part of the line Marshal Foch had begun his momentous counter-effort between Soissons and Château-Thierry. In a very short time we also were to be engaged in a swift and eventful movement that changed the whole tenor of the war: a time of hard, ceaseless fighting, countless episodes of heroism and sacrifice, and vivid, conquering achievement.

(To be continued.)

EXPERIENCES OF A WAR BABY.

BY ONE.

CHAPTER I.—NURSERY DAYS.

THE dawn of Armageddon, or in more prosaic language the outbreak of war, found me a very young cadet. In fact, so great was the juniority of my term that we were not included in the grand rush to sea which occurred when Dartmouth College mobilised. Much to our disappointment, September 1914 found us returning to a new term at Osborne, as though war had not so much as been rumoured.

This impression did not last long. On our arrival at the College the changes were evident on every side. All the officers had, of course, left at one fell swoop, and were now in ships all over the world. For instance, the lieutenant of my term during the summer before was now serving in a battleship in the "grey North Sea"; whilst the Engineer-lieutenant, who had been second officer of my term, instructing us in engineering and coaching our Rugby XV, was in a cruiser in the South Atlantic. Their places had been taken by "temporary" officers and by the masters who, to their chagrin, were kept from more active participation in the war to teach us.

These masters have a thankless task. They knock an immense amount of knowledge into a ceaselessly changing crowd of cadets in a minimum space of time. These cadets then go to sea, and are temporarily lost sight of. One fine day they turn up at the College, seemingly only a few months after they left, with the stripes of a Sub. or more, and possibly a D.S.C. to their credit. They are pleased to take tea with their former "tutor," and regale him with spicy stories of a life on the ocean wave as seen from big ships, destroyers, submarines, mine-sweepers, &c. Their visit is but a fleeting one, for leave is short. They return to their ships, leaving their "tutors" to continue to drum the same old knowledge into yet another younger set of cadets. This is undoubtedly work of the highest national importance, but truly it is "work behind the scenes" and out of the limelight. All honour to them.

As the object of this narrative is not the paying of pretty compliments but the statement of cold facts, we will return to the subject of us—the cadets. We found that we were under the charge of two masters, but contrary to our hopes there was no material alteration in the discipline. Everything was carried on in the usual routine. The place of the Commander who was in general charge of the cadets when not

at instruction was filled by a retired captain. This officer was of no great age, though fate and the Admiralty had sent him to this job ashore. He let us see that there was going to be no change. To employ a popular phrase, "he shook us to the core."

However, before things really settled down there were some comic scenes. Most of these occurred at "divisions," or parade, in the morning. For this performance each term falls in, is inspected by an officer, reported "present" to the Commander, manœuvred into position for prayers, and afterwards marched away to the work of the day. At Osborne we were rather proud of our marching. Indeed, the two sights which were said to impress the visitors most were our method of dancing the lancers on Saturday night and our wonderful marching at Sunday divisions (a super affair). The latter was carried out in packed formation, and when in file the chest of one cadet touched the back of his next ahead, whilst our concerted tread shook the floor. Consequently, if something went wrong with the works, such as a wrong order, this famous scene would be rapidly transformed into a fair representation of the former. On one occasion a master gave an order to his term of "One pace forward, march." This was all right, but being dissatisfied with his new position, he gave the order, "Take another." The effect on the ranks was a gentle ripple. Still this era soon passed, and in a couple of weeks one would have thought that all the masters were retired sergeant-majors.

Work took on a pretty serious tone as well. Of course, at all times in a naval college the authorities take a very close personal interest in the quantity and quality of your work. If they think that they are not getting their money's worth, they warn you to try harder. If you do not improve, out you go to a hard and bitter world to explain to your people that you think a naval life will not suit your delicate constitution, and to seek employment elsewhere. Now they said to themselves, "War is war," and proceeded to pile on a good bit extra so that we might be got ready for sea in as short a time as possible. Most of the extra work was interesting and a great deal of it practical, so the hardship was not so great.

That term passed fairly quickly and without incident. After thirteen days' leave at Christmas, instead of the usual four weeks, we joined the R.N.C., Dartmouth, on New Year's Day 1915. Here we found ourselves under a lieutenant who had retired before the war, but had joined up again. However, his remembrance of Service manners and customs and their application was by no means hazy. It was said that he could perform a very difficult feat. He would place a cushion on the back of a chair, chalk a light cane

and hit that cushion after the style of a certain rite, which I believe is still in existence at some of our best schools even in this cultured age, and whose origin is a misguided remark by King Solomon. If you examined that cushion carefully, it was said that after half a dozen strokes you could only see one mark. I may say that I have no first-hand evidence, and that I steered clear of that cane. If any one who reads this is of a nervous disposition or is likely to meet this "ogre," I may also say that during the whole time we were under his charge only three people felt that stick, and that he kept us in rattling good order by sheer personality.

In addition to this he was a physical training fiend, and paid us the compliment of devoting a great deal of his attention to us. I cannot say that we were properly appreciative, though the Captain used to bring his guests to see our class give an exhibition of arm raising and knee bending, &c. Still, it made us very strong, and as a direct result we walked away with nearly every cup there was to be had. It also helped to keep us remarkably fit, for the work craze grew more popular term by term.

The term senior to us left during our second term at the College, and after envious glances at these lucky people with their midshipmen's patches, we turned to with our work, for we would be the next to go. That the authorities fully realised this we had no reason to doubt. They cut down general education to a minimum, and piled on specialist knowledge. It was fairly hard, but not too bad. Also our leave was not stinted, for, after the curtailed Christmas leave, we got our full allowances.

Of course, the question every one was asking was, "When are we going to sea?" Many and varied were the theories, rumours, and "authenticated news" on the subject. Our pessimists said "not till after the war." Even our optimists said "in a year or so." It came as splendid news, therefore, when, at the beginning of our third term, we were told that this would be our last term at the College. Mr Shieve's representative came in for a hot time when he visited the College. Queues used to wait on him to order new uniforms, try on ditto, order new caps (for midshipmen wear a different shaped cap to cadets), and endless other gear.

Finally came the passing-out examinations. These are a horrible three days' nightmare on which the seniority is based, and on which much depends. For instance, I am now entitled to get into a boat after and get out of a boat before one of my term mates in this ship, all because I was two places higher in the passing-out list. Our gun-rooms were strangely silent during the intervals, for, instead of playing the ass, people were furtively cramming themselves with eleventh hour

knowledge, or sitting with eyes closed repeating to themselves—

"$\frac{1}{R}=\frac{1}{R_1}+\frac{1}{R_2}+\frac{1}{R_3}+$ et-cetera,"

or things of that sort.

We struggled through the examinations somehow, and with them our troubles ended. That night we had a dance, and the next morning we left the College for good. I do not think there was one of us who was not sorry to leave. We had had an extremely good time there. We parted with our term lieutenant with more than ordinary regret. He in his turn paid us the tribute of swearing by us to the terms who were subsequently under his charge. Still, we were going off into the unknown, to do our bit in the great war. To celebrate the event we had a good burst up in the train. We smoked as hard as we could, indulged in personal comment on porters and guards, and left behind us a track of angry old gentlemen, the targets of our crack pea-shooter experts. In many ways it was as well that our train was fast. Then we split up for "a drop of leaf" before joining ships of the Grand Fleet as midshipmen.

CHAPTER II.—HOME AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

After a gloriously extended period of idleness I received my appointment as midshipman of His Majesty's Ship *Penultimate*, with orders to write to her Commanding Officer and request the date and place of joining. I accordingly secured a sheet of foolscap paper, without which no Service letter would be correct, and Mr Shieve's own book of 'Service Etiquette.'

This invaluable book is the "about to join midshipman's" guide, philosopher, and friend. It tells him what to do, how and when to do it during the trying time of actually joining. It gives the exact sum he ought to spend during one month, with details of how the money should go. In passing, it should be mentioned that any midshipman who could stick to that would be wasted in the Service; he ought to don a pair of wings and float away to paradise. Still the book contains almost every bit of information required by a very young war baby who is in the transformation stage between the nursery and the cold bitter world. It even gives him the correct method of drawing up a communication to gentlemen in high places asking for information on certain knotty points. One form gives him the correct service method of applying for a bed and breakfast with attendance. It would be quite wrong to write an ordinary letter expressing his views and wishes, and requesting a reply by return of post. He must express himself in official phraseology—"have the hon-

our to be" some one's "obedient servant," &c. Truly the book is a boon to the young and ignorant.

I selected the blank form which dealt with my troubles, copied it out, and despatched it, receiving in reply orders to report myself at a place north of the equator, on the —th day of —— 1916. I accordingly collected my gear, had myself photographed, and made my way to the station the evening before the magic date. Here I met several other members of my term who were also joining the *Penultimate*, so we formed quite a cheerful party. Amidst the cheers of our relations and a few porters who had benefited to some extent by their part in the proceedings, we launched forth into the unknown.

After an all-night journey we arrived at our destination, and proceeded to report. To tell the truth, we spent the whole forenoon reporting, for each new person to whom we went pushed us off somewhere else. In the end we reached a person who told us that our ship was not in harbour, but would be arriving the next day, and that in the meantime we might go to the barracks. To the barracks we went, and, young and frightened though we were, we were able to enjoy ourselves fairly well. Officers with many stripes were kind to us, and we found other people of our own rank at the barracks for training. We had the pleasure of watching them marched off to work whilst we sat in arm-chairs in the smoking-room and did nothing. That night we had to sling our own hammocks, and made an awful mess of it. The next afternoon the ship came in, so we and our gear were collected and taken down to join her.

My first impressions of the ship were not very striking. She looked very large, with her two great funnels and masts towering above the surrounding sheds, but that was only to be expected. I remember, curiously enough, being disappointed with the size of her 15-inch guns. They looked no bigger than the 12-inch I had seen during visits to ships in my school-days. It was only when I started to learn the number of spaces, stores, and flats, and the amount of gear in her, that her tremendous size began to impress me.

We trooped aboard like a flock of sheep, and were received by a tall, bored-looking officer with a telescope under his arm, who chided us for our failure to salute the Quarter-Deck. This person we knew, from former experience, to be the officer of the watch. Having all been assiduous students of Mr Shieve's drill-book (alias 'Service Etiquette'), we knew our part of the programme. Marching up to him in a body, we saluted, and in a chorus informed him, "Mr ——, come on board to join, sir."

"Right," said the O.O.W., "come below and see the Commander," and with the O.O.W. at our head we trooped aft to the "Bloke's" cabin.

The Commander was busy

interviewing dockyard officials, and was in no fit state to receive anybody. He greeted the glad news of our arrival with little ceremony, but just said, "Take the young d—ils to the gun-room." Accordingly the procession re-formed, and after a journey mostly, in our opinions, up and down very steep ladders, we arrived at the gun-room.

As most people know, the gun-room is the habitat of the junior officers of a ship. Many descriptions of gun-rooms have been written; indeed it is the one part of a ship which every writer on naval matters feels bound to describe. The place is described as the "home of the jolly care-free middies," or words to that effect. From any of these descriptions the reader would gather that midshipmen were gay, saucy little fellows with treble voices, who were always up to some prank or other. Why this should be I do not know. I have never read a book which described a public school boy of from sixteen upwards as such; and yet are we so very different, so very much more juvenile than public school boys? I should say rather the opposite. The first thing a midshipman is taught on coming to sea is to command men and to take on responsibility. Especially is this the case in war time, when there may be no passengers in a ship's complement, but each and every one must take his share in making and keeping her efficient. In many ways the midshipman becomes prematurely aged and "grown up," when compared with a boy of his age ashore. Yet the old tradition remains. "Middies" they are, and "middies" I expect they will remain. Still, reader, if you believe the popular version, do not be surprised if you meet a six-foot midshipman with a blue chin. The type is not unknown.

For all this rigmarole, I am not pretending that they are young demigods, or, in the ordinary sense of the word, smug. Far be it from me to label myself as a liar of the first water. On a good night in the gun-room you can find enough spirits to please any one. A gun-room chorus once heard is never forgotten. But the noise which that chorus makes is less like an orphanage choir than a collection of French horns gone wild.

Our gun-room complement was a fairly typical one. There were two sub-lieutenants who were responsible for our good conduct in a general way. The senior of them was the permanent mess president, and he it was who wielded the rod of cane, and made it uncomfortable for us to sit down when we wandered from the straight and narrow path. In addition to this duty, he was responsible for everything to do with the mess. His position was no sinecure, and I pray that I may never be thrust into a like position. He was even responsible for the mess accounts, though for this duty he got the help

of the Assistant Paymaster, who was the only other "striped" officer in the mess. Next after these came six senior midshipmen fresh from the Dardanelles, where they had seen life with a capital L. They were quite the war-worn heroes of the ship, and divided their time between lording it over us and working for their examinations. They were nearly due for promotion, and, whilst they were fighting, there had been little time to spare for their instruction. Hence the hard way in which they worked. Lastly came we six war products, who, but for his Imperial Majesty the Kaiser, would still have been cadets in the middle of our Dartmouth course, but now, by the grace of God, were midshipmen in His Majesty's Fleet.

The first thing for us to do was to learn something about the ship, and this, for such landsmen as we, was no easy business. To start with, the mere business of getting about the ship presented difficulties. All the hatches have coamings or ridges round them, whilst all the doors have high steps. These are fitted to prevent water from forming waterfalls down hatches or from running from one compartment to another, and also to make a good water-tight joint when the hatches or doors are closed. But they form a great obstacle for the unwary. Many were the times when, proceeding at high speed through a door, you would forget the high step, and would either change from the vertical to the horizontal with considerable force, or have to clutch wildly to save yourself. Another great difficulty for the novice is the steepness and slipperiness of the ladders. Often you would see a newly-joined person step daintily on to a ladder, walk down a couple of steps, and then there would be a clatter. If you looked down the hatch you would see our hero seated at the bottom in a blue cloud of profanity, having finished his journey with more speed than dignity on that part of his person designed for arm-chairs and punishment.

After a time you get used to stepping high through doors and keeping your balance on the most slippery of ladders. Then when you chance to go on leave, and people see you walking through a door over a threshold of about two inches with a step like a prize pony, they wonder what you are playing at. They have not passed through the same trials as you.

There are many other difficulties which beset the newly joined. A ship is a maze of compartments, flats, and passages, all of which, for your own safety, you must know. If the ship is torpedoed, you must be able to get on deck. If the commander tells you to get him a fathom and a half of cod-line, you must know where to get it. In an action you may be the only person in the position

to put out a fire: you must learn how to set about it, where to get the water, and which hatches to close to prevent the fire spreading. The acquirement of all this knowledge requires an effort, especially in your first ship. All ships are constructed on roughly the same principle, and have roughly the same gear. After learning what to expect in your first ship, it is a far simpler matter to find the same things in subsequent ships, and it is then merely a question of getting the local knowledge.

So much for the general knowledge of the ship. As I have already said, the correct thing for me to do would be to describe the gun-room. Our gun-room was not unlike an ordinary gun-room, and, as I cannot describe it half so well as the other writers, I will have a try at the ward-room.

The ward-room is the abode of the senior officers. It consists of two rooms, the feeding chamber and the cagging[1] chamber. The former is a more or less ordinary dining-room, with two large tables, a piano, and a bar. It is an uninteresting-looking place, and, if you except the bar, quite featureless. When the tables are cleared away it makes a fairly good night club. The place of the argument is more interesting to look at. There is a stove and fireplace, round which are grouped a sofa and two arm-chairs. Round two walls runs a settee. On one wall you will find three scuttles in a neat orderly row. These are not for coal, but for light and air. In the merchant service they are nicknamed port-holes; ashore, windows. The room is also tastefully decorated with pictures of fair young ladies, an electric cigar-lighter (to save matches), and a telephone.

Entering at eventide you will find all the scuttles tight shut, and the air a blue haze of tobacco smoke. In and around the fireplace you will see a number of grim-featured men of few years but great experience. Their whole demeanour, their ease of bearing and the fluency of their language, will suggest their calling. Yes, reader, they are naval officers. They are engaged in a naval "cag." All of them are speaking, none of them is listening. The only exception to this rule is the officer in the starboard arm-chair. He is asleep. The gentleman in the fireplace, with the hooked nose and the careless blue eye, has got a moan. He was fined half-a-crown by the guardians of the peace for sitting down to his breakfast after the hour of 8.30 A.M. He explains at length to the gathering that he had had the middle, that his servant had forgotten to call him, and that when he had got up his shaving-water was cold. This priceless gem of a moan is lost, because, as I said before, no one is listening. From the port arm-chair come a string of

[1] Cag = argument, discussion.

remarks on the occupant's play on the local links that afternoon. The pair on the sofa are arguing about the price of fish. The chorus round have got half a dozen other topics under way.

In a secluded corner a game of bridge is in progress. The game is played in accordance with service custom, and, as the ward-room is the abode of senior officers, I must, from instincts of self-preservation, draw a veil over the scene at this point. If, after this vivid description, you cannot picture to yourself the place I have not yet inhabited, well—try again.

I will not attempt to describe the men. They are of so many different types that it would require a far more skilled pen to represent a war-time lower deck. For instance, my servant was, before the war, a clerk in an insurance office. He is now a bandsman. I leave it at that. But, though the types are many and varied, the blend of them all, officers and men, produces the happy and efficient ships' companies that have made the navy what it is.

CHAPTER III.—AT SEA.

Once, whilst on leave from the ship, I was asked, "Is it true that the Grand Fleet is always at sea?" The correct answer, to avoid giving information to the enemy, would, I suppose, have been, "I do not know." However, at the time, I admitted that this was not the case, pointing out that, whilst maintaining a "ceaseless vigil" (to quote the daily papers), it was necessary to replenish with fuel, provisions, &c., and that this was impossible on a large scale at sea. Since then I have discovered why a number of people think that we are always "at sea." Reading a description in a newspaper of a visit to the fleet by an eminent personage, I came across the following passage: "After inspecting some men ashore he boarded a destroyer and proceeded 'to sea' to where the ships were lying in long lines, stretching far away into the mist," &c. Now, these ships were lying in harbour about a mile from the shore, and were thus in no naval sense "at sea." "At sea" in this sense is apparently the same thing as "floating," and undoubtedly the fleet is always floating, or we should now, in all probability, be a German colony. In this chapter I am going to try to give my impressions on the occasion when we first went to sea in the naval sense.

The day is a cold one and a steady wind is blowing; not a gale, but a brisk wind with promise of more to follow. It is a Saturday, and consequently a "make and mend" for the midshipmen and sailors. Some of our bravest spirits have gone ashore armed with golf clubs to settle their differences on the local links, the worst in the kingdom,

I am told. Others, of less enduring fibre, are keeping warm. From two arm-chairs in the gun-room rise puffs of smoke as two senior members of the mess enjoy pipes of peace. From the third arm-chair and from the whole length of the settee come heavy breathing and melodious snores, both evidence that the occupants have abandoned care and worry and are taking a "Service" make and mend. At the central table sit a couple of midshipmen writing hard at note-books, which have to be brought up to date before inspection on the morrow. The scene is completed by a few babes who are unobtrusively reading in corners.

Upon this peaceful scene bursts a bright-faced boy of some sixteen autumns and a winter, with bright blue eyes and fingers to match, for he has been on watch in the cold for an hour. He is the midshipman of the watch. He pauses dramatically; then, with a regrettable ignorance of grammar, remarks—

"A signal has just come through to raise steam for umpty knots and report when ready to proceed, and the second picket-boat is called away."

Then follows a hubbub.

"What is it all about?" "Is it a stunt?" "Are the Huns out?" "What time are we getting under way?" "Which watch takes the ship to sea?" &c., *ad. lib.*, from the babies.

Some of the sleepers are woken up, and after some profanity, resultant of a fat head, they join in the noise. The result is a fair imitation of a dog-fight. Majesty and might from the arm-chair is aroused from his meditations and soon cuts it short.

"Knock off that infernal din or get outside," he orders. He has been through this performance some hundreds of times since the war began, and it leaves him quite cold though grumbling. He had the middle last night, and was hoping for a good "lie in" to-night. There is never any rest for the wicked. He knocks out his pipe, turns over, and goes to sleep.

Not so our young enthusiasts. They take the second alternative, and flock on to the quarter-deck, where they must see the signal, ask everybody impossible questions, and generally make nuisances of themselves.

They are not the only people who take an interest in the current events. Away goes the picket-boat to recall our athletic brethren from their idle frolics to the stern duties of war. There are also strident bugle calls, and men begin to tumble up from down below, many of them freshly awakened from their make-and-mend caulk,[1] and dishevelled in consequence. Hands are fallen in, reported "present" to the commander, and detailed for work. All harbour gear must be unrigged and stowed away below. All loose gear on the upper deck must be lashed down, for the North Sea is seldom ladylike, and is apt to

[1] Caulk = snooze.

come on board even large battleships in considerable quantities. Once aboard, it is really wonderful what a lot of damage she can do in a short space of time. Then all upper-deck hatches and ventilating outlets and inlets must be closed down, to prevent the water getting between decks, where it is a serious nuisance. Life is hardly worth while, when you have to eat, sleep, and spend your whole time off watch with a couple of inches of water slopping about under you and round your feet. Having secured gear on deck, the main derrick is swung over the side, and the boats are hoisted in and lashed down in their crutches. There is a continuous hum and clatter on the upper deck.

The engine-room people too are as busy as beavers. The smoke from the funnels shows that steam is being raised. You see an overalled figure dash up a hatch with beads of perspiration and a worried look on his face. He hurries past you without even noticing that you are there, and bolts down another hatch into a gloomy-looking cavern, whence hisses, wails, and grunts are proceeding. Under his tender caress the wails are soothed, the hisses are squashed, and the grunts are increased. In other words, the pump is started on its task, which will only be completed when once more we are at peace. Everywhere there is hurry and bustle, for we must be the first ship to report "Ready for sea."

Presently there come more bugle calls, followed by pipes from the boatswain's mates and call boys. His majesty rises from his arm-chair by the gun-room fireplace, stretches himself, and goes away to test his guns. He is in charge of a group of the secondary armament, whose duty it is to deal hardly with any U-lamb which tries to harass us with "mouldies." It seldom falls to the lot of a battleship to fight thrilling encounters with submarines. We keep destroyers for the purpose, and they are altogether too successful in frightening away the intruders. Still, there may be a chance this time, and nothing can be left to chance.

When this is over there comes a little peace, interrupted by the increasing hum as more and more auxiliary engines are set going. Then the bugle calls and piping start again with redoubled vigour.

"Side party on the forecastle." "Navigating party close up," &c. On the forecastle a knot of men, the "side party," begin to gather. The first lieutenant comes forward, and a chief stoker reports to him, "Capstan ready for working, sir." The hose for washing cables is turned on, and presently, in accordance with a signal, the cable comes clanking in, link by link, as we "shorten in to three shackles."

Up on the bridge the scene has become animated. There is a collection of gilded hats on "monkeys' island," the service name for the highest bridge, from which the ship is conned.

The captain and the navigator are talking learnedly on the probable cause of this "flap."[1] The bridge simply hums with signalmen and staff people, who include the midshipman of the watch, and the navigator's assistant, known as "Tanky."

There comes a ring at a telephone which rouses the midshipman of the watch to action. Presently he comes back, salutes the captain, and says, "Engine-room report that they are ready to proceed, sir." The captain nods to an expectant signalman, and a hoist of flags climb to the yard-arm, the signal which tells the admiral that the *Penultimate* is prepared to do or die. In acknowledgment the flagship hoists a single flag. Shortly afterwards a signal hoist appears at the flagship's mast-head.

"Signal to weigh, sir," reports the signalman.

"Weigh," shouts the captain through his megaphone to the forecastle. The clanking of the cable, which had ceased when we had shortened in to three shackles, is resumed.

"Anchor's aweigh, sir," reports the signalman a little later in response to a signal from the forecastle.

Another signal is hoisted by the flagship. "Four single line ahead, sir, speed twelve knots." The captain nods to the navigator, who gives a number of orders down a voice-pipe. The ship vibrates, wriggles as though loth to go, and then slowly gathers way. Then comes the swish of water along the ship's side, and we are off.

We will take a look at the gun-room some hours later. Dinner is in progress, and despite the motions of the ship, the natives, with a couple of newly-joined exceptions, are enjoying it as much as in harbour. Every couple of minutes there comes a crash as an extra big sea hits our side of the ship, followed by a rattle as water runs off the upper deck down the side and back to its home. The ship gives a lurch, and plates, dishes, glasses, &c., slide rapidly across the table in a determined effort to reach the deck. The attempt is checked and held by the owners as far as possible, whilst domestics dash here and there stemming the charge of a flower-pot which looks likely to achieve its objective, or removing a water-jug which, instead of sliding with the rest, has decided to remain stationary and make a determined effort to upset. This kind of thing, though tending to lengthen the meal, adds a touch of excitement to the proceeding. The motion of the *Penultimate* is slow, steady, and not unpleasant when one gets used to it.

Dinner over, the port goes round, and after "the King" has been drunk, the president taps the table, rises, and addresses the meeting.

"Gentlemen," he says, "this being Saturday night at sea, I

[1] Flap=a disturbance of routine.

ask you to drink the old service toast. Gentlemen: Sweethearts and wives."

The toast is drunk with all the gallantry for which our jolly Jack Tars are famous. One officer even attempts to embrace his next-door neighbour as a substitute for his loved one far away across the tumbling waves, until called to order by the president.

After a suitable pause the table is again tapped, and Mr President, assuming a judicial air, takes up the tale.

"In accordance with service tradition, I call on the youngest member of the mess to reply to the toast. Mr Tinietot will make a suitable response on behalf of the sweethearts and wives."

At the lower end of the table a small youth rises. The awful moment, in expectation of which he has sat quivering all the evening, has come. Still he has been well primed with appropriate remarks by other people more experienced in such occasions. He takes a deep breath and begins—

"Mr President *and* Gentlemen,"—

Loud applause and remarks *ad lib.* from those round the head of the table, whose high standing in the mess entitles them to tell Mr President that they are gratified at the insight and knowledge of character which enabled Mr Tinietot to place him (Mr President) in a class apart from the remainder. This interval is employed by the speaker in draining his glass, and gaining a little Dutch courage. An expectant pause tells him that he once more has the audience with him,—

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I must," &c., Having trotted out the old stock phrases, he becomes personal, and from that it is a short step to being rude. Amidst the hubbub which ensues there comes the crash of the presidential hammer, and the voice of authority orders, "Dogs of War, out Mr Tinietot." The canine specimens referred to are the junior midshipmen. They growl fiercely and hurl themselves upon the gentleman, whom they bear kicking and struggling to the door. The door is opened, and a timely roll projects the whole lot in a heap into the flat outside. Thus ends our evening meal.

After this the mess starts to empty. We who have the middle watch must get some sleep first, for every minute of sleep at sea is precious. You never know but that a nice fat Hun will take this opportunity of coming out, and then there will be no sleep for you or for him either. Soon after 8 o'clock there is an influx of cold and hungry mortals, just down from keeping the last dog-watch, and quite ready for feeding time. On arrival they look like nothing on earth except, possibly, Russian drosky drivers. They are cylindrical in shape, except for a small knob at the top for the head and a split between the legs. When unwound from yards of muffler and from coats and waistcoats in large quantities, they resume their normal shapes. But for all this wrapping up watch-keeping is a

bitterly cold business, and it takes a good dinner to melt them. Then a pipe and to bed. By 9 P.M. the mess is clear.

"11.45, sir."

I open a sleepy eye, give a shudder of disgust, and close it again. What do I care if it is 11.45 or 31.45? What does he want to worry me for, the asterisk fool?

A vigorous shake is given to my hammock, and the same voice repeats, "11.45, sir."

Well, he seems to mean it anyway. I rouse myself a trifle, open both eyes, and find myself staring into the expectant face of a marine, the corporal of the watch. Then the awful truth strikes me. Of course, I have got the middle and put down for a call before I turned in.

"Orl ri'," I murmur, and away he goes doubled up to pass under the rows of hammocks. He has the greater part of a dozen more to call before he can be relieved and turn in.

I lie back and consider the situation. I know well enough that it isn't more than 10 o'clock. I only went to sleep a few minutes ago. Still, the fool has gone now, so there is no alternative but to take his word for it. With a groan I heave myself out of my hammock and proceed to my chest with such a head that I am hardly half awake. Here I proceed to wrap myself in a number of garments till I have grown to quite good proportions. Finally come the lammy coat and trousers, and I have become a walking or staggering cylinder.

By many painful struggles I drag myself up ladders and along decks to the gun-room, which I enter. The air is thick and nasty. No scuttles can be open at sea without making the North Sea an honorary member of the mess; no fire can be lighted, as the stovepipe on deck has been removed to save it from a watery grave, and in consequence the place is chilly; add to this a quantity of stale tobacco smoke and you get the mess aroma at sea at night. It is a most peculiar smell. By day it is cleared, as all junior midshipmen are sent to scuttle drill, which consists in opening the scuttles between waves and slamming them shut during the inundation periods.

In the mess are several of my companions in misfortune, likewise sufferers from the disease "fat head." Our remarks are few but to the point.

"Got the cocoa?"

"Yes; got the kettle?"

"Uh."

"Well, don't forget to fill it like last time."

Having collected my goods and chattels, I struggle on. My ultimate destination is the fore bridge, and the shortest way is *vid* the upper deck, but there will be no upper deck for me to-night. It is too dark, and there is too much spray about. I make my way between decks, mostly in a folded-up position to avoid bumping the endless hammocks. Then up hatch after hatch. All of a sudden I emerge into the open air. The wind is no longer a hum but a roar. As I come up the ladder it catches me full in the chest and rams me down

again. I hang on tight, make a supreme effort, and reach the top, whereupon a smart lurch precipitates me at a run against another ladder. I have not reached my destination yet, for I am only on one of the lower bridges. I start to resume my climb, and just avoid being kicked in the face as I cannon into a down-coming form. This is no occasion for apologies, so feeling round to ensure that all my belongings are intact, I fight my way past and continue up. It is up, up, and ever up, cannoning into unseen people and hitting every part of my body against unseen obstacles. I am just wondering if the end will ever come, when I emerge on to the top bridge of all, and look round for my opposite number.

"Well," he remarks, "you're a d—d fine relief, aren't you? Here it is ten minutes past eight bells, and you just strolling up as though the ship belonged to you."

I know full well that it is only just striking twelve o'clock, but argument at this time of night is fruitless. After a remark or two to the effect that he has missed his vocation and ought to be professor of moans and lies to a dame's school, I take over the orders for the night, and he departs to bed. After all, it is not really his fault. It is disgustingly cold, and the only kettle which he and the other people of his watch had got, fused at the first attempt to boil water. Four hours without cocoa on a winter's night will take the ginger out of any one.

We settle down to our "ceaseless vigil," and after we have swallowed a mugful of the precious fluid, are fairly cheerful. And there we will leave the matter.

The show is over. For several days we have been at it, blown about, rained upon, and frequently snowed upon. The temperature has, as usual, been in the naughty noughts. The destroyers who have been with us have had a dog's life. Hardly once have they been steady. Continuous volleys of spray have swept the bridge and upper deck. Variations to this routine have taken the form of a green sea or two, which have washed the whole length of the upper deck, taking with them any movable object.

The sight is a fine one, when seen from a battleship's bridge, where at least one is dry. You can see a boat emerge from a cloud of spray and come half out of the water till her bottom is visible from the bows to abreast the foremost funnel. She pauses a moment in this position, and then her bows drop with a thud which you can almost feel. A cloud of spray springs up from her bows as high as the foremast, whilst clouds of spray and vigorous churning come from her stern as the propellers come close to the surface. The spray-fountain falls in a cloud all over the boat until she is literally lost to sight. Then she emerges and repeats her antics. Many of us thank our lucky stars that we are not in destroyers; but still, it is the aim of every right-minded Sub

to be sent to one. After all, does one not get extra pay, a truly handsome sum, for enduring this sort of thing!

Not a sign has been seen of our friend the Hun. No doubt Fritz is taking Gretchen to the "pictures," and laughing like a fool at the thought of the cursed English leading a dog's life at sea. That is where the Hun has the pull over us. Directly he thinks of going to sea, be it for ever so innocent a purpose, out we trot to put the stopper on him. He has very few miles of tether if he wants to get home in time, but we have miles to get to him and miles to go back. Truly the command of the sea is a great thing, but, yea verily, it brings plenty of work in its train.

But now we are going back. The midshipman of the forenoon watch, who is almost as great an authority on these matters as Wolff's Bureau on the war, has said so. He heard the captain challenge the navigator to a game of golf on the morrow, the loser to pay for tea and drinks. Could anybody doubt the fact of our return after such conclusive evidence?

In this case he proves no false prophet, for next morning, as it gets light, we see a far-away object, which at first sight looks like a cloud, but turns out to be something more solid—the top of a hill. Some hours later we are gliding between low-lying islands into the harbour from which we started. On the decks, where a few hours ago you couldn't walk ten yards without being drenched with spray, the sailors are preparing for harbour. Hatches are being opened up, and God's fresh air admitted to the places where we have been existing on air of the ultra-potted variety. From the steamboats' funnels a gentle haze of smoke is rising, and the derrick is being cleared away to hoist them out. Forward on the forecastle, sea-booted people are clearing away the anchors and cables.

On the bridge the scene is busiest. The usual crowd of brass hats have assembled for the important business of anchoring the ship. When we anchor as a fleet in long lines, we cannot just drop our hook[1] where we think fit, and trust to luck that when we swing to the tide we shall clear our neighbours and not swing into them. We must drop our killick[1] in a certain specified billet which a nice kind harbour-master has found to suit us, and, if we fail to fetch up in that billet, we must suffer the ignominy of once more getting under way and trying again. Hence the careworn expression on the navigator's face and the numerous orders which issue from his lips. A ship of our class takes a great deal of stopping when once she is on the move. We have to stop engines and drift for half a mile before it is safe to let go an anchor, without running out all the cable, parting it, and losing the whole concern. It therefore requires a bit of

[1] Hook, killick = anchor.

juggling with the helm to allow for currents and cross-winds during that drift.

Eventually the navigator takes a bearing, and says to the captain, "Stand by, sir." The captain holds up a flag as a signal to the first lieutenant on the forecastle. There is an expectant pause. The navigator hangs over the compass and watches the card with eagle eye. Every one else present holds his breath and prays for success. For two minutes the strain is maintained. Not a word is spoken. Then, "Let go, sir." The flag drops, there is a splash, and then a roar as the cable runs out. The engines are put astern, and the ship is finally brought to a standstill. The navigator takes some bearings, and reports to the captain, "Ship in position, sir."

"Very good," replies the captain; "secure cable. Finished with main engines."

Once more we are home.

The first thing to do, of course, is to replenish with fuel. If we take a telescope and look carefully at the sailors who are running about the deck of our next-door neighbour we shall see an unexpected sight. Instead of the usual blue- or white-clad crowd we shall see individuals clad in every imaginable rig — people in football jerseys, khaki shirts, old overalls, &c. The reason lies in the collier which is hovering astern waiting for the signal to come alongside. These people who have been keeping arduous watches for days past have now, without any rest, to turn to and take in about a thousand tons of coal. There is no taking one's time about the matter either. Coaling in the navy is invariably an evolution, and the fleet must be fueled and ready for sea again in the shortest possible time. In such a manner is the war brought home to many of us. Still, to prevent the added discomfort of spoiling our uniforms, coal ship rig for the sailor consists of any old clothes he can scrape together. Officers must wear uniform of sorts, though only the very oldest.

I said that in this manner the war was brought home to *some* of us. We in the *Penultimate* carry coal only for "culinary purposes." We carry out our fueling in a far more cleanly manner. A stoker in a coal-burning ship was heard to sum it up to a friend in our ship as follows: "You rigs a ruddy 'ose, gets the ole pump 'eavin' round, and then gets your 'ead down and 'as a caulk." That stoker had a moan on the subject, but he was very near the truth.

Half an hour after the hook was dropped no one would think that we had been to sea for months. The boat booms are out, and the picket-boats are lying quietly at them. An officer of the watch is thoughtfully pacing the quarter-deck with a telescope under his arm. The only sealike scene is inside, where we are all devouring the mail which has accumulated in our absence.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD

THE ARMISTICE—THE SACRIFICE OF YOUTH—ENGLISH AND ATHENIAN—AT OUR ZENITH—GERMANY IN THE PIT—WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT—MR ASQUITH'S HUMILITY—THE HALF-BAKED ORATORS OF THE LABOUR PARTY.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S last despatch has a simple eloquence which will be for ever memorable. It is dated November 10, 10.19 A.M. "Shortly before dawn this morning"—thus it runs—"Canadian troops of the First Army (General Horne) captured Mons." Three-quarters of an hour afterwards the last shots were fired, and the armistice began. Was there ever a more tensely dramatic end to a great war? We cannot forget what Mons meant to us four years ago, and we feel proud in the thought that the blood shed then and now avenged was not shed in vain. Our victory is complete. Germany lies at the feet of the Allies, crushed and impotent. Had she been a fair foe we might spare for her a tear of pity. She was a foul fighter always, and our strongest emotion is that the world is rid of a monster.

The terms of the armistice are harsh with the harshness of justice. We are resolved that the Germans shall trouble our peace no longer. Not only shall all the invaded countries—including Alsace-Lorraine—be evacuated, but the countries on the left bank of the Rhine shall come under the control of the Allies and the United States of America. A vast number of guns and aeroplanes are surrendered, together with all the submarines which have served the Germans in their campaign of piracy. But it is needless to enumerate the terms which we have compelled the enemy to accept. They are by this time familiar to us all. There is one condition which cannot be repeated too often, and which will never be effaced from our minds. "The German command," thus concludes Article VIII., "shall reveal all destructive measures that may have been taken (such as poisoning or pollution of wells, springs, &c.) under penalty of reprisals." Has it ever before been found necessary to impose so grossly insulting a condition upon any foe who dared to call himself civilised?

The news that peace was in sight found us strangely unprepared. As four years ago our entrance into the war seized us with a just surprise, so the end of hostilities found us puzzled. "I am astonished that a single soul survives a battle," once said that gallant soldier, the Prince de Ligne. "How shall you not die of grief if you lose, or of joy if you win?" We have fought a battle of unparalleled length and ferocity. It has lasted without cessation from August

1914 to November 1918, and has engaged more men and used more machinery than ever were engaged or used in the history of the world. And we did not die of joy. Our first emotion was an emotion of solemnity. The relief and the thankfulness which obsessed us were nearer to tears than to laughter. The shouts in the street, the natural expression of the popular happiness, seemed strangely inapposite until our ears were accustomed to them. The war was fought with too grave an object, it exacted too great a sacrifice to be expressed in terms of hilarity. And then suddenly it came upon us that the shouters were in the right of it. After a long hour of tension all that is human within us demands relief. We return to the normal with a cheer. After the murder of Duncan in "Macbeth" there was heard the knocking at the door, and then followed the ribaldry of the porter about those who went by the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire.

And now that the relief is here, we know that we shall come back to a world which we did not know before. Our freedom and happiness have been saved by the young, who will not enjoy them. They have won the fight, and they have paid for the victory with their blood. "None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of those things—that they could fall in no nobler cause—they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honourably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonour, but on the battlefield their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory." Thus spake Pericles of the Athenian dead, and we may echo his brave words with pride and sincerity.

The youth has saved the country, and our joy in their supreme achievement is tempered by the knowledge that many of those men, worthy sons of England, will return home no more. Yet they died not in vain, nor without their due reward. They have received the meed of praise and the noblest sepulchre, in which their glory and the gratitude of their country survive. "For," said Pericles, "the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not

in stone, but in the hearts of men." Nevertheless, let us remember, in giving them the poor reward of unforgetfulness, that they died without thought of meed or glory. It was enough for them that England was in danger, that the homeland was threatened with death and slavery, and they came willingly from every corner of the Empire to make their sacrifice.

And what an achievement has been theirs! With the help of our brave Allies they have broken the power of the worst despot who ever aimed at the dominion of the world. The men of our Empire have fought in the East and the West, in France and Macedonia, in Mesopotamia and Palestine, and everywhere victory has crowned their arms. Even the glorious defeat at Gallipoli has been avenged by our triumph over the Turks. It was a favourite superstition of the Germans before the war that Great Britain was sunk in sloth, and had no other thought than of money-making. And we have proved that our ancient energy is unimpaired, rather is enhanced. We have created armies where no armies were; we have learned the craft of fight as we went on. We called vast factories into being, and produced by our own effort enough munitions of war to defeat a nation which had cherished the ambition of destroying the world for half a century. Nor shall we ever forget the splendid vigilance of our Fleet, which made victory certain from the first, and which, still unhampered by the pernicious doctrine of the freedom of the seas, saved Europe now as it saved Europe a hundred years ago.

Thus we stand at the zenith of our power; thus by our endeavour and example we have aided our Allies in the task of preserving the liberty of the world. We have won, because neither at home nor in the field have we admitted the possibility of defeat. We have never doubted. Even in the dark days of disaster—and we have known many dark days—we were still confident of the ultimate victory; and since wars are decided, as Marshal Foch, whose leadership ensured the triumph of the Allies, has argued, by moral as well as by material force, our resolution has not been without its effect upon the enemy. And if the Allies to-day are at the summit, into how deep a pit has Germany fallen! Her fall appals her the more grimly, because for four years she has lived upon boastfulness. No nation ever vaunted herself as loudly as did Germany. To look back upon the speeches which her Kaiser made, upon the manifestoes which her professors and preachers and politicians have published, is to plumb the abyss in which she lies prostrate. They outdid one another in schemes of aggrandisement. This one was determined at all hazards never to let go of Belgium. That one had made up his mind to lay violent hands upon the channel ports of France. Another, yet bolder, drew a rough

line from the German frontier to Toulon, and exclaimed, all that shall be mine. And all were resolved never to surrender Longwy and Briey—not that they had any right to them, but because they contained such mineral wealth as might be of use to Germany. And now the dream is over. The whole Rhineland is in process of being evacuated, and Mayence, Coblentz, and Cologne will within a few days be garrisoned by the Allies.

Unhappily there is still a fly in our ointment. The politicians once more fell below the height of their opportunity. In accepting the German demand for an armistice they declared, without cause or warrant, that a conference would presently arrange terms upon the basis of President Wilson's fourteen points. Why these points were introduced irrelevantly we know as little as we know what they mean. But, indeed, there are not a few misunderstandings which the meeting at Versailles seems to justify. Why, for instance, was Lord Reading in attendance upon the Prime Minister? Lord Reading is Lord Chief Justice of England, and he is British Ambassador at Washington. For neither of these activities is Versailles the proper place. Why, then, was he there? He is not a representative of the British people, from which he is alien in blood. He is not trusted by the British people, and it is unfortunate that, at the moment of the victory of the Allies, he should be intruded into our councils. But a far more dangerous intrusion than that of Lord Reading is the intrusion of the fourteen points. Now the making of a peace after a great war is the most solemn duty that statesmen are ever asked to discharge. Upon their wisdom and courage depend the destinies of the world. They should approach the task in a spirit of humility. It is not their business to think of politics or politicians. As they ought not to shrink from the ruthless punishment of their blood-stained foe, so they should not scruple, if need be, firmly and courteously to oppose a friend. It seems as though our Ministers could not divest themselves of their customary levity even at this solemn moment. They mentioned in the same document the armistice and President Wilson's fourteen points. Only one reason could possibly justify the introduction of the fourteen points: that they are in themselves the wisest and best terms which the united prudence and understanding of the Allies could devise. Does M. Clemenceau believe this, or Mr Lloyd George? We think not, and the conclusion is forced upon us that the fourteen points were established as a basis for the discussion of peace merely to save the face of President Wilson.

We may go further than this, and assert that the majority of President Wilson's own countrymen have very little respect for the fourteen

points. If the result of the American elections means anything, it means that President Wilson's platitudes are not acceptable to the most of his countrymen. Indeed, he has relieved us of all doubt by explaining them away himself in the presence of the polling-booth. He has told his countrymen that he does not want a compromise peace, and yet compromise is the essence of the notorious fourteen. He assures us that his points were not "political commandments not to be discussed by the Allies but only obeyed." And for this condescension we owe him our profound thanks. Again, there was a suspicion aroused during the elections that President Wilson's League of Nations meant the denial of the principle of nationalism. This suspicion also is said to be allayed, and though the reasonable doubts of the electors cost the President a loss of support both in Congress and in the Senate, he himself may be thought to have made a proper recantation.

The fourteen points, then, are clearly not the last words of wisdom, and it can be regretted only that they were ever mentioned at all. The Allies in Europe have borne the brunt of the fighting; they have made the heaviest sacrifices; they have suffered most deeply from the brutality and the infamy of the Germans. It is for them, therefore, to take the lead in formulating the terms of a peace satisfactory to them. And President Wilson would have shown a clearer appreciation of the facts of the case had he been content to follow the Allies rather than to lead them. Of the most dangerous of the points, that which concerned the Freedom of the Seas, we shall hear no more. That is happily expunged, and the safety of England will not be handed over, a free gift, to conquered Germany. But of those which remain several are designed to darken counsel. So dimly nebulous are they that their discussion might keep a mob of smart attorneys busy for twenty years. The third point, for instance, informs us that all economic barriers are to be removed as far as possible. But why should the Allied nations fling their fiscal systems down upon the conference table for anybody to hack at? What does this point mean, if it does not mean free trade all round? And President Wilson was persuaded by the public opinion of his own country to assert that free trade was not in his thoughts. What was in his thoughts we shall never know. We do know that this indecision in a document intended for universal acceptance is nothing less than deplorable.

Then at last comes the League of Nations, which its champions believe, in their ignorance and simplicity, to be a cry of enlightenment. It is merely a parrot-like repetition of the folly which has been talked after every great war. The Holy Alliance, established at Aix-la-Chapelle,

whose object was to make the world safe for autocracy, was merely the League of Nations with another name. In 1815 Europe had suffered from the attempted domination of Napoleon, who was cunning enough to call himself a democrat. To-day the disturber of the peace, William II., was once an autocrat, and so, mimicking the voice of Alexander of Russia, we demand, foolishly, the converse, that the world shall be made safe from autocracy. The League of Nations will come to nothing, as all leagues fail, which are but veiled tyrannies. To put the Sermon on the Mount upon all statute-books would be an admirable enterprise, if all governments were honest and virtuous. But governments, as we know them, are seldom virtuous and never honest, and, if England accepted the League of Nations, she would expose her throat to the assassin's knife. Our very strength is a source of danger to us, and if once we consented to diminish our fleet to the limits of a police force, there would be an end of us. This, indeed, is the test of our wisdom and sincerity. Let every man who murmurs sentimentalities about the League of Nations, as Sir Edward Carson said the other day, ask himself whether he is prepared to suppress the British Fleet. If we are prepared to do this, there is an end of the matter. Only, do not let us hide the truth from our eyes. The League of Free Nations will be a League of Enslaved Peoples, and it will not be Great Britain who will wield the lash.

If the world ever substitutes co-operation for competition in arms and industry, the change will come not from a pompous conference but from a universal change of heart. Our hearts are not changed, and if we are not insane we shall continue to defend ourselves against the aggression of our enemies. We may acknowledge the amiable and dangerous principles which underlie the League of Nations without subscribing to them. "The benign principles of the Alliance of the 26th of September 1815," said Castlereagh, "may be considered as constituting the European system in matter of political conscience. It would, however, be derogatory to this solemn act of the sovereigns to mix its discussion with the ordinary diplomatic obligations which bind State to State, and which are to be looked for alone in the treaties which have been concluded in the accustomed form." There, in a few lines, is our reply to those States who invite us to come into their league, and let us hope that the irony will not escape them.

And if the fourteen points are unacceptable to us, they are repugnant also to our Dominions, who have fought at our side since the beginning of the war, and who, next after our European Allies, are entitled to enforce their views at the Conference of Peace. Mr Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, lost no time in making an effective protest. He has pointed out that Clause 3

says the economic treatment to be given to France, Belgium, Italy, and America must also be extended to Germany. "Nothing but *force majeure* would compel Australia to do that." No high-spirited country, no loyal Dominion, will permit any interference with the right to make such laws or such fiscal arrangements as it deems proper. We did not go into this war to put a halter round our necks. We have not faced the cruelty and bestiality of the Germans for four years merely to take their hand in friendship, and to admit them into our markets with open arms. President Wilson's desire to let off Germany as lightly as possible receives no encouragement on this side of the Atlantic. We recognise that he cannot see the truth as clearly as it is presented to our eyes. The country over which he presides has not suffered very much from the German policy of brutality. No young girls in America have known the cruel fate of those unhappy creatures who were stolen from Lille and thrown to the wild beasts in the German trenches. The thought of this one deed should harden our hearts for ever against the brutes who could think of it and order it; and we have complete confidence that neither England nor France will ever enter a league which admits to its privileges the monsters who, since 1914, have been fighting Germany's battle in Europe.

After all, indignation and a sense of justice are still alive and awake. Glittering generalities will not dazzle the eyes of Europe. We demand punishment as well as reparation and indemnity, and we mean to get them—all three. But our politicians do not want to argue. They are happiest when they find a line of conduct which seems to make resistance unnecessary. Nor do we see much chance that they will strengthen their opposition to the views of hysteria. We must, therefore, rely upon the spirit of the British nation, which in peace as in war is stronger and wiser than the spirit of the politicians. The British nation has won the war in spite of Mr Asquith and the futile opponents of conscription. It will win the peace in spite of those who scream about a League of Nations, which they do not understand.

Indeed, we have not much cause to be grateful to our politicians. The wisest of them, it is true, were resolved upon victory, but let it be remembered that they were strengthened in their resolution by all the best of our citizens. All of them, good and bad alike, have conspired to make a superfluous revolution while the war was in progress. The House of Commons has renewed its existence, for six months at a time, for the excellent reason that we did not wish the distraction of a general election in the midst of a war. The House of Commons has made this renewal an excuse for passing measures which it was not empowered

to pass by those who elected it. The Franchise Bill and the Bill which admits women into Parliament are betrayals and nothing else. As far as we know they were not demanded by the country. No election had justified their passage. A House kept in being to fight Germany has used the trust reposed in it to upset our decent Constitution. We believe that a majority in the House was opposed to the Franchise Bill. We know that a majority of the House, had it been left free to record its own opinion, would have voted against the admission of women to Parliament. But it was not left to itself. By a sort of blackmail it was forced to support a Coalition, which was determined to force through such measures as the most of the members of Parliament deplored. And it has come to this, that a majority of the House thought one way and voted another, and thus has forfeited its right to the title of "honourable" carelessly flung across the House.

It is gradually dawning upon our politicians that they are not respected. They need not pretend surprise. A man who solemnly records an opinion, which in his heart he does not hold, does not deserve and rarely obtains honour or respect. When opportunism is the prevailing doctrine, you can look for nothing better than an organised cunning. To take one example: the new Franchise Bill, passed by an obedient, unconvinced House, gave the vote to a vast mob of women. When the women were agitating for the vote by means which should have excluded them for ever from meddling with the government of the country, they proclaimed aloud that the vote would satisfy them. They had no desire to sit in Parliament, oh dear, no! The vote was the thing, and they asked no other privilege. Before they had ever confronted a ballot-box, they demanded the right to sit in the House, and the tame members, fearing that if they did not acquiesce they might lose some votes at the next election, gave an eager and silent assent. Everything, then, is possible. The Coalition proposes this or that measure independently of the House or of the country, and finds an instant support from the well-drilled mob which is supposed to represent the free and independent electors.

The Coalition has transformed our Constitution without any scruple of conscience, without a "mandate," and without asking the poor silly sheep of an elector what he thought about it. The Coalition, moreover, absorbing into itself all members of the House who do not belong to the Labour Party, will henceforth do whatever it likes. Even Mr Asquith, that veteran leader of the lower middle-class, professes now to be the ardent supporter of Mr Lloyd George. Thus he submits to the necessity of the moment, and we need not take his profession very seriously. There is scarcely a single opinion which he has not held and dropped since the

beginning of the war. He took upon himself the credit of the Paris resolutions, and presently came forward as the outspoken champion of the old-fashioned Free Trade. He sat by the fireside of the Liberal Party and mumbled about his old faiths, as though they meant something to him or to anybody else. "Take next Free Trade," said he, to an accompaniment of cheers. "Here Liberalism, through its authentic representatives, speaks with no uncertain sound." No uncertain sound, indeed! This echo of the political gramophone can be interpreted only with irony. You can't speak with "no uncertain sound" both of the Paris resolutions and of Free Trade. The sound of such words as these trembles with uncertainty. The voice is always the voice of Mr Asquith; the sound varies according to the occasion. The begetter of the Paris resolutions now finds it opportune to deplore the economic boycott. One section of his party is itching to get to work again with the Germans. It longs to welcome the Hun, who stole French women and flogged English prisoners of war, back to its counting-house. And here is Mr Asquith, in forgetfulness of brave words spoken a year or two ago, eloquent in support of Germany's friends. "Let us know definitely and clearly," says he, "who is for us and who is against us. Otherwise I warn you quite frankly, and particularly the new electors who for the first time are taking their place on the roll, you will be hoodwinked, and before you are many years old you will find yourselves involved in the old morass of protective duties with all its disastrous consequences." Poor new electors, who never heard of the Paris resolutions! Whichever side they take in their innocence of heart, they will find themselves hoodwinked by one or other of the many Mr Asquiths, who have endeavoured, with this view or that, to claim their support.

When Mr Asquith gets among his friends he is frank in his self-satisfaction. He still pretends to believe that the Bill for the Self-Government of Ireland, "for which, as you will remember, we Liberals have fought for more than the lifetime of a generation, and which in principle we have already placed upon the Statute-book," is indispensable for the happiness of Ireland. He dares still to pride himself upon having clipped the wings of the House of Lords, and is clever enough to say not a word to those who are blessed with short memories about the debt of honour which he has made no attempt to pay. What has the great Liberal Party got to do with debts of honour? A far sterner purpose lies ahead of it—to get back into office by hook or by crook; and with Mr Lloyd George's cast-iron, invincible Coalition in front of it, it must know that success in the House of Commons is impossible for it. In the last four years the world has

changed for England, and Mr Asquith knows it not. He believes, with a touching simplicity, that we are still busied with the problems which before the war aroused his well-drilled audiences to enthusiasm, and that he has only to mention Free Trade or the House of Lords to evoke an immediate response. Poor man! We are almost disposed to be sorry for him. If he wastes too much time in the thankless task of flogging dead horses he will be too late for the poll.

At last he begins to fear for his own position. Messrs McKenna and Runciman may be staunch in loyalty, or they may not be. In any case, they are not enough to make a party. And Mr Samuel—is he a tower of strength in a British Parliament? Mr Asquith, then, having spoken with the old familiar voice at Glasgow, suddenly made the astounding confession that he was in complete agreement with Mr Lloyd George. Is he, we wonder? Mr Lloyd George, a chameleon, has been able to assume all the colours. Mr Asquith is not so easy a reflector as Mr Lloyd George, and when he tells us that "he could add nothing nor withdraw anything from the Prime Minister's speech," you perceive clearly enough what a juggle is politics, and you are persuaded that it matters very little what Mr Asquith thinks or does not think.

Mr Lloyd George's cast-iron Coalition has but one opponent—the Labour Party. The single merit of the Coalition is that it will hold the Labour Party in check, and if that Party be not held in check it is all over with the Empire. The last meeting of the Party proves how dangerous a combination is malice and ignorance. Many of the Labour men are malicious; all are ignorant. And their capacity for evil is enormously increased by the support given to them by Messrs Webb and Shaw. These two gentlemen, members, both of them, of the hated *bourgeoisie*, are wreckers and no more. The fact that Mr Henderson accepts them as his colleagues shows that Mr Henderson lacks sincerity. Mr Shaw was kind enough to tell the Party that he was a much cleverer man than Mr Henderson. He may be, or he may not be. About this delicate question we hold no opinion. We do know that Mr Shaw, boasting that he pays supertax upon his income, has no sort of right to belong to the Labour Party. But he had simple men to deal with, and he was right, no doubt, when he thought that his damp squibs in that kind of company would appear like real fireworks. However, his namesake, Mr Shaw, of the Textile Workers, a far saner, better man than he, said the last word of the braggart writer of plays. "If Mr Bernard Shaw," said he, "were ten times as clever as he thinks he is, an utterly impossible thing, I would still say that this is one of the vilest insinuations that ever a man uttered"—the insinuation

being that Mr Barnes is a blackleg.

Messrs Webb and B. Shaw are dangerous men. Perhaps they are less dangerous within the Labour Party than they might be without it. They arouse evil suspicions and they darken counsel. When all was said and done, the upshot of the Labour Conference was that their sacred members, who are said to engross the wisdom of all the ages, refuse to have anything to do with the government of the British Empire. Their elegant reply to the Coalition is that there is "nothing doing." On the other hand, they demand to be represented at the Peace Conference. And they are so stupid that they cannot see the anomaly. If they refuse to their members the right of belonging to the British Cabinet, how shall they claim for themselves the right of interfering with the terms of peace? Of course the inference which they would have us draw is that they alone are fit to cure the evils of Europe. And the truth is that they could not be trusted to keep a Board of Guardians in order.

And many of them are Bolshevists, pure and simple. The fate of Russia teaches them nothing. They still dream of murder. One orator pleaded for howitzers; another declared that the Bolshevists in Russia had put up a finer fight for Labour than had ever been put up in any country in the world. Mr Ramsay Macdonald bleated after his wont, and Mr Henderson, who is reputed to be less clever than the mountebank Mr Shaw, was good enough to say that "the world must be reconstructed on the basis of human brotherhood." How little understanding he has of politics or of history. "Why should we not plead," he asked, "for a defeated enemy? We must think with an international mind." An international mind is no mind at all, and if Mr Henderson pleaded successfully for a defeated Germany, Germany would never know the pains of defeat. The truth is, the Labour Party consists chiefly of fluent, half-baked, foolish persons, who are ready, from mere vanity, to destroy the world. And their ignorance and volubility are the best argument in support of the Coalition, which will certainly be tyrannical, but which may save us from the terrors of Bolshevism.

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